

ULTIMA.
THE
LAST THINGS,
In reference to the
FIRST & MIDDLE THINGS:
OR, CERTAIN
Meditations

ON
Life, Death, Judgement, Hell, Right
Purgatory, and Heaven.

Delivered by
ISAAC AMBROSE,
Minister of Christ at PRESTON
in Amounderness in Lancashire.

*Dent. 32. 29. O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they
would consider their latter end.*

*Eccles. 7. 36. Whatsoever thou takest in hand, remember the end, and thou
shalt never do amiss.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by E. M. for Nathanael Webb, and William Grantham,
at the Black Bear, near the little North-door in Pauls
Church-yard, 1659.

AMITLU

FHT

LA T 251

In reference to the

FIRST & MIDDLE THINGS

OR, CERTAIN

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1851. 1852. 1853. 1854. 1855. 1856. 1857. 1858. 1859. 1860. 1861. 1862. 1863. 1864. 1865. 1866. 1867. 1868. 1869. 1870. 1871. 1872. 1873. 1874. 1875. 1876. 1877. 1878. 1879. 1880. 1881. 1882. 1883. 1884. 1885. 1886. 1887. 1888. 1889. 1890. 1891. 1892. 1893. 1894. 1895. 1896. 1897. 1898. 1899. 1900. 1901. 1902. 1903. 1904. 1905. 1906. 1907. 1908. 1909. 1910. 1911. 1912. 1913. 1914. 1915. 1916. 1917. 1918. 1919. 1920. 1921. 1922. 1923. 1924. 1925. 1926. 1927. 1928. 1929. 1930. 1931. 1932. 1933. 1934. 1935. 1936. 1937. 1938. 1939. 1940. 1941. 1942. 1943. 1944. 1945. 1946. 1947. 1948. 1949. 1950. 1951. 1952. 1953. 1954. 1955. 1956. 1957. 1958. 1959. 1960. 1961. 1962. 1963. 1964. 1965. 1966. 1967. 1968. 1969. 1970. 1971. 1972. 1973. 1974. 1975. 1976. 1977. 1978. 1979. 1980. 1981. 1982. 1983. 1984. 1985. 1986. 1987. 1988. 1989. 1990. 1991. 1992. 1993. 1994. 1995. 1996. 1997. 1998. 1999. 2000. 2001. 2002. 2003. 2004. 2005. 2006. 2007. 2008. 2009. 2010. 2011. 2012. 2013. 2014. 2015. 2016. 2017. 2018. 2019. 2020. 2021. 2022. 2023. 2024. 2025. 2026. 2027. 2028. 2029. 2030. 2031. 2032. 2033. 2034. 2035. 2036. 2037. 2038. 2039. 2040. 2041. 2042. 2043. 2044. 2045. 2046. 2047. 2048. 2049. 2050. 2051. 2052. 2053. 2054. 2055. 2056. 2057. 2058. 2059. 2060. 2061. 2062. 2063. 2064. 2065. 2066. 2067. 2068. 2069. 2070. 2071. 2072. 2073. 2074. 2075. 2076. 2077. 2078. 2079. 2080. 2081. 2082. 2083. 2084. 2085. 2086. 2087. 2088. 2089. 2090. 2091. 2092. 2093. 2094. 2095. 2096. 2097. 2098. 2099. 2100. 2101. 2102. 2103. 2104. 2105. 2106. 2107. 2108. 2109. 2110. 2111. 2112. 2113. 2114. 2115. 2116. 2117. 2118. 2119. 2120. 2121. 2122. 2123. 2124. 2125. 2126. 2127. 2128. 2129. 2130. 2131. 2132. 2133. 2134. 2135. 2136. 2137. 2138. 2139. 2140. 2141. 2142. 2143. 2144. 2145. 2146. 2147. 2148. 2149. 2150. 2151. 2152. 2153. 2154. 2155. 2156. 2157. 2158. 2159. 2160. 2161. 2162. 2163. 2164. 2165. 2166. 2167. 2168. 2169. 2170. 2171. 2172. 2173. 2174. 2175. 2176. 2177. 2178. 2179. 2180. 2181. 2182. 2183. 2184. 2185. 2186. 2187. 2188. 2189. 2190. 2191. 2192. 2193. 2194. 2195. 2196. 2197. 2198. 2199. 2200. 2201. 2202. 2203. 2204. 2205. 2206. 2207. 2208. 2209. 2210. 2211. 2212. 2213. 2214. 2215. 2216. 2217. 2218. 2219. 2220. 2221. 2222. 2223. 2224. 2225. 2226. 2227. 2228. 2229. 2230. 2231. 2232. 2233. 2234. 2235. 2236. 2237. 2238. 2239. 2240. 2241. 2242. 2243. 2244. 2245. 2246. 2247. 2248. 2249. 2250. 2251. 2252. 2253. 2254. 2255. 2256. 2257. 2258. 2259. 2260. 2261. 2262. 2263. 2264. 2265. 2266. 2267. 2268. 2269. 2270. 2271. 2272. 2273. 2274. 2275. 2276. 2277. 2278. 2279. 2280. 2281. 2282. 2283. 2284. 2285. 2286. 2287. 2288. 2289. 2290. 2291. 2292. 2293. 2294. 2295. 2296. 2297. 2298. 2299. 2300. 2301. 2302. 2303. 2304. 2305. 2306. 2307. 2308. 2309. 2310. 2311. 2312. 2313. 2314. 2315. 2316. 2317. 2318. 2319. 2320. 2321. 2322. 2323. 2324. 2325. 2326. 2327. 2328. 2329. 2330. 2331. 2332. 2333. 2334. 2335. 2336. 2337. 2338. 2339. 2340. 2341. 2342. 2343. 2344. 2345. 2346. 2347. 2348. 2349. 2350. 2351. 2352. 2353. 2354. 2355. 2356. 2357. 2358. 2359. 2360. 2361. 2362. 2363. 2364. 2365. 2366. 2367. 2368. 2369. 2370. 2371. 2372. 2373. 2374. 2375. 2376. 2377. 2378. 2379. 2380. 2381. 2382. 2383. 2384. 2385. 2386. 2387. 2388. 2389. 2390. 2391. 2392. 2393. 2394. 2395. 2396. 2397. 2398. 2399. 2400. 2401. 2402. 2403. 2404. 2405. 2406. 2407. 2408. 2409. 2410. 2411. 2412. 2413. 2414. 2415. 2416. 2417. 2418. 2419. 2420. 2421. 2422. 2423. 2424. 2425. 2426. 2427. 2428. 2429. 2430. 2431. 2432. 2433. 2434. 2435. 2436. 2437. 2438. 2439. 2440. 2441. 2442. 2443. 2444. 2445. 2446. 2447. 2448. 2449. 2450. 2451. 2452. 2453. 2454. 2455. 2456. 2457. 2458. 2459. 2460. 2461. 2462. 2463. 2464. 2465. 2466. 2467. 2468. 2469. 2470. 2471. 2472. 2473. 2474. 2475. 2476. 2477. 2478. 2479. 2480. 2481. 2482. 2483. 2484. 2485. 2486. 2487. 2488. 2489. 2490. 2491. 2492. 2493. 2494. 2495. 2496. 2497. 2498. 2499. 2500. 2501. 2502. 2503. 2504. 2505. 2506. 2507. 2508. 2509. 2510. 2511. 2512. 2513. 2514. 2515. 2516. 2517. 2518. 2519. 2520. 2521. 2522. 2523. 2524. 2525. 2526. 2527. 2528. 2529. 2530. 2531. 2532. 25

in accordance with the



To the Right Honourable

W I L L I A M

E A R L of

Bedford,

L O R D R U S S E L,

B A R O N of

T H O R N E H A U G H.

My much Honour'd Lord,



Lthoug all earthly accommodations are common mercies belonging both *unto the evil and the good, the just and the unjust*, Mat. 5. 45. yet by vertue of the Covenant of grace, being the accomplishments of Gospel-Promises through Christ, they are not common, but peculiar to the People of God. For mine own part, however the Lord hath seen cause to give me but a poor pittance of these outward things; yet in the income thereof many times, I have observed so much of his peculiar providence, that thereby they have been very much sweetned, and my heart hath been raised to admire his grace. Amongst the many gracious experiences, which my God hath given unto his unworthy servant; This must not be forgotten, (*viz.*) That when of late under an hard dispensation (which I judge not

The Epistle Dedicatory.

meet to mention, wherein I suffered with inward peace
conscienciously) all streams of wonted supply being
stopped, the waters for the relief of my self and fa-
mily did run low; I went to bed with some stagger-
ings and doubtings of the fountains letting out of it
self for our refreshing: but ere I did awake in the morn-
ing, a letter was brought unto my house, and after to
my bed, where so soon as I could open mine eyes, I open-
ed the letter (signed by a choice friend, a precious Minister
of Christ *Mr. Symeon Ash-*) which reported some unexpect-
ed breakings out of Gods goodnesse for my comfort.
These are some of his lines, *Your God, who hath given you
an heart, thankfully to record your experiences of his good-
nesse, doth renew experiences for your encouragement. Now
I shall report one, which will raise up your spirit towards the
God of your mercies, &c.* My Lord, I shall repeat no more
of his relation, neither will I particularize your seasonable
and liberal contribution; the time of divulging such mat-
ters to the world, will be best at the worlds end, when
Christ himself will both speak and recompence them,
Matth. 25. 34, 35, 36. My intention in this Narration,
is chiefly to publish, how infinitely I am bound to serve
my God, and how good a God I serve. This passage of
Divine Providence doth cause me to mind the words of
our Saviour, when he sent his disciples out to preach the
Gospel: *Provide neither gold nor silver, nor brasse in your
purses, Mat. 10. 9. and salute no man by the way, Luk. 10. 4.*
(*q. d.*) stand not upon officious complements to get friends,
go you about my work, and I will provide for you. And
to shew his faithfulness in keeping Promise, he asketh
them before his leaving the world, *When I sent you without
purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye any thing? and they
said nothing, Luke 22. 35.* This is Dr. Prestons Com-
ment upon the Text, *If a man be a Minister of Christ, let
him*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

him not think with himself, how to provide best for himself, but how he may do most good. Let him take no care for preferment. Let us prefer Christ, and he will prefer us.

I know it is an hard matter (as one saith well) to trust God for bread and water; and a Christian will find it more difficult (if put to it through want of bread) to rely upon Gods feeding Promises, then upon his Promises for eternal life. But as this is a ground of deep humiliation unto all believers, so it is matter of greatest shame for Ministers to distrust their God: What though the unworthy world doth maligne them, and seek to deprive them of their due maintenance? Let them know, that when the greedy mouth of Sacriledge hath swallowed down all, then one morsel of Gods provision, (especially if it come unexpected, upon prayers, when wants are most) will be more sweet to a spiritual relish, then all former full enjoyments were. Your Lordship will pardon this Digression, because the remembrance of your Noble favour hath occasioned it. My Lord, that good acceptance which my three printed Treatises have found, doth encourage another Edition; and whereas the two first had Epistles Dedicatory prefixed formerly, I now humbly presume, as a testimony of my gratitude, to present the last unto publick use, under your Honours patronage. I beg my self

These last things were the studies of my younger times, if they had not been made publick already, I would have placed them in another method; but now I shall not alter them. They suggest matter for every Christians daily meditation; and if the heart be serious, they will be found many wayes profitable. Hereby the secure conscience may be awakened: Repentance in godly sorrow, holy shame, hatred of sin, with self-detestation will be quickened: Bowels of compassion towards impenitent offenders will be kindled: and love to the Lord Jesus will be enlarged

The Epistle Dedicatory.

larged, when the soul looketh upon him, by whom alone, and by whose sore sufferings and obedience, it is not only delivered from the guilt of sinne, the sting of death, the terrour of the last judgement, and the unexpressible everlasting torments of hell; but also admitted into beatificall Communion with God in glory.

My Lord, when I waited on your Honour at *Woburne*, I rejoyced to observe the good order in your Lordships Family, of Morning and Evening Prayer, and my heart was cheered in the acquaintance of those precious knowing Christian servants who attend you.

Go on, (Noble Lord) vigorously in the service of the Almighty, maintain his honour in all holy exercises, secret, private and publick. Cherish and countenance such who fear the Lord: Be confident, that those who make conscience to serve God, will serve you best. There was one speech of your Lordship, which in a special manner sticks with me, (*viz.*) *That you accounted the prayers of Gods Ministers and People, as the best walls about your house.* My Lord; I verily believe, that you and yours are in the hearts and prayers of many such: And as for my self, if I have any interest in the God of Heaven, I acknowledge that many obligations lie upon me, to improve it daily, for your good Lordship, your vertuous Lady and hopeful Posterity. My Lord, I am

Preston, *Oct.* 12.

1653.


Your Honours Faithful, though
very unworthy Servant,

ISAAC AMBROSE.



TO THE
Reader.

READER,

 *Or to stay thee too long at the door, come in, and thou mayst in this Fabrick see these several partitions.*

| | | | |
|-----------|---|-------------------------------|---------|
| Here is { | { | Life, | Ser. 1. |
| | | Death, | Ser. 2. |
| | | Mans misery in his Judgement, | Ser. 3. |
| | | The Execution, | Ser. 4. |
| | | Red mption, | Ser. 5. |
| | | Gods mercy in our Salvation, | Ser. 6. |

The first part may bring thee to a sight, and sense, and sorrow for sin; The second to a sight of Christ, and a comfort in Christ: and these are the principal means of conversion. Nor is the work unprofitable; if thou beest converted, use them as daily Meditations, and they will keep thee from sinne, and help thee towards Heaven. One of our Worthies can tell thee, that Nothing more strongly bends men to sin than security, or incogitancy of these things. If thou ask, what things? he answers, The end of our creation and redemption, the certainty of death, uncertainty of life, the severe account we must give, the just retribution we shall have, the misery of the damned in hell, the blessedness of the Saints in Heaven; these things being sadly

To the Reader.

and frequently thought upon, would quench our burnings and lustings after sin. *And true thou mayest find it, that such good thoughts, and an inordinate life, are scarce consistible.* Will you hear another? A serious and fruitfull meditation on these things, (sa blessed M. Bolton) hath ever been holden very material, and of special moment to make us (by Gods blessing) more humble, unworldly, provident and prepared for the evil day. *And I take it, every one of these following subjects would be an excellent theme, or matter for our deliberate meditation.* See the *Middle Things, Chap. 8. Sect. 4.* Read then, and practise these *Meditations*, and I trust by these means, thy end will be Heavens happinesse. *So ends this work, and so, that and solely, next to Gods glory, I built it for thee.* Farewel.

Thine in all services I may,
for thy souls salvation,

7. A.

Lifes



Lifes Lease.

GEN. 47. 9.

Few and evil have the dayes of my life been.

WHen Pharaoh was Egypts King, Joseph Pharaohs Steward, and Jacob Josephs father, there was a great famine, which Pharaoh had dreamed, Joseph foretold, and Jacob suffered: God that sent Joseph to Pharaoh, brings Jacob to Joseph, the same providence so disposing of all, that yet some food must be in Egypt, when nothing was found in all the land of Canaan: Thither come and welcome. (as you may see in the story, Pharaoh salutes Jacob with this question, *What is thy age? How many are thy dayes?* How many? alas, but few: What are they? alas, but evil: Thus we find Jacob at his Arichmetick; the bill is short, and the number but a cipher: Will you hear him cast his accounts? First, they are *dayes*, and without all rules of falshood, by subtraction *few*, by addition full of *evil*: contract all, and this is the sum of all, *Few and evil have the dayes of my life been.*

This Text, briefly, is the Lease of Jacobs life; God the chief Lord enrich his substance, yet limits the grant of his time: will you question the Lease? for what time? no more, but *my life*] saith Jacob: but a life? what years? no years, but *dayes*] saith Jacob: but *dayes*? how many? not many, but *few*] saith Jacob; but few?

few? how good? not good, but *evil*] saith *Jacob*: who can blaze the armes of life, that finds not in it *Crosse* and *Crosselet*? the lease, but a *life*] the term, but *dayes*,] the number, *few*,] the nature, *evil*,] nay, when all is done, we see all is out of date; the dayes are not, but are past, they *have been*;] *Few and evil have the dayes of my life been.*]

We must, you see, invert the Text, and begin with that on which all hangs; it is but *my life*] saith *Jacob*.

Life.

Would you know what is that? take but a view of *Nature*, and *Scripture*, and these will sufficiently describe our life.

First, *Nature*, whose dimme eye sees thus far: what is it but a *Rose*, saith *Tisernus*? which if you view in its growth, the cold nips it, heat withers it, the wind shakes it; be it never so fair, it withers; be we never so lively, immediately we die and perish.

A *Rose*? that is too beautiful! *Life* is but *grasse*, saith *Plautus*, green now, withered anon; thus like the flower that is cut in Summer; as soon as we are born, *Death* is ready with his Sythe; as soon as we are dead, *Angels* gather in the *Heaven*, on whose wings we are carried to that *Born of Heaven*. *Grasse*? no, saith *Philemon*, *Life* is no better than a counterfeite picture: what if the colours be fair, and the resemblance near? the shadow of death, and the Curtains of our grave will darken all. A picture? that is too honourable; *life* is (a worse resemblance) but a *Play* saith *Luscinus*; we enter at our birth, and act all our life; presently there is an *exit*, or a back return, and away we go, shutting all up with a sudden Tragedy. A *Play*? that is too large.

Anonymous being asked what was *life*? he shows himself a little, then hides himself again; his meaning was this, our life is but a little *show*; and no sooner are we seen, but immediately are we hid and gone. A *show*? that is too pleasant; *life* is nothing but a *sleep*, saith *Philonius*; we live secure, and *Dormice*-like we slumber away our time; when all is done, as if all this were too little, we sleep again, and go from (our grave) the bed, so (say bed) our grave. A *sleep*? that is too quiet; it is nothing but a *dream*, saith *Aristophanes*; all our worldly pleasures are but waking dreames, at last *Death* rouzeth our souls that have slept

in

*Herosa Pastia-
no languet a-
depta jugo.
Tisernus.
ut herba so'sti-
vialis, Plaur.*

ὁ βίος ὁ βίος
ἀλάνδωρ, Phi-
lemon.

*Scena est ludus
quoque vita:
Lulcin.*

*Quem parum per
se ostendisset,
mox se abscon-
dit Anonymous:
Rodol. Agric.
Tu quiescis se-
curus; & in
modum gliris
sepultus jaces.
Philonius.*

ἡ ῥῆσις ἡ μακά-
ριος. Aristoph-
anes.

in finne, then lifting up our heads, and seeing all gone, we awake sorrowing. *A dream, or the dream of a shadow, saith Pindarus;* the worst, the weakest dream that can be imagined; sure one step further were to arrive at death's door; and yet thus farre are we led by the hand of Nature: nay, if you will, lower; *death succeeds life, and life is but the image of death, saith Cato.* Here is a true picture of our frailty, *life is like death; indeed so like, so near together, that we cannot differ each from other.*

*οὐκ ἔστιν ὄναρ
ἀνδρῶν,
Pind. in Pyth.
Vita quid nisi
moris imago?
Cato.*

See here the condition of our life; what is it but *a Rose, a Grasse, a Picture, a Play, a Shew, a Sleep, a Dream, an image of Death?* such a thing is life, that we so much talk of.

Use.

And if Nature give this light, how blind are they that cannot see *life's frailty*; you need no more but mark the *Destinies* (as *Poets* feign) to spin their threads: one holds, another drawes, a third cuts it off; what is your life but a thread? some have a stronger twist, others a more slender: some live till near rot, others die when scarce born: there's none endures long; this thread of life is cut sooner or later, and then our work is done, our course is finished. Are these the Emblemes of our *life*? and dare we trust to this broken *raife*? how do the Heathen precede us Christians in these studies? *Their books were skulls, their desks were graves, their remembrance an hour-glasse.* Awake your souls, and bethink you of mortality; have you any priviledge for your *lives*? are not Heathens and Christians of one Father *Adam*? of one mother *Earth*? the Gospel may free you from the second, not the first death; only provide you for the first, to escape the second death. O men, what be your thoughts? nothing but of *Goods and Barnes*, and *many Tears*? you may boast of *Life*, as *Oromax*es the Conjuror of his *Gege*, which (he said) included the felicity of the world; yet being opened, there was nothing but *Winde*: Think what you please, your life is but a *Winde*, which may be stopt soon, but cannot last long by the law of *Nature*.

But secondly, as *Nature*, so *Scripture* will inform you in this point. The life of man is but of little esteem; what is it but a *Shrub*, or a *Brier* in the fire? *As the crackling of thornes under the pot, so is the (life or) laughter of the fool; momentary and vanity, Eccles. 7. 6.* Nay, a *shrub* were something, but our life is lesse, no better than a *leaf*; not a tree, nor shrub, nor fruit, nor bloosome:

Eccles. 7. 6.

- Elay 64. 6. *blossome: We all fade as a leaf, and our iniquities like the winde have swept us away, Isa. 64. 6. Yet a leaf may glory of his birth, it is descended of a Tree; Life is a Reed, sometimes broken, at least shaken, so vain, so infirme, so inconstant is the life of man: What*
 Matth. 11. 7. *went you out to see? a reed shaken with the winde? Matth. 11. 7. Nay, a reed were something, our life is baser, indeed no better then a rush or flag. Can a rush grow without mire? though it were green, and not cut down, yet shall it wither before any other herb,*
 Job 8. 12. *Job 8. 11, 12. What shall I say more? what shall I cry, a rush? All flesh is grasse, and all the grace thereof as the flower of the field; the grasse withereth, the flower fadeth, surely the people is grasse, Isa. 40. 7. I am descended beneath just patience; but not so low as the life of man; as all these resemble life, so in some measure they have life: but life is a smoke, without any spark of life in it, thus cries David; My dayes are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burnt like an hearth, Psal. 102. 3. Yet is here no stay, the smoke ingenders clouds, and a cloud is the fittest resemblance of our life: My welfare passeth away as a cloud, (saith Job) And our life shall passe away as the trace of a cloud, & come to nought, as the mist that is driven away with the beams of the Sun, Job 30. 15. Neither is this all, clouds may hang calm, but life is like a tempest, it is a cloud, and a winde too; Remember that my life is but a winde, and that mine eye shall not turn to see pleasure, Job 7. 7. Nay, we must lower, and find a weaker element; it is not a winde, but water, said that woman of Tekeah, We are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again,*
 2 Sam. 14. 14. *2 Sam. 14. 14. yet is water both a good and necessary element. Life is the least part of water, nothing but a foam, a bubble: The King of Samaria (that great King) is destroyed as the foam upon the water, Hof. 10. 7. I can no more, and yet here is something lesse; a foam or bubble may burst into a vapour, and What is your life? it is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and afterwards vanisheth away, Jam. 4. 14. Lesse then this is nothing, yet life is something lesse, nothing in substance; all it is, it is but a shadow, We are strangers and so owners as all our fathers were; our dayes are like a shadow upon the earth, & there is none abiding, 1 Chron. 29. 15. See whither we have brought our life, and yet ere we part, we will down one step lower; upon a strict view we find neither substance nor shadow, only a meer nothing, a very vanity: Be-*
 hold,

hold, thou haſt made my dayes as an hand-breadth, and mine age *Pſal. 39. 5.*
is nothing in reſpect of thee; ſurely every man living is altogether
vanity, *Pſal. 39. 5.*

To here the nature of our life, it is a ſhrub, a leaf, a reed, a
ruſt, a graſſe, a ſmoke, a cloud, a wind, a water, a bubble,
a vapour, a ſhadow, a nothing.

What mean we to make ſuch ado about a matter of nothing? I
cannot chooſe but wonder at the vanity of men, that runne,
ride, toil, travel, undergo any labour to maintain this life, and
what is it when they have their deſire which they to much toil
for? we live, and yet whilit we ſpeak this word, perhaps we
die. Is this a land of the living, or a region of the dead? We
that ſuck the Air to kindle this little ſpark, where is our ſtand-
ing, but at the gates of death? *Pſal. 9. 13.* Where is our walk, but in
the ſhadow of death? *Luke 1. 79.* What is our manſion-houſe,
but the body of death? *Rom. 7. 24.* What think ye? Is not this
the region of death, where is nothing but the gate of death, and the
ſhadow of death; and the body of death? Sure we dream that we
live, but ſure it is that we die; or if we live, the beſt hold we
have is but a leaſe: God our cheif Lord may beſtow what he
pleaſeth; to the rich man wealth, to the wiſe man knowledge, to
the good man peace, to all men ſomewhat: yet if you aſk, Who
is the Leſſor? God. Who is the Leſſee? Man. What is leaſed?
This world. For what terme? *My life.*] Thus *Jacob* tells *Pha-
raoh*, as the Text tells you; *Few and evil have the dayes of my
life] been.*

Pſal. 9. 13.
Luke 1. 79.
Rom. 7. 24.
*An non ex hac
regio mortis, ubi
porta mortis,
umbra mortis,
et corpus mor-
tis?*

This is the *Leaſe*, and now you have it, let us ſee what uſe you
will make of it.

It is a bad life ſome live; *(Come ſay they) and let us enjoy
the pleaſures that are preſent, and let us cheerfully uſe the crea-
tures as in youth, let us fill our ſelves with coſtly wine and oym-
ments, and let not the flower of life, paſſe by us.* What a life is
here? Can it be that pleaſures, wine and oymments ſhould
have any durance in this vail of miſery? Suppose thy life a con-
tinued ſcene of pleaſures: hadſt thou *Dives* fare, *Solomons*
robes, *Dauids* throne, *Craſus* wealth; livedſt thou many years
without any cares, yet at laſt comes death, and takes away thy
ſoul in the miſt of her pleaſures: alas, what is all thy glory,
but a ſnuſſ that goes out in ſtench? Couldſt thou not have made
death.

Uſe 1.
Wild. 2. 6, 7.

death more welcome; if he had found thee lying on a pad of straw, feeding on crusts and crumbs? Is not thy pain more grievous, because thou wast more happy? Do not thy joyes more afflict thee, then if they had never been? O deceitful world, that grievest if thou crodest; and yet to whom thou art best, they are most unhappy!

Use 2.

John 14. 6.

John 1. 1.

John 6. 48.

John 17. 3.

But to speak to you who have passed the pikes and pangs of the *New-Birth*; would you have *life indeed*, and enjoy that joy of *life* which is immortal? then hear, revive, watch and awake from sin: were you sometimes dead in sin? O but now live in Christ, Christ is *the life*, John 14. 6. Were you sometimes dumb in your dying pangs? O but now abide in Christ, Christ is *the Word* of life, John 1. 1. Are you as yet babes in Christ, feeble and bat weak through *lifes* infirmities? Why, then use all good means, eat and be strong, Christ is *the bread of life*, John 6. 48. Here is a *life indeed*, would you not thus live forever? then believe in God, and in Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, and this is *life eternal*, John 17. 3. O happy *life*, which many a man never dreams of! So much they strive to protract this brittle *life*, which but addes more grief, that they forget Christ; nay, they forget their Creed, which begins with true *life*, *God*; and ends with *life never-ending*, *Life everlasting*. Others that hope for heaven, fix not their thoughts on earth; if you be *Gods* servants, lift up your hearts above, for there is *life*, and the *God of life*, the *Tree of life*, and the *Well of life*, the *life of Angels*, and the *Life everlasting*.

One sand is run, and the Text is lessened; but as you have the lease, so you may now expect to know the date: the lease is but a *life*, the date lasts but *dayes*.

Dayes.]

Not weeks, nor moneths, nor years; or if a year, the best Arithmeticke is to reduce or break it into *Dayes*; so we have in it the last translation, *The dayes of the year*.

Here then is the Summe, a Year.

Fraction, *Dayes*.

First, a Year; in the Spring is the youthful Spring of our age, in the Summer, is the aged time of your youth; in the Autumn, is the

the

the high noon, or middle of our age, when the Sun (which is our soul) rules in the Equinoctial line of our life; in the *Winter* we grow old and cold, the nips of frost strip the tree of our life, we fall into the grave, and the earth that nourished us, will then consume us. See what is man! a *Spring* of tears, a *Summers* dust, an *Autumns* care, a *Winters* wo: Read but this map, and you need travel no further to enquire of life.

The first quarter is our *Spring*, and that is full of sinne and misery; the Infant no sooner breathes, but he sucks the poison of his parents: in *Adam* all sinned, and since his time all were defiled by his sin. Is it not *Natures* rule, that *Every man begets one like himself*? And is it not *Gods* rule, that *Every sinner begets another no better than himself*? How may a foal vessel keep sweet water? or how may an earthly sinner beget an heavenly Saint? we are all in the same state of sinne, and so we fall into the same plung of sorrow: The childe in his cradle sleeps not so secure, but now he wakes, and then he weeps; cold starves him, hunger pines him, sores trouble him, sickness gripes him, there is some punishment, which without sinne had never been inflicted. It is wonderful to consider, how *Nature* hath provided for all creatures; birds with feathers, beasts with hides, fishes with scales, all with some defence, only man is born stark naked, without either weapon in his hand, or the least thought of defence in his heart; birds can fly, beasts can go, fishes can swim; but infant-man, as he knows nothing, so neither is he able to do any thing: Indeed he can weep as soon as born, but not laugh (as some observe) till fourty dayes old: so ready are we born to wo, but so farr from the least spark of joy. O meer madnesse of men, that from so poor, naked and base beginnings, can perswade our selves we are born to be proud!

And if this be our *Spring*, what (think ye) is our *Summer*? Remember not the sinnes of this time, prayes *David*, Psalm. 25. 7. Psal. 25. 7. and why? Their remembrance is bitter, saith *Job*, Job 13. 26. Job 13. 26. If mirth and melody should never meet with end, this were an happy life; Rejoyce, O young man, in thy youth, let thine heart Eccles. 11. 9. cheer thee in the dayes of thy youth, walk in the wayes of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but remember, for all these things God will bring thee to judgement, Eccles. 11. 9. This judge-

judgement is the damp that puts out all the lights of comfort: could not Solomon have given the reins, but he must pull again at curb? Must youth rejoyce; *But for all this remember?* what a bar stands here in the very door of joy? alas, that we should trifle thus with toys; which no sooner we enjoy, but in grievous sadnesse we repent our follies. The Wise man that gave liberty to his wayes, what cryes he but *Vanity*, and after, *Vanity of vanities*; and at last, *All is vanity*? What was the wildome of *Achitophel*? a vain thing: What the swiftnesse of *Hazael*? a vain thing: What the strength of *Goliath*? a vain thing: What the pleasures of *Nebuchadnezzar*? a vain thing: What the honour of *Haman*? a vain thing: What the beauty of *Abalom*? a vain thing. Thus if we see but the fruit that growes of sin, we may boldly say of *laughter*, *Thou art mad: and of joy, What is this thou doest?* Eccles. 2. 2.

Eccles. 2. 2.

And if this be our *Summer*, what may be our *Autumn*? an hour of joy, a world of sorrow; If you look about you, how many miseries lie in wait to ensnare you? there is no place secure, no state sufficient, no pleasure permanent; whither will you go? The Chamber hath its care, the House hath its fear, the Field hath its toil, the Countrey hath its frauds, the City hath its factions, the Church hath its Sects, the Court hath its envy; here is every place a field where is offered a barrel, or if this were better, consider but your states; the Beggar hath his sores, the Souldier hath his scars, the Magistrate hath his troubles, the Merchant his travels, the Nobles their crosses, the great ones their vexations; here is every state a Sea, tossed with a world of tempests: or yet if this were happier, bethink you a little longer of your fleeting joyes; the sweet hath its sower, the Crown hath its care, the World hath its want, Pleasure hath its pain, Profit hath its grief, all these must have their end: here is a dram of sugar mixt with an Epha of bitter. Is this man-hood, that is subject to all these miseries? Nay, what are these in comparison of all it suffers? It is deformed with sin, defiled with lust, outraged with passions, over-carried with affections, pining with envy, barthened with gluttony, boiling with revenge, transported with rage; all mans body is full of iniquity, and his soul (the bright image of God) through sin, is transformed to the ugly shape of the Devil.

And

And if this be our *Autumn*, what (I pray) is the *Winter*? then our *Sun* grows low, and we begin to die by degrees; shew me the light which will not darken, shew me the flower which will not fade, shew me the fruit which will not corrupt, shew me the garment which will not wear, shew me the beauty which will not wither, shew me the strength which will not weaken: behold, now is the houre that thy lights shall darken, thy cheeks wrinkle, thy skinne be furrowed, thy beauty fade, and thy strength decay. Here is the ambition of a long *life*; thy *lease* lies a bleeding, and death raps at the door of thy heart to take possession: O forcible entire! will not pleasures delay? cannot riches ransom? dares not strength desie? Is neither wit nor wealth able to deceive nor bribe? what may rent this house, that the soul may but lodge there one night longer? Poor soul, that dies (or departs) in unremedied pangs! our sins may run on scote, and repentance forget her dayes of payment. Yet our lease shall end, the date expire, this body suffer, and the soul be driven from her house and harbour. See the swift course of our mortal *Sun*, at *North and South*, in our mothers *womb* and *tomb* both in one year.

Consider this, ye that forget God, you have but a *year* to live, and every season yields some occasion to tell you, ye must die; In *childhood*, what is your chest of clouts, but a remembrance of your winding-sheets? In *youth*, what is your mirth and music, but a summons to the knell? In *manhood*, what is your house and enclosure, but a token of the coffin? In *age*, what is your chair or litter, but a shew of the beer, which at last shall convey you to your graves? Man, ere he is aware, hath dressed his herse: every season adding something to his solemnity. Where is the Adulterer, Murtherer, Drunkard, Blasphemer? Are you about your sins? look on these objects; *There is a Sunne now setting, or a candle burning, or an houre-glasse running, or a flower decaying, or a Traveller passing, or a vapour vanishing, or a sick man groaning, or a strong man dying*; be sure there is something pulls you by the sleeve, and bids you beware to commit such enormities: Who dares live in sinne, that considers with himself he must die soon? And who will not consider, that sees before his eyes so many a remembrance? Alas, we must die, and howsoever we passe from *childhood* to *youth*, from *youth* to

Use.

*Sere Autem ne-
mo excedis.*

manhood, from manhood to age; yet there is *none can be more than old*: here is the utmost of our life, a *Spring, a Summer, an Autumn, a Winter*; and when that is done, you know the whole *Year* is finished.

The summe is a *Year*,] the Items are *Dayes*.] And what *Dayes* can ye expect of such a *Year*? my Text, in relation to these *dayes*, gives us two attributes, the first is *few*, the second is *evil*; if you consider our *dayes*, in regard of the *fewnesse*, (which this word seems rather to intimate) you may see them in Scripture brought to *fewer and fewer*, till they are well near brought to nothing.

If we begin with the beginning, we finde first, that the first man *Adam* had a lease of his life in *fee*, and (as Lawyers say) *To have and to hold*, from the beginning to everlasting: but for eating the forbidden fruit, he made a forfeiture of that estate: of this he was forwarned, *In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt die the death*, Gen. 2. 17. And this he found too true, *Because thou hast eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee, Thou shalt not eat*; --- what then? amongst other curses this was one, *Dust thou art, and to the dust thou shalt returne*, Gen. 3. 19. After him, the longest life came short of the number of a thousand yeares; *The dayes of Methusalem (saith Moses) were nine hundred, sixtie, and six yeares*, Gen. 5. 27. and had he come to a thousand, which never was attained by man; yet *a thousand years are but one day with God*, 2 Peter 3. 8. yea, but as yesterday, saith *Moses*; *A thousand years in Gods sight, are but as yesterday*, Psalm 90. 4. But what speak I of a thousand yeares? no sooner came the flood, but the age of man (of every man born after it) was shortened half in half. *These are the generations of Sem (saith Moses)* Gen. 11. 10. to wit, *Arphaxad, and Selah, and Eber*, none of which three could reach to the number of five hundred yeares; the longest liver was *Eber*, and yet all his dayes, before and after his first-borne *Pelag*, were but *four hundred, sixty, and foure years*, Gen. 11. 16, 17. nay, as if halfe a thousand were more than too much, you may see God halfe their age once again: *Pelag* lives as long as any man after him, and yet his daies were neither a thousand, nor half a thousand, nor half of half a thousand; no, no more than two hundred

Gen. 2. 17.

Gen. 3. 19.

Gen. 5. 27.

2 Pet. 3. 8.

Psalm 90. 4.

Gen. 11. 10.

Gen. 11. 16, 17.

hundred, thirty, and nine yeares, Gen. 11. 18, 19. but this was a long life too : If we come to arrive at the time of *Jacob*, we shall finde this little time well-near halfed again ; when he spoke this text, he tells he was *one hundred and thirty years old*, and after this he lived no longer than seventeen years more, *so that the whole age of Jacob was but* (sevenscore and seven) *an hundred forty and seven years*, Gen. 47. 28. Nay, to leave *Jacob* a while, and to come a little nearer our selves, in *Moses* time we finde this little time halfed again, he brings sevenscore to seventy; *The dayes* (saith he) *of our age are threescore years and ten, and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it away, and we are gone*, Psal. 90. 10. Here is *halfe of halfe*, and if we *half* it a while, sure we shall *half* away all our time : nay, we have a custome goes a little further, and tells us of a number a great deal shorter, we are fallen from seventie to seven, in *lifes leases* made by us. Nay, what speak I of years, when my text breaks them all into *dayes*? *Few and evil have the dayes been*, so our former translation, without any addition of *yeares* at all : and (if you mark it) our life in Scripture is more often termed *dayes* than *years*: The book of *Chronicles*, which writes of mens lives, are called according to the interpretation, *Words of dayes* : to this purpose we read, *David was old, and full of dayes*, 1 Chron. 23. 1. and *In the dayes of Jehoram, Edom rebelled*, 2 Chron. 21. 8. So in the New Testament, *In the dayes of Herod the King*, Matth. 2. 1. and, *In the dayes of Herod the King of Judah*, Luke 1. 5. In a word, thus *Job* speaks of us, our life is *but dayes*, our dayes but a shadow ; *We know nothing* (saith *Job*) and why : *so our dayes upon earth are but a shadow*, Job 8. 9.

Gen. 11. 18, 19.

Gen. 47. 28.

Psal. 90. 10.

1 Chron. 23. 1.

2 Chron. 21. 8.

Matth. 2. 1.

Luke 1. 5.

Job 8. 9.

Lo here the length of our little life, it is not for ever; no, *Adam* lost that estate, and he that lived longest after *Adam*, came short of the number of a *thousand years* : nay, that was halfed to somewhat lesse than *five hundred*, and that again halfed to little more than *two hundred* ; *Jacob* yet halfes it again to a matter of *sevenscore*, and *Moses* halfs that again to *seventie*, or a little more: nay, our time brings it from *seventie* to *seven* : nay, *Jacob* yet brings it from *years* to *dayes*, *Few and evil have the dayes* [of the year] of my life been.

Teach us, O Lord, to number our dayes, that we may apply our hearts

1. Use

hearts unto wisdom, Psal. 90. 12. *Moses* Arithmetick is worthy your meditation; learne of him to number, pray to God your teacher, think every evening there is one day of your number gone, and every morning there is another day of misery coming on, evening and morning meditate on Gods mercy, and your own misery. Thus if you number your *dayes*, you shall have the lesse to account for at that day, when God shall call you to a final reckoning.

2. Use

1 Pet. 3. 10.

But miserable men, who are not yet born again, their *dayes* run on without any meditation in this kinde: What think they of, but of *long dayes*, and *many years*? And were all their *dayes* as long as the day of *Josbua*, when the Sunne stood still in the midst of Heaven, yet it will be night at last, and their Sun shall set like others. True, God may give some a liberal time, but what enemies are they to themselves, that of all their *dayes* allow themselves not one? If any man long after life, and to see good *dayes*, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile. How live they that would needs live long, and follow no rules of piety? many can post off their conversion from day to day, sending Religion afore them to thirtie, and then putting it off to fourty, and not pleased yet to overtake it, promise it entertainment at threescore; at last death comes, and allows not one houre: In youth these men resolve to reserve the time of age to serve God in; in age they shuffle it off to sickness; when sickness comes, care to dispose their goods, loathnesse to die, hope to escape, martyrs that good thought. O miserable men! if you have but the *Lease* of a farme for twenty years, you make use of the time, and gather profit; but in this precious farm of time, you are so ill husbands, that your *Lease* comes out before you are one penny worth of grace the richer by it. Why stand ye here all the day idle? there are but a few houres or *dayes* that ye have to live; at last comes the night of death, that will shut up your eyes in sleep till the day of doom.

Mat. 20. 6.

You see now the term of our *Lease*, our *Life* lasts but *Dayes*. And although we live many *dayes*, yet in this thy day, saith Christ; and, Give us this day our daily bread, say we, as if no day could be called thy day but this day: if there be any more, we shall soon number them; my text tells you they are not many, but few; Few and evil have the *dayes* of my life been.

Luk. 9. 42.

M. tch. 6. 12.

Few.]

Few.]

Our Lease is a Life, our Life is but Dayes, our Dayes are but Few. The Phoenix, the Elephant, and the Lion fulfil their hundreds; but man dieth when he thinks his Sun yet riseth, before his eye be satisfied with seeing, or his ear with hearing, or his heart with lusting; death knocks at his door, and often will not give him leave to meditate an excuse before he comes to judgement: Is not this a wonder to see dumb beasts outstrip mans life? The Phoenix lives *thousands* (say some) but a thousand years are a long life with man: *Methushalem* (you saw) the longest liver, came short of this number; and yet, could we attain to so ripe an age, what are a thousand years to the dayes everlasting? If you took a little moat to compare with the whole earth, what great difference were in these two? and if you compare this *life* which is so short, with the life to come, which shall never have end, how much lesse will it yet appear?

As drops of rain are unto the Sea, and as a gravel-stone is in comparison to the sand; so are a thousand years to the dayes everlasting. Eccles. 18.9.

But will you have an exact account, and learn the just number? It was the Arithmetick of holy men to reckon their dayes but Few;] as if the shortest cut were the best account. The

Hebrews could subduct the time of sleep, which is half our life: so that if the dayes of men were *threescore years and ten*, here's *Psalm 90. 10.*

five and thirty years struck off at one blow. The Philosophers could subduct the time of weaknesse, which is most of life; so that if *vivere* be *valere*, that onely a true life, which enjoys good health, here's the beginning and the ending of our dayes struck off at the second blow. The Fathers could subduct all times not present, and what say you to this account? were the dayes of life at noon, man grown to man-hood? look ye back, and the time past is nothing; look ye forward, and the time to come is but uncertain: and if time past, and time to come stand both for ciphers, what is our life but the present? and what is that but a moment? Nay, as if a moment were too much, look

at Scripture, and you will see it brought to a lesser passe: *Job Job 3. 6.* (for his part) goes about to subduct the time of his birth, which is the bud of life; *Let the day perish* (saith he) *wherein I was born; nay, let it not be joynd unto the dayes of the year, nor let it come into the count of months,* *Job 3. 6.* Solomon could subduct

not only childhood, but the time of youth too, which is the strength of life: *Take away grief out of thine heart and cause evil to depart from thy flesh; for childhood and youth both are but vanity*, Eccles. 11. 10. Paul could subduct the time of sinne, which is the joy of life; *She that lives in pleasure* (lives not, nay she) *is dead while she is alive*, 1 Tim. 5. 6. Summe all, and suppose that the time of birth, and childhood, and youth, and sin were gone, to what an epirome were mans life come? Think of this all ye that travel towards Heaven, had we not need to make haste, that must go so long a journey in so short a time? How can he choose but run that remembers his *dayes are few*? nay, that every day runs away with his life? The workman that sets a time for his task, he listens to the clock, and counts the houres, not a minute must passe, but his work goes onwards: how then do we neglect our time while we should serve God? *Work while it is day*, saith Christ; and, *This is the day of salvation*, saith the Apostle. Would you know your task? you must *work*: would you know the time? it is *this day*: a great task, a short time; had we not need with *Moses* to *number our dayes*, lest we lose a minute? It is true, of all numbers we cannot skill to number our dayes: we can number our sheep, our oxen, our fields, our coyn; but we think our dayes are infinite, and never go about to number them. The Saints that went before us cast another account; *Moses* had his *tables*, *Job* had his *measures*; all agree both for measure and number, magnitude and multitude; our life is but short, our dayes are but *few*. Few] and evil they have been.

John 9. 4.
2 Cor. 6. 2.

Give me leave a little to amplifie on this point: would we thoroughly know the shortnesse of our time, the fewnesse of our dayes? I shall then set before you the *magnitude* of the one, and the *multitude* of the other:

And first, for the *magnitude* of the time of our life; A man (say the Philosophers) is *Microcosmus*, a little world; limt for goodnesse, a world of wickednesse. Of this world, if you have the dimensions according to the rules of Geometricians, the *length*, *breadth*, and *depth* of our short life; then first for our *length* from East to West, from our birth to our burial, I need not to take so many paces, as will make *mille passus*, a mile; our little life bears no proportion to such a length: I dare not say as

Stobaeus

Stobæus relates, that our life hath the last of a cubits length; for that's more than the Scripture will afford it: it is but a *span*, or *hand-breadth*, saith *David*, that's little: nay, *Alcæus* in *carmine Lyrico*, saith, it is but an *inch long*, that's lesse: nay, saith *Plutarch*, *All our life is but a prick, a point*; yet lesse, saith *Seneca*, it is a *point* that we live, and *lesse than a point*: that's lesse than either I can say, or you conceive. What is it? not a *mile*, but a *cubit*, but a *span*, but an *inch*, but a *point*, nay lesse than that: here's little longitude of life. Well, but our latitude perhaps is greater: no, take a measure if you please from one pole to another, as we stand betwixt the termes of life and death, and wheresoever we are, death is within a *hand-breadth* of our life: if we be on the sea, there's but a *thick board* betwixt us and drowning: if on the land, there's but a *shoe-sole* betwixt us and our grave: if we sleep, our bed is our bodies grave, and there's but a *sheet*, (perhaps a winding-sheet) betwixt us and it: when we are awake, our body is our souls grave, and there's but a *few skins* (as say Physicians) betwixt death and us. What is it? but the breadth of an *hand*, of a *board*, of a *shoe-sole*, of a *thin sheet*, of a *small skinn*: there's little latitude you see. Well, but our profundity may help all this: go to therefore, and see what that is. I shall not lead you down many steps, for indeed there are not many steps to lead you down. In one word, come to the centre of the heart of man: The *Grecians*, to expresse the shallownesse of this life, give the same name to the heart, that they do to death: *Kêar* is the heart, the author of life; and *Kêar* is destiny, the worker of death; to shew that as every man hath an heart, so death hath a dart for every man. Christians! mortals! consider your magnitude in all these dimensions; alas, how is it that many of you make your selves so great? what mean those titles which you take upon you? *Your Greatnesse, Your Highnesse, Your*——I know not what. O consider the mortality of your bodies, and that will tell you the just * scantling of your selves.

Psal. 39. 5.

Punctum est quod vivimus, et adhuc puncto minus.

* *Mors sola facitur, quantum sunt hominum corporum scula. Juvenal. Psal. 90. 10.*

2. For the multitude of our *dayes*, he was branded with the name of a fool, that thought he had many *years* to live. *Moses* tells us, *The dayes of our years are threescore years and ten*, *Psal. 90. 10.* But now (as you heard) we value our life but at *seven years*, as if six years we had to labour, and to do all we had to do; but the seventh were a Sabbath to rest with God, *Rev. 14. 13.*

Revel. 14. 13.

- Nay, yet the Scripture comes somewhat lower, and because a plurality might cause a security, it bestowes but a unity upon our years: thus *Jacob* in this Text reckons of a great number of one year, *The dayes of the year of my life are an hundred and thirty year*, Gen. 47. 9. Nay *Austine* comes shorter, and compares our life to a quarter of a year, like *Jeboahash* reign, which lasted about three moneths time, 2 King. 23. 31. Nay, the Scripture descends from moneths to dayes; *Few and evil are my dayes*, saith *Jacob*: implying that this life is but a few dayes, or but * one day, as some would have it, which is the meaning of *Christs* Prayer, *Give us this day our daily bread*, Matth. 6. 11. And yet that we may not think our death a great way off, the Scripture tells us, it is not a day to come: no, *Boast not of to morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth*, Prov. 27. 1. Thy day is this present day, and therefore saith the Apostle, *To day if you will hear his voice*, Heb. 3. 7. nay, to speak further, this day (saith *Job*) is past already, *We are but of yesterday*, Job 8. 9. nay, as if a day were too long for the life of man, *Moses* resembles it to the grasse that grows up in the morning, and is cut down in the evening, Psalm. 90. 6. and *Gregory* compares it to *Jonahs* gourd; that came up in a night, and perished ere the day was done, *Jonah* 4. 10. The evening and the morning make but one day; *Genesis* 1. 5. but * our day is oft-times an evening without a morning, and oft-times a morning without an evening. Nay, yet to go lower, as if half a day were more than our life could parallel; *Moses* compares it to a watch, which is but the fourth part of a night, Psalm. 90. 4. Yea, and as if this were longer than our life doth last, the Scripture calls it but an hour, *John* 5. 25. The hour is coming, and now is, saith *Christ*: nay, our life is but a minute, or if we can say lesse, a moment; *In a moment they go down to the grave*, saith *Job*, Job 21. 13. and *In a moment shall they die*, saith *Elihu*, Job 34. 20. And a lying tongue is but for a moment, saith *Solomon*, Prov. 12. 19. and *Our light affliction is but for a moment*, saith *Paul*, 2 Cor. 4. 17. Lo here the length of our little life, this is the gradation that God makes of it: at first a matter of seventy years, but these were tythed from seventy to seven; this number again was made no number, one single year: a year? nay a moneth, nay a day, nay an hour, nay a minute, nay a moment; as soon as we were born, we began to draw to our end.

Wisd.

Wisd. 5. 13. There's but *one poor moment* which we have to live, and when that is spent, our life is gone; How? but *one*? and a *moment*? *one* is the least number that is, and a *moment* the shortest time that ever was: O what mean men to plot and project for the time to come, as if this life would never be done? O consider of the littleness of the time that thou hast to live! O consider of the greatness of the matter that depends upon it! thy body, soul, heaven and hell, all hangs on this thread, a short life, a few dayes.] *Few* and *evil* have the dayes of my life been.

You have learned *Moses* Arithmerick to number your dayes: practise a while, and you find this *Use*.

God shortens your time, you that are unregenerate, lest you defer your repentance. It is said of the Devil, that he is *busy*, because his time is short, Revel. 12. 12. and are you worse than Devils? is not your time shorter? and yet are you more negligent? How do you give way to that old serpent? he delays no time to bring you to hell, and ye neglect all times to get you heaven: What is your life but a *Jonahs* gourd, suddenly sprung up, and by and by withered again, and gone? whatsoever ye do, your wheel whirls about apace: in a word, *ye die daily*, and you all know thus much, that you have every one of you a poor soul to save. I have wondered at men that desire time after time, one time after another; why, if your souls perish, the day will come soon enough. *It makes me weep* (said one of a better stamp) *when my hour-glasse is beside me, and I see every drop of sand follow other so speedily*. Your dayes are but few, and yet who knowes whether *this day* his sun may set? Take heed, you unregenerate, if death come unwares, it is the price of your souls, how you are provided! Who (alas!) would defer to be good, that knows not how soon he may go to judgement? The enemy keeps a daily watch; a friend prepares for your welcome, and are you such enemies to your selves, that never are prepared to welcome death?

1. Use

Rev. 12. 12.

Use 2.

But to seek to thee, whosoever thou art that readeest, *regenerate*, or *unregenerate*, the best counsel thou canst learn, is to be still in a readinesse; think every day thou risest to be thy day of death, and every night thou goest to bed, that thou art laid down in the grave: if thou shouldest forget, will not each ob-

ject.

jest be a remembrancer? thy sheets, of thy winding-sheet; thy coverings, of thy clasping dust; thy sleep of thy death, with whom (I may say truly) thou shakest hands every night: who can forget his grave, that lies him down in his bed? and who then would not so provide himself, as if every night he went to his grave? Our dayes are but *few*, and the night will be ere long that we die indeed. What are we but Tenents at will in this Clay-Farm? the foundation of all the building is a small substance, alwayes kept cold by an intercourse of air, the pillar is but a little breath, the strength some few bones tied together with dry strings, howsoever we piece and patch this poor cottage, it will at last fall into the Lords hands, and we must give surrendour only in this tenour, *Few*] and *evil* have the dayes of my life been.

You now see the time of our *Lease* to the full, our *life* lasts but *dayes*, our *dayes* are but *few*, who is so fond to settle his care on this *Lease*, that so soon is expired; nay, with a blast is gone out? The man that is wedded to this world, enjoys neither length of *dayes*, nor a *day* of joy; as he is mortal, so is he miserable: you shall see my Text joyn both the hands, nothing indeed but death can loose the bonds; the *dayes* of my life are *few*, the *few* *dayes* of my life are *evil*; *few* in number, *evil* in nature; neither many nor good, but *few* and *evil*.

Evil.]

Our life is but *dayes*, our *dayes* are but *few*, our *few* *dayes* but *evil*: Into what a sea of misery have I now rushed-fail? *Evil* life, *evil* *dayes*; but *few*, yet *evil*.

There waits on our life } *Sinne*,
 } *Punishment*.

Both these are *evil*; *Sinne*, as the father, playes the Bankrupt; and *Punishment*, the sonne, must pay the debt: first, *Lust* conceives and brings forth *sin*, then *sin* being finished, brings forth *death*. Here is both the work and wages; first, we commit, and then we suffer *evil*.

The *evils* we commit are *sinnes*, and see what a troop of enemies march about us; if you expect the battel in aray, what say

say you to those evils original? these are the inheritance which we have from our first Parents: it is the same infection that distilled from them, abides in us; and therefore the same punishment is due to us, that fell on them. O the flood-gate, of evils that now are opened! *Adams sinne* is ours by imputation, we are twigs of one root, streams of one fountain, and by the same reason partakers of one sin. And as no evil is alone, so besides that imputed, we have another inherent, this is the proclive disposition that we have to evil, because of the losse of those powers that we had to good. First, the sinne of the person infected nature, but now the sinne of nature infects the person: Is not the mind doubtful of the wayes of God? Is not the will prone to all manner of evil? Are not the affections disordered in their actions? But as for goodnesse, and holinesse, and vertue, and grace, and temperance, and innocency, all these ornaments are lost; Adam received them for himself and us, and therefore lost them from us, as from himself: what wonder, if we being spoiled, nature be left naked, a rotten root must needs bear rotten branches; and if the first man be infected with sin, what follows, but a corruption of the whole nature of man?

Primò persona infecta naturam, sed post natura infecta personam. Po- la 215.

But these are but the seeds, what say ye to the off-spring? Evils original beget evils actual, and such are they (as *Austine* defines them) *Whatsoever we say, or do, or think against the Law eternal.* How many of these Furies haunt us? our saying, doing, thinking, all is evil that is against Gods command: his will is the rule that should measure all our actions; our actions are the frame that should be measured by his will; here then is sinnes material and formal, the actions of man diverted from the will of God; and if all these be evils, how many evils are they all?

Diſſum, vel factum, vel concupitum, contra legem eternam. Aug. l. 22. contra Faust. cap. 27. initio tom. 6.

Look at our omission of good duties, and come they not in like moats in the Sun? How many almes have they denied? How many blessings have we refused? How many Sermons have we neglected? How many Lords dayes have we mis-spent? This was the sinne of that rich man, of whom though *Lazarus* had no hurt, yet because he could receive no good, therefore he was tormented in that flame. You know a day will come, when a bill of negatives shall be framed against the wicked, not what ye have done, but what ye have not done: *I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a*

Luke 16.

Mat. 25. 42, 43.

stranger,

Matth. 25. 41.

stranger, and ye lodged me not; I was naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not, Matth. 25. 42. It is the not doing your duties must incur that heavy sentence, *Depart from me, ye cursed.* Meer harmlesse men are no fit members for Gods Kingdome; if you mean to avoid evil, you must neglect no good: alas, who would slip any occasion, that considers the just reward of this *evil of omission*?

Psal. 51. 9.

But these are not half the count, there be *evils of Commis-sion*, whereby we fight against God, and provoke his justice against us: of all the Commandements which we should perform, there is not one precept which we have not broken; God himself is dishonoured, his Worship is neglected, his Name is blasphemed, his Dayes are profaned: If you go any further, Parents are disobeyed, injury is maintained, adultery is committed, robbery is practised, false witnesse is produced, covetousness is followed: thus is the manner of our keeping the Commandments from the first to the last, having transgressed against all. *Hide thy face from my sins, O Lord, and put away all mine iniquities.* We had need to pray, *Hide them*; for if they be not hid, how many of these *evils* will rise up in judgement against us?

Esay 1. 5.
Jer. 17. 9.
Jam. 3. 8.
Prov. 30. 14.
Esay 1. 15.
Esay 59. 7.
Esay 1. 6.

But here is no end; there be *evils external* that accompany the body, and what part of the body is not possessed with some *evil*? Look at the senses, and wherein hast thou employed thine eyes, but in beholding vanity? wherein thine ears, but in hearkening to lies? wherein thy tasting, touching, smelling, but in sensual pleasures? and as the senses, so are the members full of evil; *The head is sick, the heart deceitful, the tongue unruly, the teeth as swords, the jaws as knives, the hands are full of blood, and the feet swift to shed blood.* Thus from the soles of the feet to the crown of the head, there is *nothing whole, but wounds, and swellings, and sores full of corruption*, Esay 1. 6.

1 Cor. 2. 14.

And if these be our *outward*, what be those *inward evils*? should I thrust my hand into your bosomes, O how leprous should I pluck it out again! that *Understanding* created full of light, is now so blind, that it perceives not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can it know them, for they are *spiritually discerned*. No doubt there is in us a remaining spark of Nature, and that is the light of reason which makes us men; but if you look at
this

this reason, it perceives only natural, and external things; it can perceive thy house adorned, thy lands tilled, thy grounds stocked; but those spiritual blessings, celestial promises, eternal privileges it cannot see, nor so much as think of. What are all our thoughts but vanity, and *imagination of mans heart, but only evil*? Gen. 8. 21. Neither is this all, God framing mans soul, planted it in two faculties, the *Understanding* that informeth, and the *Will* that followeth: and as the *Understanding*, so is the *Will*; it receives from *Reason* (her Counsellour) sensual advice, and sends forth to the *Affections* (her Courtiers) injunctions of vanity; here is a Counsellour indeed; what is it but *reason* without reason? and here is a *will* indeed; what is it but a slave to sin, without any *will* to good? Man is so holden captive with the yoke of sin, that of his own nature he can neither *aspire by desire, nor travel by endeavour to any goodnesse*. I say not, but (as Bernard) *no will is in us all*; but to will *evil* is of nature; to will *good* is of grace; away then with our abilities, and confesse we with the Apostle, that *To will is present with me, but I find no means to perform that which is good*, Rom. 7. 18.

Gen. 8. 21.

Calv. institut. l. 2. c. 4.

Rom. 7. 18.

And yet this is not all; take a view of those *affections* which attend the *will*, and how are all *evil*? It is God should be the object both of our *will* and *affections*; and what say you? do you love him, and fear him, and trust in him, and serve him? your sins say, No: we can do nothing that good is, but we run upon *evil*; see thine *anger* like a Serpent, thy *desire* like a wolf, thy *fear* like an Hart, thine *envy* like a Viper, all thy *passions* are become sensual, and *Every man is a beast by his own knowledge*, Jer. 10. 14.

Jer. 10. 14.

Blessed God! what a world of *evils* are within us? We have sinned (O Lord) above the number of the sands of the Seas, our transgressions (O Lord) are multiplied; our offences are exceeding many: Many sure, that contain these streames, and yet how many are the rivulets that issue from them? There be *evils* of weaknesse against God the Father, whose attribute is Power; there be *evils* of ignorance against God the Sonne, whose attribute is Wisdom; there be *evils* of malice against God the holy Ghost, whose attribute is Love. Can we adde any more? Mark but our thoughts, our delights, our consents to *evil*: or if these be not enough, see a swarm indeed that continually assaults us, *anger*,

Orat. Manass.

Psal. 19. 12.

anger, hatred, envy, distrust, impatience, avarice, sacrilege, pride, despair, presumption, indevotion, suspicion, contention, derision, exaction, (give me leave to breath in the numbring of this bed-röl) perjury, blasphemy, luxury, simony, perplexity, inconsistency, hypocrisie, apostasie; here is a number numberlesse, *groſſe sins, little sins, known sins, hid sins: Who can understand his errours? O Lord, cleanse me from my secret faults,* Psal. 19. 12. The dayes of life are few, but the evils God knows how many; he that would number them, may tell a thousand, and yet not tell one of a thousand: Can the proudest Pharisee justifie himself? Remember the swarms that lurk in thy venomd conscience, number thy wanton words, thy carnal thoughts, thy unchristian gestures, thy outrageous sins, and come they not in by troops and herds, thicker than the frogs in Egypt? well may we stand amazed at their number, and as convicted prisoners, cry for that Psalm of mercy, *Lord have mercy on us, most evil wretched sinners.*

Miserere mei.

Thus you see, Beloved, how *evil* be our *daies*, sith every day we do *evil*: then to wander no further, now we have found such a world of them, will you see them in a trap? here is *evils original, evils actual, evils of omission, evils of commission, evils of the body, evils of the soul*; well may we pray, *Deliver us from evil: what, so many evils of sin? now the Lord deliver us.*

1. Use.
Psal. 38. 4.

Remember your selves, and who will not sing *Dauids* burthen, *Mine iniquities are gone over my head, and as a weighty burthen, they are too heavy for me to bear?* There is in sinne (saith *Austin*) both weight and number, and is any one so dull or dead, that he is sensible of neither? go ye to the balance, and what a mass lies upon you? enough and enough again to sink you down to hell: go ye to the count, and what a swarm comes upon you? a million, and a million of millions to keep you out of heaven; when all your sins must be called to account before that Judge of the world, what account shall be given of this account that is endless? see them like the stars, only these set and rise, but your sins rise, and never set; see them like your haire, only these shed and lose, but your sins grow ever more and more; see them like the sands, only these are covered with the floods and waters, but your sins lie still open, and are ever before you: think on these stars,

stars, these hairs, these infinite innumerable sands of sins, and when all is done, let your tears be the flood to hide them over. It was *David's* saying, *Every night wash I my bed, and water my couch with my tears*: if your dayes be evil, let not your night slip without repentance; go not to bed, but beat your breast with the Publican; lay you not down, but withal lift up your voice, *Lord, be merciful unto me a sinner*: How sweet a rest doth that night bring, whose sleep is prevented with the consideration of our sins? though we are beset with a thousand devils, this would be as the watch of our souls, and the safeguard of our persons.)

Psal. 6. 6.

But I must speak with a difference: I stand over some of you, who are so far from *washing away your sins with tears*, that I fear you never took much notice of the multitude of your sins: should I tell you, that you brought sin enough with you to damn you, when you first came into this world; should I tell you, that you have every one committed thousands, and thousand of thousands of actual sins, and yet any one of those thousands is enough to send you packing to hell: You would think these strange points; but if God be true, there is no sin of man, either original or actual, either of omission or commission, either of the body, or of the soul, which without repentance will not produce eternal death, and therefore in Gods fear take notice of your sins, set before you the Commandments of God, and thereto comparing your life, you may finde out such a catalogue of your sins, that will thoroughly convince you of your damnable estate.

You may ask, to what end should we be so careful to finde out our finnes? I answer, to a very good end, both in respect of the

{ Unregenerate.
{ Regenerate.

2. Use
* when I speak
them of tears or
repentance, I
argue not a cau-
sality or merit;
only I inferre a
necessary pre-
sence of repen-
tance in those
that obtain par-
don of sin. All
that I positively
affirm is this,
that repentance
is the means or
way which God
hath appointed
antecedently to
pardon.
Acts 3. 19.
Jer. 4. 14.

First, in respect of the unregenerate: this is the first step of repentance, this is one of those paces that will lead you towards heaven. You may be sure, without repentance, no heaven; without confession, no repentance; and without finding out sin, there can be no confession. It were good therefore, and a singular means to bring you out of corruption into Christianity, and out of the state of nature into the Kingdome of grace, that you would every one of you have a Catalogue of your sins. If you will not, I can tell you who will; there is an adversary called

Satan

Satan (the adversary of mankind) that stands at your back, and (I may say figuratively) with a scroll in his hands, wherein he writes down your sins: not a day passeth on, but he can easily tell how many sins you have committed all day. Lord, that men would think on't! Are you about any sin? at that very time *Satan* is registering the act, and time, and place, and every circumstance: now wo, wo to man, that lets *Satan* do his work for him! Would you do this your self, would you but study for a Catalogue of your own sins, that so you might confesse them to God, and repent you thereof, this would be a dash in the Devils book, so that he could not have whereof to accuse you; but if still you go on securely in sin, and never go about to call your sins to remembrance, a day will come (wo worth the day!) when that roaring Lion shall set all your sins and transgressions in order before you: then shall you read (perforce) your sins original and actual, of omission and commission, of your bodies and souls. And I must tell you, herein is a great policy of *Satan*, he lets you alone in your security awhile; if you will not trouble him, he will not trouble you; if you will not tell your own sins, neither will he tell you of them; but he will change his note (at furthest) when your *few evil dayes* finish: It is the very case, as many creditours deal with their debtors, while they have any doings as they say, and are in trading, they will let them alone, in policy they will say nothing; but if once down the winde, in sicknesse, poverty, disgrace, or the like, then comes Serjeant after Serjeant, arrest upon arrest, action upon action: just thus is *Satan*s dealing with the unregenerate man; if you will but sin, and never call your selves to a reckoning, in policy he will say nothing; but when the score is full, and death comes to arrest you, then he will bring out his black book of all your sins committed all your *days*. O, I tremble to speak of it! then shall your sins fall as foul on your souls, as ravens on the fallen sheep, and keep you down for ever in the dungeon of despair.

Secondly, in respect of the regenerate; that you have ready by you (or by heart) a Catalogue of your sins, is necessary in many respects.

First, to humble you: for no sooner shall the poor soul look on all the sins he hath committed, both before and after
his

his regeneration, but confessing them in Prayer, it will pull down his heart, and make the wound of his remorse to bleed afresh, as before; and therefore this catalogue is most necessary in dayes of humiliation.

Secondly, it is necessary to prepare you for the receiving of the Sacrament; for indeed I would have none to presume to taste on that Supper, but first to view over all his sins, and to confesse them in Prayer to his heavenly Father: there be many that in Confession look on their sins, as they do on the stars in a dark cloudy night, they can see none but the great ones, of the first or second magnitude, it may be here one and there one; but if they were truly enlightned, and informed aright, they might rather behold their sins, as those innumerable stars that appear in a fair frosty winters night; they are many, and many; and therefore take a little pains in composing your catalogue, that so you may confesse all (at least for the Kindes) before you presume to come near that Table of the Lord.

Thirdly, it is necessary in times of desertion, or visitation: yea, if the Lord shall please to exercise you with any crosse, or disgrace, or discountenance, losse of goods, disease of body, tertour of soul, or the like; you may be sure, as no misery comes but for sin, so then the enumeration of your sins from a bleeding broken heart, is the prime and first means to cause that Sun of mercy to break through the clouds, and to beger a clear-day; alas! our *dayes are evil*, and sure we have as good reason as ever *Jacob* had to confesse it: For my part, though I keep my catalogue to my self, yet in the general I cannot but confesse to you all, *My dayes have been evil, evil, evil: Few and evil.*

And now we have done with the work, it rests that you should know your wages; there be dayes of sin, and then dayes of sorrow; as you have spent your dayes, so must you have your rewards; first we trespassse, and then we pay for it; first we sin, and then we suffer *evil*.

2. The evils that we suffer may be ranked in this order; first, evils original fill up the scene, and what a multitude of evils do enter with them? No sooner had *Adam* sinned, but a world of miseries fell on man, so that as the infection, in like manner the punishment distils from him. By one man (saith the Apo-

Rom. 5. 12.

stle) *we red sinne into the world: what? sin alone? no, but death*

by sinne, and so death went over all men, Rom. 5. 12. Infants themselves bring their damnation with them from their wombs; or if that be omitted, how many are the miseries of this life, as the fore-runners of that judgement? Look at the *minds*, and what think ye of our *ignorance*, not onely that of wilful disposition, but (as the Schools distinguish) of pure negation? if it be not a sinne, what is it but a punishment for sinne? that our understanding should be obscured and darkened, our knowledge in things natural wounded, in supernatural utterly extinguished: O the miserable issue of that monster *Sin*! But as *evils* come by heaps, so of the same parent here is another brood, *Ignorance* and *Forgetfulness*; and is not this a misery, after all our time and study to get a little knowledge, quickly to forget that we are so long a learning? Man in his whole state, before the fall, could not forget things taught him; but now (as the hour-glasse) we receive in at the one ear, and it goes out at the other; or rather (like the sieve) we alwayes keep the bran, but let the floure go; so apt are we to retain the bad, but we very easily forget the good. And is this all? nay, yet more *evils*; see but our *affections*, and to what a number of infinite sorrows, griefs, anguishes, suspicions, fears, malices, jealousies, is the soul of man subject? So prone are we to these miserable passions, that upon any occasion we fall into them; or for want of cause from any other, we begin to be passionate with our selves: *Why hast thou, O Lord, set me against thee? I am become irksome and burdensome even unto mine own self*, Job 7. 20.

Job 7. 20.

Alas, poore man, how art thou beset with a world of miseries? and yet, as if all these summed up together, could not make enough, look at the body, and how many are its sufferings? *Is the sweat of thy face shall thou eat thy bread*, said God, Gen. 3. 19. The Spider spins, and weaves, and wastes her very bowels to make her net; and when all is done, to what purpose serves it, but to catch a flie? if this be vain work, how vain is man in his fond imitation? The birds and beasts can feed themselves without any pains; onely man toils night and day, on sea and land, with body and minde, yet all is to no purpose, but to catch a flie, to protract a life, or to procure some vanity. And yet, as if misery had no mean, besides our *industry*, how is this body stuffed with many an *infirmity*? All the strength or man is but

Gen. 3. 19.

but a reed, at best shaken, perhaps broken, howsoever weakened by every wind that blowes upon it. The Physicians distinction of *Temperamentum ad pondus, & justitiam*, gives us thus much to learn, that no constitution is ever so happy, to have a just temper according to its weight: some are too hot, others too cold, all have some defects, and so are disposed to all kind of infirmities: man cannot carry himself, but he must needs carry about with him many forms of his own destruction. The books of the Physicians tell us of many diseases, and yet many are the diseases which their books cannot tell of: we see in our own dayes, most labour of new sicknesses, unknown to our fathers; or if any of us be free from any of these, yet every ones body nourisheth the causes, and may be a receptacle of a thousand diseases. How evil is sinne, that incurs so many evils of punishment!

*De ipso corpore
tot existunt
morum mala,
ut nec libri
Medicorum
eunda compre-
hens. Aug. de
Civ. Dei. l. 22.
cap. 22.*

But as if all were too little, (because our sins are so many) if you will number any more, here is yet another reckoning, evils original, and evils adventitious, evils of necessity, and evils of chance. *Anstin* saith, *What shall we say of those innumerable accidents that befall a man?* as heat, and cold, and thunder, and rain, and stormes, and earthquakes, and poysons, and treasons, and robberies, and wars, and tumults, and what not? go whither you will, and every place is full of some of these evils; If you go on sea, every wave threatens you, every wind fears you, every rock and sand is enough to drown you: If you go on land, every step dangers you, every wilde beast scares you, every stone or tree is enough to kill you: if you go no whither, you cannot be without danger: *Eli* was sitting, and what more secure? yet at the newes of Gods Ark, that it was taken by the *Philistines*, he falls down backwards, and his neck was broken. *Korah* was standing, what more sure? yet alfoon as *Moses* had made an end of speaking, the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed him and his family, and all the men that were with him. Indeed *Absalom* was riding, and what way more ready to escape the enemy? yet, as the mule carried him under a great thick oak, his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth, and the mule that was under him went away. Whatsoever we do, or whithersoever we go, so long as we do evil, these evils will meet us. Go into the ship, there is but a board

*Quid de innu-
meris casibus
qui forinsecus
corpore formi-
dantur? Aug.
ibid.*

*Qua mala pa-
tiuntur navi-
gantes? qua
terrena itinera
gradientes?*

1 Sam. 4. 17.

Num. 16. 32.

2 Sam. 18. 9.

betwixt thee and the waters: walk on the ground, there is but a shoe-sole betwixt thee and thy grave: take a turn in the streets, and so many perils hang over thee, as there are tiles on the houses; travel in the countrey, and so many enemies are about thee, as thou meetest beasts in the fields; if all these places be so dangerous, then retire to thy house, and yet that is subject to fire, or water, or if it escape both, it may fall on thy head: whithersoever we turn us, all things about us seem to threaten our death. Our *dayes* are *evil* indeed, and who is it that is exempted from every of these evils? Sinners are corrected, good men are chastened, there is none escapes free.

Gen. 31. 40.

To see a little the state of Gods own friends and children: Was not *Abel* murdered by his brother? *Noah* mocked by his son? *Job* scoffed by his wife? *Eli* slain for his sonnes? will you all at once? take one for all, and see *Jacob* our Patriarch, a notable example of extream infelicity: he is threatned by his brother, banished from his father, abused by his uncle, defrauded of his wife; was not here misery enough to break one heart? But after this, for another wifes sake, see him enter into a new service; *In the day he is consumed with heat, in the night with frost*: an hard service sure! Nay after this that he got his *Rachel*, see then a division betwixt her and *Leah*, two sisters brawling for one husband, yet neither content, after both enjoyed him. Blessed Saint! how wast thou haunted with afflictions? yet after this, he agrees his wives, and they all run from their father, and now see a fresh pursuit; behind him, *Laban* followes with an Hue and Cry; before him *Esau* meets him with 400 men; to go forwards intolerable, to go backwards unavailable; which way then? It was an Angel of God, nay the God of Angels that now must comfort him.

And yet again after his first entry into his own countrey, his wife *Rachel* dies, his daughter *Dinah* is ravished, his sonne *Reuben* lies with his concubine; and if the defiling of a wife be so great a grief to the husband, what sorrow and shame, when the wickednesse is committed by a mans own son? what can we more? If yet his heart be unbroken, here's another grief great enough to match all the rest, his son, his *Joseph* (they report) is lost, and what news hears he of him, but that he is torn with wilde

wilde beaſts? and now ſee a man of miſeries indeed! *He rends his cloathes, he puts ſackcloth about his loyns, he will not be comforted; but ſurely (ſaith he) I will go down into the grave unto my ſonne mourning.* Alas poor Jacob! what can they ſay to comfort him? To comfort, ſaid I? nay, yet hear the tidings of a new miſery, a famine is begun, and another of his ſonnes is kept in priſon: What a grief is here? Another in priſon, and nothing to redeem him but his only Benjamin; here is the loſſe of ſonne after ſonne, *Joſeph is not, and Simeon is not, and now ye will take Benjamin, all theſe things are againſt me.* We need no more; if Jacob thus number, how many are the miſeries he did daily ſuffer? would you have the ſumme? He himſelf the beſt witneſſe of himſelf, affirms it to Pharaoh, *Evil, Evil. Few and Evil*] *have the dayes of the years of my life been.*

Gen. 37. 34. 35

Gen. 42. 36.

So miſerable is our life, that no man can take his breath before ſome evil or other do ſeiz on his perſon: if you would that we knit up all in one bundle, there be evils original, evils adventitious, evils of the minde, evils of the body, evils that are common, evils of the choſen; we had need pray again, *Deliver us from evil.*] What ſo many evils of ſuffering? Now the Lord deliver us.

1. Uſe

What is ſweet in this life, which ſo many miſeries will not imbitter? If this be a vale of tears, where is thy place to pleaſure? If this life be a neſt of cares, how canſt thou ſettle ſo great a vanity as ſin in a field of ſuch miſery as the world? *O ye ſonnes of men, how long will ye blaſpheme mine honour, and have ſuch pleaſure in vanity, and ſeek after leaſing?* Were men not mad in their wayes, or utterly beſotted in their imaginations, well might theſe miſeries of our life breed their neglect of the world. Can we chuſe but wonder to ſee how buſily thou heapeſt up riches, yet knoweſt not who ſhall eat the grapes of thy planted vineyard? God gave thee a countenance erected towards heaven, and muſt it ever be groveling and poring on the earth? God gave thee a ſoul to live with his bleſſed Angels, & wilt thou make it a companion fitter for no other than brute beaſts? *There is an evil ſickneſſe (ſaith Solomon) that I have ſeen under the Sun;* and what is that, but riches reſerved to the owners for their evil? See here the juſt judgement of a rich-

Pſal. 4. 2.

Eccleſ. 5. 12.

zeous God, to this end is thy riches, thou wouldest live at ease, and outlast many years, therefore thy life is but miserable, and thy death must be sudden; thy *dayes are but few*, and thy *few dayes are evil*.

2. Use.

But to comfort all you that live in the fear of God, it may be your *dayes are evil*,] and what then? this is to make *trial* of your love to God, and a *trial* it is of Gods love to you.

Gen. 19. 20.

First, it makes a *trial* of your love to God; Certainly if you have but a spark of this love, your dayes cannot be so evil, but in the midst of those evils you shall finde some inward consolations that will sweeten all. It is memorable how *Jacob* for *Rachel* serves *Laban* seven yeares, but yet (saith the Text) *they seemed to him but a few dayes for the love he had to her*. Nay, after *Laban* had deceived him in giving him blear-eyed *Leah* instead of beautiful *Rachel*, *Jacob* then serves him another seven years prentiship; love makes the heart chearful in the worst of sufferings: Though *Jacob* was consumed with drought in the day, and frost in the night, which many and many a time made his rest and sleep to depart from his eyes; yet his love of fair *Rachel* sweetens all his labours: Why thus, thus will it be with you that wait on the Lord your God. What though miseries come upon you as thick as hail-stormes in a sharp winters day? you may remember you have a better Master than *Laban*, a better service than *Jacobs*, a fairer prize than *Rachel*: Who is your Master, but such an one as will surely keep his Covenant, even the Lord your God? what is your service, but such a one as is most glorious and honourable, even a *light burden*, a *perfect freedom*? What is your prize, but such a one as surpasseth all prizes whatsoever, even the beauty of heaven, the beatificial vision of our blessed God? If then you but love God as *Jacob* did *Rachel*, what matters it how evil your few dayes be? nay be they never so evil, and were your dayes never so many, yet an hundred, a thousand years spent in Gods service, they would seem but a few dayes for the love you bear to him. O Lord, work in us this love, and then command what thou wilt, persecution, affliction, the Crosse, or death; no service so hard, but we shall readily obey thee.

Gen. 31. 40.

2 Cor. 4. 17.

Secondly, as your evils of sufferings try your love to God, so they are a *trial* (or token) of Gods love to you: Our light affliction

fiction which is but for a moment, causeth unto us a farre more excellent and an eternal weight of glory; and if this be the end, who would not endure the means? O divine mercy! therefore the dugs of this life taste bitter, that thereby God may wean us from the love of this world to attain a better: Certainly God is good unto us in tempering these so fitly; bitterness attends this life, that thou mayest sigh continually for the true life. Wouldst thou not run through dangers for a Kingdom? wouldst thou not fetch a Crown for fear of a thorn? nay, who would not go to heaven, although it were with Elisha in a whirlwinde? I count (saith Paul) that the afflictions of this life are not worthy of the glory which shall be shewed unto us. Come then ye that thirst for long life, believe in God, and you shall have life eternal. All is well that ends well: though a while we sink in miseries, yet at last the joyes of heaven will refresh us: then shall we live in love, rejoyce in hymns, sing forth in praises the wonderful works of our Creatour and Redeemer: this is that life of heaven: and when our life ends here, Lord, grant us life everlasting.

Rom. 8.18.

Thus farre have you seen the state of our *life*, this *lease* breeds sorrow, but the reversion is our joy; no sooner shall this *life* expire, but God will give us the purchase of his Son, that inheritance of heaven; comfort then thy soul that wades through this sea of miseries, and the Lord so assist us in all our troubles, that he *lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.* Amen.

Have been.]

Our *life* is but *dayes*; our *dayes* are but *few*, our *few dayes* but *evil*, and now when all is done, we finde all is out of date. *Few and evil have] the dayes of my life been]*

This last word is the leases expiration: and why *have been?*] If you will needs know the reason.

The time that is past is best known to *Jacob*.

And the life of *Jacob* is but as the time that is past.

First, the time that is past is best known to *Jacob*: old men can tell old stories, and something it delights them to remember the stormes gone over them. We all know how

Olim meminisse juuabit. Virg.

How { Many years we have lived.
Great miseries we have suffered.

Jacob tells you, as you may tell each other, our *yeares* have been *few*, our *few yeares* have been *evil*. To make this good, *Have they not been few*? Let me ask some old man, whose haire are dipt in snow, whose *golden ewer is broken*, whose *silver cord is lengthened*; How many be thy years? It may be thou wilt answer, as *Moses* gives the number, a matter of *threescore years & ten*, or *four score years*. I cannot say but it is a long time to come; but alas, what are these four score years now they are gone? Tell me you that have seen the many changes both of Moon and Sun, are they not swiftly run away? You may remember your manhood, childhood; and I pray what think ye? was it not yesterday? is it not a while since? who will not wonder to see how quickly it is gone, and yet how long it was a coming? The time to come seems tedious, especially to a man in hope of bliss; the time now past is a very nothing, especially to a man in fear of danger: go down to those cast-away souls that now suffer in hell flames; and what say they of their *life*, but *as soon as we were borne, we began to draw to our end*. Go down to those putrified bodies, and finde amongst them the dusts of *Adam*, *Seth*, *Enosh*, *Kenan*, *Mehalaleel*, *Jered*, *Enoch*, *Methusalem*. Every one of whom lived near to the number of a thousand years, are they not dead? and what is their Epitaph, but, *They lived and died*: Gen. 5. To summe up all in one, and to make this one serve for all, *Jacob* is *an hundred and thirty years old* (for so you see it registred in Gods book,) yet now being demanded to tell his age, he answers but *Dayes*, and his dayes are but *Few*; how should they be many that now are gone already? these few dayes, they *have been*.]

Scribit in mar-
more laeta.

Secondly, and as time past tells our dayes, so it counts all our miseries, *Who cannot remember the miseries he doth suffer*? The poor, the sick, the banished, the imprisoned, the traveller, the souldier; every one can write a Chronicle of his life, and make up large volums of their several changes. What is the History of the Bible but an holy brief Chronicle of the Saints grievous sufferings? See the miseries of the Patriarchs described in the books of *Moses*: see the warres of the Israelites set down in the books of *Joshua*: see the afflictions of *David* in the books

of *Samuel, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job*, every one hath a book of their several calamities; and if all our miseries were but thus abbreviated, *I suppose the world would not contain the books that should be written.*] There is no man so cunning to know his future condition; but for those things which *have been*, every one can read them. Dook then (beloved) at the time now past, and will you not say with *Jacob*, your dayes have been evil? Evil for your sins, and evil for your sufferings: if you live more dayes, what do you but increase more evils? The just man sins seven times a day, and every one of us perhaps seventy times seven times; do we thus multiply sins? and think we to subtract our sorrows? think but of those storms that already have gone over our heads, famines, sores, sicknesses, plagues; have we not seen many seasons unseasonable, because we could finde no season to repentance? Our Springs have been graves rather than cradles; our Summers have not shot up, but withered our grasse; our Autumns have took away the flocks of our sheep, and for our latest Harvest, the heavens themselves have not ceased weeping for us, that never yet found time to weep for our selves. And as this procured the famine, so famine ushered the pestilence. O the miserable miseries that at this time fell upon us! Were not our houses infected? our towns depopulated? our gardens made our graves? and many a grave a bed to lodge in it a whole family? Alas, what an hideous noise was heard about us? In every Church bells rolling, in every Hamlet some dying, in every street men watching, in every place, every where, wailing and weeping, or groaning and dying. These are the evils that *have been*,] and how should we forget them that have once seen them with our eyes? Call to minde time past, was the rule of *Bernard*; and what better rule have we to square our lives, than the remembrance of those evils which our lives have suffered? Look back then with *Jacob*, and we have good reason to *redeem the time past, because our dayes have been evil.*

Recole primordia.
Bern.

2. But there is yet another reason why these few evil dayes have been.] As the time past is best known to *Jacob*, so the life of *Jacob* is but as the time past. Go to now, (saith *St. James*): ye that say to day or to morrow we will go into such a City, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain, and yet ye James 4. 13. cannot tell what shall be to morrow, Jam. 4. 13. It is a meer pre-

Ecclef. 9. 12.

sumption to boast of the time to come : can any man say he will live till to morrow? Look back ye that trust to this staff of Egypt, there is no man can assure you of this day ; *Man knoweth not his time*, saith the Preacher, *Ecclef. 9. 12.* As near as it is to night, it may be before evening some one of us may be dead, and cold, and fitter to lodge in our graves under earth, than in our beds above it ; nay, assure your selves, our life is of no long continuance : What speak we of to morrow, or this day ? we are not sure of (that least of times division) a very hour : *Watch therefore* (saith our Saviour,) and will you know the reason : *For ye know neither the day, nor the hour when the Sonne of man will come*, Matth. 25. 13. The man with ten or twenty dishes set before him on his table, when he hath full intelligence that in one of them is poyson, will he not refuse all, lest in eating of any he runne upon the hazard of his life ? What is our life but a few houres ? and in one of them death must needs come ; watch then, for the houre is at hand, and we know not how soon it will seiz upon us. This hour the breath thou drawest may be thy infection, this hour the bread thou eatest may be thy poyson, this hour the cup thou tastest may be *this cup that must not passe from thee*. But what speak we of this hour, seeing it is come, and gone ? The sweetest ditty that *Moses* sung, were his briefs and semibriefs of life, and what is it but a *watch* ? Psal. 90. 4. what is it but a *sleep* ? Psal. 90. 5. We watch when it is dark, we sleep when it is night ; if then our life be no more but a night-work, what is truer than this wonder, our *life* is done, our *dayes* they *have been* ?

Psal. 90. 4.

Psal. 90. 5.

Job 8. 9.

You may think we go farre to prove so strange a Paradox ; yet *Job* goes further ; what are we *but of yesterday*, for our *dayes upon earth are but a shadow* ? Job 8. 9. See here the chronologie of mans frailty, we have a time to live, and when is it, think you ? not to morrow, nor to day, nor this hour, nor last night, it is as long since as *yesterday is self*. Are not we strangely deceived ? What mean our plots and projects for the time to come ? why, our life is done, and we are now but dead men. To speak properly, *In the midst of life we be in death*, our whole life being truly (if not past, yet) *as the time past* that is gone and vanished. The similitude or resemblance will runne in these respects :

The

The time past } cannot be recalled.
 } suddenly is vanished.

And so is our *life*: can we recal that which is fled away? the life that we led yesterday, you see it is gone; the life that we led last night, it is past and done; the life that we led this morning, it is now a going, nay, it is gone as soon as we have spoken. *Nicodemus's* saying according to the flesh was true, *How can a man be born which is old? can he enter into his mothers wombe again, and be borne?* John 3. 4. How should a man recall that is past? can he receive again the soul once given, and begin to live? Man never so great in power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree; a tree] most durable; a bay-tree] most flourishing; a green bay-tree] that is most in prime, if any thing will stand at a stay, what is more likely? yet he passed away, (saith the Psalmist) and to he was gone; I sought him, but he could not be found. Psal. 37. 35, 36. We cannot stay time present; How should we recal time past? See here the man on whom the eyes of the world are fixt with admiration, yet for all this he passeth] without stay; he is gone] without recal; I sought him; but to finde him] is without all recovery. Time was that *Adam* lived in Paradise. *Noah* built an Ark, *David* slew *Goliath*, *Alexander* overcame the world: where be these men that are the wonder of us living? we all know they are long since dead, and the times they saw shall never come again. How fond was that fiction of *Plato*, that after the revolution of his tedious year, then he must live again and teach his Scholars in the same chair he sate in? our faith is above his reason, for *The heavens shall passe away, the elements shall melt with heat, and the earth with the works therein shall be burnt up,* 2 Peter 3. 10. Where then is the life of *Plato*, when all these things shall turn to nothing? we may now for his learning praise him where he is not, and he may then for his errour be damned and tormented where he is. Is there any man with skill or power can call back but yesterday? once only we read of such a miracle, but it was only by the hand of God Almighty. *Hezekiah* was sick, 2 King. 20. and to confirm the news that he must recover, he requires a signe, *What shall be the signe that the Lord will heal me, and that I shall go up into the house of the Lord the third day?* this was no temptation, for you see how the Prophet gives him satisf-

John 3. 4.

Psal. 37. 35, 36.

Annus Platonicus.

2 Pet. 3. 10.

2 Kings 20.

satisfaction, *This signe shalt thou have of the Lord; wilt thou that the shadow go forward ten degrees, or go back ten degrees? Hezekiah thinks of death, and the Prophet restores his life; not only a time of fifteen years to come, but of ten degrees now gone, and thus it was observed in the Dial of Ahaz. This was a miracle that but once happened since the beginning of the world; He then that sleeps away his time in expectation of Hezekiah's Sun, may sleep till his death, and then not recall one minute of his life; as the time, so our life; if once past, it is irrevocable, irrecoverable.*

*Longitudinem
vita sen-
tari non facit,
nisi spes viven-
di: nam nihil
videtur esse ce-
terius quam
quicquid in ea
jam praevisum
est. Aug. in
Psal. 6.
Certè videres
vitam tuam
non fuisse diu-
turnam. Aug. in
Psal. 36.*

2. And as it cannot be recalled again, so suddenly is it van-
ished. *Nothing makes life long, but our hope to live long: take
away those thoughts of the time to come, and there is nothing swifter
than the life that is gone.* Suppose then thou hadst lived so long,
as from Adam to this time; as *Austin* saith, *Certainly*
thou wouldst think thy life but short: and if that were short,
which we think so long; how long is our life, which in compa-
rison of that is so extremely short? The time once past, we
think it suddenly past, and so is life gone in a moment, in the
twinkling of an eye, so soon indeed, before it can be said, *This*
it is.] In every one of us death hath ten thousand times as much
as life, the life that is gone is deaths, and the life yet to come is
deaths, our *now* is but an instant; yet this is all that belongs to
life; and all the life which any of us all is at once possessed of: here
is a life indeed, that so soon is vanished, before it can be numbred
or measured; it is no time but *now*, yet staves not till the syllable
now may be written, or spoken: what can I say? the life that I
had when I began to speak this word, it is now gone since I began
to speak this word. May we call this life that is ever potting to-
wards death? Do we what we can, and could we do yet more, all
we do, and all we could do, were to no purpose to prolong our
life: see how we shore this ruinous house of our body with
food, with raiment, with exercise, with sleep, yet nothing can
preserve it from returning to its earth: we go, and we go sud-
denly, witness those two *Cesars*, who put off themselves
whilst they put on their shooes; *Fabius* (styled *Maximus* for
his exploits, and *Cunctator* for his delaying) yet could not de-
lay death, till notice might be taken he was sick; but how ma-
ny examples in this kind have we daily amongst us? you know
how

how some lately have gone safe to bed, and yet in the morning were found dead and cold: others in health and mirth laid down by their wives, and yet ere mid-night found breathless by their sides. What need we further instances? You see how we go before we know where we are; the life that we had, what is it but a nothing? the life that we have, what is it but a moment? and all that we can have, what is it but a fleeting winde, begun and done in a trice of time, before we can imagine it. In a word, our Sunne now sets, our day is done; ask *Jacob* (the Clock-keeper of our time) this Text tells the hour, and now struck, you hear the sound; our dayes are gone, *Few and evil they have been.*

The Conclusion.

Occasioned by the death of CHARLES BRIDGEMAN, who deceased about the age of twelve, in the year of our Lord, 1632. he was a most pious sonne of a most pious mother, both now with G. O. D.

Here I thought to have finished my Text and Sermon; But here is a sad accident to confirm my saying; and whilst I speak of him, what can I say of his state, his person, his birth, his life, of all he had, and of all he was, but that *they have been?*

Sweet rose, cropt in its blossome; no sooner budded, but blasted; how shall we remember his dayes, to forget our sorrowes? No sooner had he learnt to speak, but (contrary to our custome) he betook him to his prayers: so soon had grace quelled the corruption of his nature, that being yet an Infant, you mi. ht see his pronesse to learn; nay, sometimes to teach them this duty, who waited on to teach him his devotion: not long after he was set to school, where he learned by book, what before he had learned by heart: the sweet care, good disposition, sincere Religion, which were in this child, all may remember which cast but their eyes upon him. O God, how hast thou bereaved

bereaved us of this Gem? Sure it is (as it was said of another) for this cause onely, that it might shine in Heaven. But this was but the beginning of his dayes, now they are past, they have been.]

Go a little further, we left him at school, but now learned he *Christ, and him crucified*? this was the knowledge taught him by the Spirit of God in a wonderful manner: *Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou, O God, ordained strength.* To consider again his religious words, his upright actions his hearty devotions, his fear of God, all then concluded, as they did of *John, What manner of child shall this be?* No question the grace of God was with him. If I should instance in any of these, his frequency in Prayer, his reading of Scriptures, his reasoning with others to get knowledge to himself; we may wonder at Gods power in this childees poor weaknesse: Excuse me while I tell nothing but truths, and I hope they will tend to our own instruction. In the morning he would not stir out of doors, before he had poured out his Prayers; at noon he would not eat any meat, before he had given the Lord thanks; at night he would not lie down on his bed, before he had kneeled down on his knees: we may remember those times, when sometimes that he had forgotten this duty, no sooner had he been in bed, but up he would have got again, and so kneeling down on his bare knees, covered with no garment but his linens, he would ask God forgiveness for that sinne of forgetfulness; neither have his brothers escaped without his reprehension: for had they eat any meal or meat without a grace, his check was usual: *Dare you do thus? unless God be merciful to us, this bit of bread may choke us.* The wise sentences, the religious words, which often dropt from his mouth like honey, can we remember them, and not grieve at the death of him that spake them? What comfort had we in those dayes? What sorrow have we to think those dayes are done? *they are gone, they have been.*

Thus he lived; will you know how he died? First a lingering sickness seized upon him; against which, to comfort him, one tells him of possessions that must fall to his portion: *And what are they?* (said he) *I had rather have the Kingdoms of Heaven, than a thousand such inheritances.* Thus he minded Heaven; and God,

• 1 Cor. 2. 2.

Psal. 8. 2.

Luke 1. 66.

God fo minding him, prefently fent him his ficknefs that fhould
 fummmon him thither. And now how fhould I repeat his words,
 with the life that he fpake them dying? No fooner had God
 ftruck his body with that fatal ficknefs, but he afks, and needs
 would know his fouls eftate: *I have heard of the foul,* (faith he)
but what is the foul? the minde? he questions, and questioning
 answers, better (I fear) than many, to many gray-headed a-
 mongft us; but the answer given, how the foul confifted of the
 Will and the Understanding, he fays, *he is fatisfied, and now un-
 derftands better than he did before.* Another comes to him, and
 then he begins another question; now he knows the foul, he de-
 fires yet to know further, *How his fault may be fowed?* O blef-
 fed foul, how wifely couldft thou question for thine own fouls
 good! The answer given, *By faith applying Chriffs merits:* he
 heard it, and had it, anon telling them, who before had raught
 it him. Resolved in thefe questions, he questions no further,
 but will now answer them that go about to question him: One
 afks him, whether he had rather live or die? he gives the answer,
 and not without Pauls reason: *I defire to die,* (faid he): *that I
 might go to my Saviour.* O blefled Spirit, how didft thou in-
 fpire into this childe thy wifdom and goodnefs! This done,
 his pain begins again to afflict him, and this occasions another
 thus to question him, whether he would rather ftill endure
 thofe pains, or forfake his Chrift? *Alas* (faid he) *I know not
 what to fay as a child, for thefe pains might stagger a ftrong man:
 but I will ftrove to endure the beft I can.* Upon this he prefently
 calls to mind that Martyr, who being in prifon, the night before
 his burning, put his finger in the candle, to know how he could
 endure the fire; *O,* (faid he) *had I lived then, I would have run
 through the fire to have gone to Chrift.* Sweet refolution of a
 filly child! who can hear, and not wonder? wonder, and not
 defire to hear that he may wonder ftill; Blefled Child, hadft thou
 lived, that we might have wondered at thy wifdom! But his
 dayes were determined, and now is the number turned to that
 poor cypher, they are not, they have been.

Thom. Bilney.

I cannot leave him yet, his ficknefs lafts long, and at leaft
 three dayes before his death, he prophesies his departure, and
 how ftrange a prophesie? not onely that he muft die, but fore-
 telling the very day; *On the Lords day* (faid he) *look to me.*

Neither:

Psal. 31. 5.

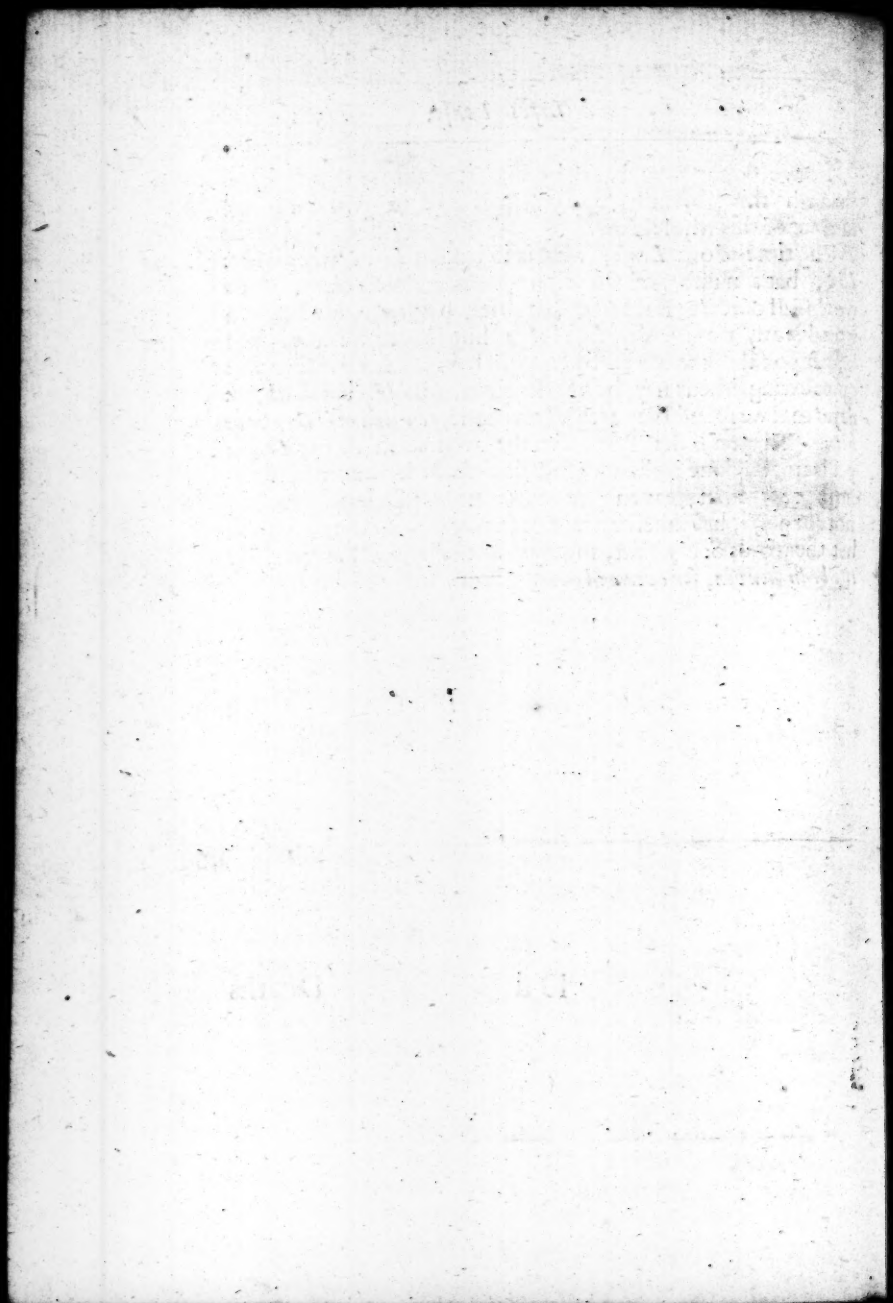
Neither was that a word of course, which you may guesse by his often repetition; every day asking till the day came indeed, *What, is Sunday come?* At last the look-for day came on, and no sooner had the Sun beautified that morning with his light, but he falls into a trance; What (think ye) meant his blessed soul, whilst the body it self used such an action? his eyes were fixed, his face cheartful, his lips smiling, his hands and armes clasping in a bow, as if he would have received some blessed Angel, that there was at hand to receive his soul; but he comes to himself, and tells them how *he saw the sweetest boy that ever eyes beheld*, and bids them, *Be of good cheer, for he must presently go with him.* One standing near, as now suspending his time of dissolution, bids him say, *Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit*; Yes, (said he) *Into thy hands, Lord, I commit my spirit, which is thy due, for why? thou hast redeemed it, O Lord my God most true.* Who will not believe this childe now sings in Heaven, that so soon had learned this *Dauids Psalm* on Earth? I cannot hold my self, nor will I hold you long; but how may I omit his heavenly ejaculations! Beloved, I beseech you pardon me whilst I speak his words, and I will promise you to speak no word, but the very same formally which were his own: *Pray, pray, pray, nay yet pray, and the more prayers, the better all prospers: God is the best Physician; Into his hands I commend my spirit: O Lord Jesus, receive my soul. Now close mine eyes, forgive me, Father, Mother, Brothers, Sister, all the world. Now I am well, my pain is almost gone, my joy is at hand; Lord, have mercy on me, O Lord, receive my soul unto thee.* Where am I whilst I speak these words? Blessed Saint, now thou singest in Heaven, God hath bid thee welcome, the Angels are hugging thee, the Saints rejoyce with thee, this day is the Crown set on thy head, this day is the Palm of victory in thy hand; now art thou arrayed in the shining robes of Heaven, and all the Host do triumph at thy Coronation. Sweet soul, how am I ravished to think upon thee! What joy is this? The Patriarchs salute thee, the Prophets welcome thee, the Apostles hug thee, all hands clap for joy, all harps warble, all hearts are merry and glad. O thou Creatour of men and Angels, help us all to Heaven, that when our dayes *have been,*] we may all meet together in thy blessed Kingdom.

I have done : turn back by the same threed that led you through this labyrinth, and you shall have in two words the summe of this whole Text.

The time of our *Lease*, what is it but our *Life* ? what is this *Life*, but a number of *few dayes* ? what are these *dayes*, but a world full of *evil* ? But a *life*, but *dayes*, but *few*, but *evil* ; can we adde any more ? Yes, *Life* is *life* howsoever we live, and better you think to have a bad *lease* in being, than our *life* to be quite extinguished : nay, be not deceived, this *life* is but *death*, the *dayes* that we spend, they are past and done, *few and evil they have been*. Thus ends the Text with the expiration of our *Lease* : yet is not all done ; when we lose this life, we have another freehold prepared in Heaven ; and this is not leased, but purchased ; not for a *life*, but inheritance ; not for *dayes*, but for ever : Crosse but the words of my Text, and *many and happy shall the ages of thy life be in heaven, for ever and ever*, Amen.

Dd

Deaths





Deaths Arrest.

LUKE 12. 20.

This night thy soul shall be required of thee.



MANS Body (we say) is closed up within the Elements, his Blood in his Body, his Spirits in his Blood, his Soul in his Spirits, and GOD or Satan in his Soul. Who holds the possession, we may guess in life; but then is it most apparent when we come to death: The tree may bend East, or West, or North, or South; but *as it falleth so it lieth*: Our affections may look up or down, towards heaven or hell; but as we dye we receive our doom, and then whose we are shall be fully manifested to all the world. There is a Parable of poor *LAZARUS*, Luk. 16. whose life was nothing but a catalogue of miseries, his body full of sores, his minde full of sorrows; what spectacle could we

D d 2

think

Verf. 16,
17,
18,
19.

Mat. h. 6:24.

think more pitiful, whose best dainties were but broken crumbs, and his warmest lodging but the rich mans gates? Here is a parable of a certain rich man, who enjoyes (or at least purposeth) a delicious fare, he hath lands, *ver. 16.* fruits, *ver. 17.* build-ings, *ver. 18.* and if this be the Inventory, what is the summe? see it collected in the Verse succeeding, *Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; now live at ease, Eat, drink, and take thy pastime.* These two estates thus different, how should they be but of divers tenures? *No man can serve God and Mammon.* See *Lazarus* dying, and the *Angels* carry him into *Abrahams bosome.* See this rich man dying, and *they* (that is, devils) *require his soul.* God receives one, and his soul is in Heaven; Satan takes the other, and drags down his soul to Hell; *He is comforted* that received pains, and *thou art tormented* that wast full of ease: this is the doom, and that he may under-go this, Death now gives the summons, *This night thy soul shall be required of thee.*

The Text we may christen *Deaths Arrest*, it is we that offend his Majesty of Heaven, and his Precepts are given unto Death, to attach our souls. See here a president, a rich man taken on a sudden, who must instantly appear before the Judge of Heaven: When? *This night.* What? *Thy soul.* Why? *It is required.* Of whom? *Of thee.*

Or if this will not finde the offender, see yet a more narrow search, every word is like some dark closet, therefore we will open the windows that you may have full light. This Text is *Deaths Arrest*, which as it must be executed, so it admits of no other time but *This.* This, what? this day, whilest the Sunne gives light to the world, and the light gives pleasure to the eye? this were some comfort: no, but then suddenly whilest all sleep securely, not *This day*, but *This night.* And what, this night? Is it to attach the body of some great personage, whose looks might affrighten Officers had they come by day? No, let his body rot in dust, whilest the soul must answer his defaults; it is not thy body, 'tis *thy soul.* And what of his *soul*? Is this a subject liable to arrests? rather can they beg it at his hands, or will he yield it at their fair intreaties? no, it is neither begg'd nor in-treated; but by vertue of Gods Writ, it is *required.* And how required?

required? of his sureties bound for his appearing? he hath many friends, and all, either have, or would have entred bonds: no, he must go without bail or main-prize, it is not required of his sureties, but himself; not of others, but of thee] *is thy soul this night required.*

You hear the Texts harmony, of each string we will give a touch, and first note the time, *This night.*

This.]

NO other but *This*? were it a fourtnight, a seven-night, any but *This* night, and his griefs were lessened; the news is more heartlesse in that it comes *more sudden*. You may observe, *Then are the greatest losses when they come on us by heaps, and without fear or suspicion of any such matter.* Here was a man swimming in his fulnesse, and a sudden death robs him of all his treasures. To give you a full view, see his possessions, and how great was the losse, because of the *suddenness*: *This* night.

Obser.

First, those *goods*, whereof he boasted, are now confiscate; not a penny, not a dram, not a mite shall be left him, save only a token of remembrance, (I mean his winding-sheet) which he carries along with him to his grave.

2.

Secondly, his *goods and grounds* both were took from him at his death; He that commanded so much of earth, must now have no more earth to pleasure him but a grave: what a change was this? his *grounds* were fertile, and they brought forth *plenteously*, but a blast of death hath struck both the fruit and *ground*; and nothing is now left him but a barren Tomb.

Vers. 16.

Thirdly, his *lands and houses* both went together. You may guesse that great demeaunesse must have stately Halls: We read of his building, and especially of his Barns; when these were too little for his store, he tells us, he will *pull them down, and he will build greater*. He never thinks of any little room in the bowels of the poor. But now what a strange lot happens on him? his Halls, Houses, Barns, Buildings, all runne round in a dance of Death before his eyes.

3.

D d 3

Fourthly,

4.
Ex. Da masceno.

Fourthly, his *house and friends* both left him when death came. The Parable is common: *A man had three friends, two where- of he loved most entirely, the third he made no account of: this man being sent for to come before his King, he desires his first friend to go with him, but he could not, only he would give him something for his journey: He desires his second friend to go with him, but he would not, only he would bring him a lit- tle piece of his way: When both these forsook him, he goes to the last, which before he esteemed least, and this friend was the party that went with him to the King, and answered for him in all his causes.* This is the case of every man dying; the King our Judge sends Death his Serjeant to summon you to your judg- ment. Come to your first friends, (I mean your riches) alas! they cannot go with you, but give you a sheet as necessary for your journey: Come to your second friends, (I mean your ac- quaintance) alas! they will not go with you, but bring you to your graves, and there leave you to your selves: Come to your last friends, which you now least think of, (I mean your Con- sciences) and you shall finde that is the truest friend that will go with you to the Judge, answer for you to the King, and either acquit you, or condemn you; bring you to the gates of heaven, or deliver you to the goal of hell. Have a care of your *Con- sciences*, if you mean to speed well at this day: How blessed a man had this Worldling been, if only a good *conscience* had ac- companied him to the Judge of heaven? but now when death summons him, there is no friend to sollicite, no Advocate to plead, no man to speak one word in his souls behalf: it is his *bad conscience* keeps him company, and though all others leave him, he can devise no means to shake this from him.

5.

Fifthly, there is a jewel irrevocable, of which this sudden death robs him, I mean his *time*, and what a losse is this? all his goods, grounds, barns, buildings, were they more worth then the world it self, yet were they not able to restore one minute of his time: if this could be purchased, what a rate would he give for a little respite? nothing is now so precious as a piece of *time*, which before by moneths and years he lavishly mis-spent: they that passe a *vay time* with mirth and *pastime*, shall one day

day see to their grief what a losse they have; now we revel it out, dally it away, use all means and occasion: to make it short enough; but when this golden showre is gone, and those opportunities of salvation lost by negligence, then we may wish, and wish again, *O had we a little time, a little space to repent!* Imagine that this worldling (whom now you must suppose to lye frying in hell flames) were dispensed with for a little *time*, to live here again on earth amongst us; would but the Lord vouchsafe him one houre of a new trial, a minute-season of a gracious visitation, Oh how highly would he prize, how eagerly would he apprehend, with what infinite watching, prayings, fasting, would he improve that short time, that he might repent him? I know not how effectually this may work on your hearts, but I am fully perswaded, if any damned creature had but the happiness to hear this Sermon, you should see how his very heart would bleed within him; bleed said I? nay, break and fall asunder in his brest like drops of water. Oh with what inflamed attention would he hear and listen? with what insatiable grasping would he lay hold on Christ? with what streaming tears would he water his cheekes, as if he would melt himself, like *Niobe*, into a fountain? Blessed God! how fond are foolish men that never think of this till their *time* be lost? we that are alive have only this benefit of opportunity, and if we neglect it, a day will come (we know not how soon) that we shall be past it, and cannot recover it, no not one houre, if we would give a thousand, ten thousand worlds for it. What can I say? reflect on your selves, you that have souls to save; you have yet a little *time* (and the *time* present is that time); what then, but so use it now, as when you are gone, you need not wish to wish you here again?

Sixthly, yet more losse, and that is the losse of losses, the losse of his *soul*; his *riches, lands, houses, friends, time*, and all were nothing to his *soul*. This is that Paragon, Peer, Rose, and Spouse of our well-beloved Christ. How many a tear shed he to save it? what groanes, cries, prayers, tears, and blood poured he before God, that he might redeem it from the jaws of Satan? and is this lost notwithstanding all this labour? O sweet Jesu! what a losse is this? thou wast borne, lived, died, and that a shameful death, (the death of the Crosse) and all this

suffering was to save poor *souls*: yet see a *soul* here lost, and the blood of God, though able, not effectual to redeem it. Whose heart would not melt into blood; that but knew this misery? Suppose you could see the *soul* of this wretched worldling, no sooner had it left the body, but immediately was it seized on by infernal fiends, now lyes it on a bed of fire, tortured, tormented, scourged, and scorched in those furious flames; there his conscience stings him, his sorrow gripes him, his pain fo handles him, that he cries, and roares, *Woe, woe, and alas evermore*. Who now for shadowes of short pleasures, would incur these sorrowes of eternal paines? In this world we can weep and wail for a losse of trifles: an house, a field, an Oxe took from us, is enough to cruciate us; but how shall we bewail the losse of a soul, which no sooner plunged into that pit of horror, but it shall feel a punishment without pity, misery without mercy, sorrow without succour, crying without comfort, torment without ease, a world of mischief, without all measure or redresse? Such is the losse of this mans *soul*; whilest he was cheering it with an home-bred solace, *Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years*: God whispers in his eares, and tells him other newes: What? of his *soul*: how? it is required: when? *this night*: a fearful sound, unlookt-for message, speedy dispatch, no more delayes, nor dayes, only *this night*, for then must his soul be taken from him.

You see all his losses; and now in the seaventh place, to contract them, there is one grief more than all, that *all is lost on a sudden*. Losses that come by succession are better born with, but *all on a sudden* is the worst of all; yet such is the misery of man, when he goes, all goes with him, and he and all passe away *on a sudden*: As in the dayes of Noah, they ate, and drunk, married, and gave in marriage, and knew nothing till the flood came, and took them all away; So is the coming of the Son of man, Mat. 24. 38. How many have been thus took tripping in their wickednesse! Belshazzar in his mirth, Herod in his pride, the Philistines in their banquetting, the men of Ziklag in their feasting, Jobs children in their drunkenness, the Sodomites in their filthinesse, the Steward in his security, this Churle in his plenty: miserable end, when men end in their sin. Call to minde this (O my soul!) and tremble: sleep not in sinne, lest the sleep of death surprize thee: *The*

hour

hour is certain in nothing but uncertainties; for sure thou must die, yet thou knowest not on what day, nor in what place, nor how thou shalt be disposed when death must be entertained. Do you not see most die, whiles they are most busie how to live? he that once thought but to begin to take his ease, was faine that very night (whether he would or no) to make his end: would you have thought this? he but now *flourished like a green bay-tree*, his thoughts full of mirth, his soul of ease, but *I passed by, and lo, he was gone*: gone, whither? his body to the grave, his soul to hell, in the midst of his jollity. God threats destruction; Devils, execution; Death, expedition; and thus like a Swan he sings his funerals. There is that saith, *I have found rest, and now will I eat continually of my goods, and yet he knoweth not what time shall come upon him, and that he must leave those things to others, and die*. The higher our Babel-tower of joy is raised, the nearer it is to ruine and confusion; Sodom in the heat of their sins, had that showre of fire poured on their heads: *Nebuchadnezzar*, in the height of his pride, became suddenly a beast, that ruled before as a King: once for all, here was a man solacing, sinning, warbling out pleasant songs of ease and pastime; but (O the misery!) in the midst of his note here is a sudden stop; he dreams of *longs and larges*, he heares of *briefes and semi briefes*, no longer a day, but *this very night*, and then shall *thy soul* be taken from thee.

Certa mors, incerta hora.

Psal. 37. 35. 39.

Eccles. 11. 19.

See here the many losses of one man, *his goods, his grounds, his houses, his friends, his time, his soul, and all on a sudden*, whilest the word is spoken, *this night*.

Our neighbours fire, cannot but give warning of approaching flames. Remember *his judgement, thine also may be likewise: unto me yesterday, and unto thee to day*. Whose turne is next God onely knowes, who knowes all. *Is not madnesse in the hearts of men whiles they live?* In the least suspicion of losing worldly riches, all watch and break their sleep; you shall see men work, and toyl, and fear, and care, and all too little to prevent a losse; but for all these losses which are linked together, our riches, *lands, houses, friends, time, and soul*, and all we have, there is few or none regards them: O that men are so careful in trifles, and so negligent in matters of a great importance! It is storied of *Archimedes*, that when *Syracuse* was taken, he on-

1. Use, Eccles. 38. 22.

Eccles. 9. 3.

ly

ly was sitting secure at home, and drawing circles with his compasse in the dust. Thus some we have, that when the eternal salvation of their souls is in question, they are handling their dust, nothing but suits or money-matters are their daily objects: but (alas!) what will your *goods, or grounds, or houses, or friends* avail you, when *death* comes? Where did ever that man dwell, that was comforted by any of these, in that last and sorest conflict? Give me a man amongst you, that spends the span of his transitory life in grasping gold, gathering wealth, growing great, enriching his posterity, without any endeavour or care to treasure up grace against that fatal houre; and I dare certainly tell him, whensoever he comes to his deaths-bed, he shall finde nothing but an horrible confusion, extremest horror and heavinesse of heart; nay, his soul shall presently down into the Kingdome of darknesse, and there lye and fry in everlasting fires. Nor speak I only to the covetous (though my Text seem more directly to point at them;) but whosoever thou art that goest on daily in a course of sinne, in the fear of God berthink thee of mortality: some of you may thinke I speak not to you, and others, I speak not to you; the truth is, I speak to you all, but to you more especially that to this day have sinned with delight, but never as yet felt the smart for sin upon your souls or consciences: O beloved! this is it I call for, and must call for till you feel a change, a thorow-change in you: would but some of you at this present examine your consciences, and say, whether have I not been inordinate in drunkennesse, or wantonnesse, or covetousnesse? whether have I not sworne an oath, or told a lye, or dissembled in my heart, when I have spoken? O who can say amongst you, *I am clean; I am clean?* and assure your selves, if you are guilty, you must either feel heart grief, or you can never be provided for deaths dismal arrest. If you were but sensible of sin, if you felt but the weight and horrour of Gods wrath for sinne, I am verily perswaded you would not take a quiet sleep in your beds for fear, and horrour, and heavinesse of heart: what is it but madness of a man to lye down in ease upon a feather-bed, and to lodge in his bosome that deadly enemy, sin?

But (horrour of horrors!) what if *this night*, whilst you sleep in your *sin*, *death* should arrest you on your beds? This I tell

tell you is no wonder; are not sudden deaths common and ordinary among the sonnes of men? How many have we heard that went to bed well over night, for ought any man could tell, and yet were found dead in the morning? I will not say carried away out of their beds, and cast into hell fire; whether it be so or no, the Lord our God knows: but howsoever it is with them, if we for our parts commit sin, and repent not thereof by crying, and sobbing, and sorrowing for sinne; it may be *this night*, (and that is not long to) you may sleep your last in this world, and then shall your souls be hurried by Devils to that infernal lake, whence there is no redemption. O beloved! O wretch, whosoever thou art! *Canst thou possibly sleep in such a case as this?* Canst thou go to bed with a conscience laden with sinne? Canst thou take any sleep (which is the brother of death) when thou liest down in danger of eternal death? Consider, I pray, what space, what distance, how far off is thy soul from death, from hell, from eternity? *No more but a breath, one breath and no more; no more but a step, one step and no more:* O beloved! were not this lamentable, that some one of us that now are standing, or sitting, should *this night* sleep his last, and to morrow have his body brought to be buried; yea, and before to morrow morning have his soul (which the Lord forbid) cast from his bed of feathers to a bed of fire? and yet alas! alas! if any of us *this night* die in his sin, or in a state unregenerate, thus will it be with him whosoever he be; to morrow may his body lye cold under earth, and his soul lodge in hell with this miserable rich man.

But let me speak to you, *of whom I hope better things*; it is good counsel for you all to expect death every day, and by this means, death fore-seen cannot possibly be sudden; no, it is he only dies suddenly, that dies unpreparedly; *Watch therefore*, saith our Saviour, be ever in a readinesse: and finally, that this rich man may be your warning, you that tender your souls, learn that lesson of our Saviour, *Lay not up for your selves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break thorow and steal: but lay up for your selves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break thorow, nor steal.* Matth. 6. 19, 20. You will say, What treasures are those? I answer: These treasures are those stocks of grace that will last for ever, it is that circum-

Use 2.

Matth. 6. 19, 20.

spect:

Ephel. 5. 15.
Rom. 12. 11.
Titus 2. 14.
3 Joh. 3. 3.

spect walking, Ephel. 5. 15. that *servency of spirit*, Rom. 12. 11. that *zeal of good works*, Tit. 2. 14. that *purity*, which John makes a property of every true-hearted professour, 1 John 3. 3. In a word, it is the work, the life, the power of that prayer, that *the rest of our life hereafter may be pure and holy*; these are heavenly hoards indeed. O that we would treasure up such provision against the day of calamity! If while it is called *to day*, we would make our peace with his heavenly Highnesse, by an humble continued exercise of repentance; if in this time of grace we would purchase Gods favour, and those rarest jewels of faith and a good conscience; if now before we appear at the dreadful Tribunal, we would make God and his Angels our friends in the Court of Heaven; O then how blessed would our death be to us? came it never so suddenly, still should death finde us ready, and if ready, no matter how suddenly, yea though it were *this] this night*.

I have broke ope the Writ, and you see when it must be served, *this] night*; but in this *Quando*, there is both *suddenesse*, and *sadnesse*; it is not *this day*, but *this night*.] Let *this] end* this dayes discourse, and the next day we will lay open the *nights* dark sadnesse; it is a dismal time, and God give us grace so to provide, that we may be ready with oyle in our lamps, and enter with our Saviour into his blessed Kingdome.

Night]

HE finnes all day, and dyes at *night*, and why at *night*? This you know is frequent, and there is reason, *most are begot, and born, and therefore die at night*: but we must further then the lists of nature; *this night* was more than ordinary, as being the fittest time to aggravate his grief: weigh but the circumstances.

First, it was a night of *darknesse*, and this may encrease the horror of his judgement: think but what a fear seized on the Egyptians, when *no power of the fire must give them light, nor might the clear flames of the starres lighten the horrible night* that fell upon them. The Husband-men, the Shepherds, the work-
Exod. 10. 23⁸ men, all were bound with one chaine of darknesse, *No man saw another,*

another, neither rose up from the place where he was for three dayes, Exod. 10. 23. Was not this fearful darknesse? you may guesse it by the effects, they were troubled, and terrified, and swooned, as though their own souls should betray them. Whether it were an hissing winde, or a sweet noise of birds, among the spreading branches, or a pleasing fall of waters running violently, or a terrible sound of stones, or the running of skipping beasts, or the noise of cruel beasts, or the eccho that answereth again in the hollow mountains, these fearful things made them to swoon for fear: And if thus the Egyptians, how was it with this Worldling? a darknesse seized on him that engendred a thousand times more intollerable torments. This was the image of that darknesse which should afterward receive him, and yet was he unto himself more grievous than the darknesse. It was not an outward, but an utter darknesse, not only to be not seen, but to be felt and feared. Imagine then what visions, what sounds, and fights, what sudden fires appeared unto him? Unhappy Worldling, look round about thee; although it be dark, here is something to be seen: above is the angry Judge, beneath is the burning lake, before is gloomy darknesse, behind is infallible death, on thy right and left hand a legion of evil Angels, expecting every moment to receive the prey. Here is a sight indeed, able to break the very heart-strings of each seer. If some have lost their wits, by means of some dreadful sight; yea, if the very suspicion of Devils have caused many men to tremble, and the haire of their heads to stand staring upright; What then was the fear and terrour of this man, when so many dreadful, horrible, hellish monsters stood round about him, now ready to receive him? O ye sonnes of men, stand in awe and sinne not, commune with your own hearts, and in your chamber, and be still: Will not this fear you from your sinnes? Suppose then you lay on your beds of death, were the Judge in his Throne, your souls at the Barre, the accuser at your elbowes, and hell ready open to shut her mouth upon you: O then, how would you curse your selves, and bewaile your sinnes? What horrible visions would appear to you in the dark? horrible indeed? In so much (saith * one) that were there no other punishment than the appearing of Devils, you would rather burne to ashes, than endure their sight. Good God, that any Christian should live in this dark-

Wild. 17. 18, 19

Wild. 17. 21.

Psal. 4. 4.

* Cyril de la beasi Hieron. ad su. Epist.

Gen. 4. 14.

danger, and yet never heed it till he sees its terrour ! How many have gone thus fearfully out of this miserable world ? I know not what you have seen, but there is very few which have not heard of many, too many, in this case : What were *Judas* thoughts, when he strangled himself that his bowels gushed out again ? What were *Cains* visions, when he ran like a vagabond roaring and crying, *Whosoever findeth me shall slay me* ? What are all their affrights that cry when they are dying, *they see Spirits and Devils flying about them, coming for them, roaring against them*, as if an hell entred into them, before themselves could enter it ? I dare instance in no other but this wretched miser : What a *night* was that to him, when on a sudden a *darknesse* seized on him, that never after left him ? Thus many go to bed, that never rise again, till they be awakened by the fearful sound of the last Trumpet : and was not this a terrour ? Whose heart doth not quake ? Whose flesh doth not tremble ? Whose senses are not astonished whilst we do but think on it ? And then what were the sufferings of himself in his person ? He might cry, and roare, and wail, and weep, yet there is none to help him ; his heart-strings break, the blessed Angels leave him, Devils still expect him, and now the Judge hath pronounced his sentence, *This night, in the dark*, they must seize upon him.

2.

Yet this was not all the horror ; it was a *night* both of *darknesse* and *drowsinesse*, or *security* in *sin*. He that reads the life of this man, may well wonder at the fearful end of so faire beginnings : walk into his fields, and there his cattel prosper ; come nearer to his house, and there his barns swell with corn ; enter into his gates, and there every table stands richly furnished ; step yet into his chambers, and you may imagine down-beds curtain'd with gold-hangings : nay, yet come nearer, we will draw the curtains, and you shall view the person ; he had toiled all day, and now see how securely he takes his rest ; *this night*, he dreams golden dreams of ease, of mirth, of pastime, (as all our worldly pleasures are but waking dreams) but stay a while and see the issue : just like a man, who starting out of sleep, sees his house on fire, his goods ransacked, his family murdered, himself near lost, and not one to pity him, when the very thrusting in of an arme might deliver him : this, and
no

no other was the case of this dying miser : in that *night* while his senses were most drowsie, most *secure*, death comes in the dark, and arrests him on his bed: *Awake, rich Cormorant ! what charms have lulled thee thus asleep ? Canst thou slumber whilest death breaks down this house thy body, to rob thee of that jewel thy Soul ? what a deep, dull, drowsie, dead sleep is this ? O fool ! this night is thy soul assaulted ; see Death approaching, Devils hovering, Gods justice threatening ; canst thou yet sleep ? and are thine eyes yet heavy ? Behold, the houre is at hand, and thy soul must be delivered into the hands of thine enemies : Heavy eyes ! he sleeps still, his care all day had cast him into so dead a sleep this night, that nothing can warn him until death awake him. That thief is most dangerous that comes at night, such a thief is Death, a thief that steals men ; which then is most busie, whilest we are most drowsie, most secure in sinne ; Heark the slug-gard that lulls himself in his finnes, Yet a little more sleep, a little more slumber, is not his destruction sudden, and poverty coming on him like an armed man ? Prov. 6. 11. Watch, (saith our Saviour) for you know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at mid-night, at the cock-crow, or in the morning, lest coming suddenly he should finde you sleeping, Marke 13. 35. Was not this the wretchednesse of the foolish Virgins ? how sweetly could they slumber ? how soundly could they sleep until mid-night ? they never awake, nor so much as dream to buy oyl for their lamps ; imagine then how fearful were those summons to these souls : Behold, the Bridegroom, go ye out to meet him. Sudden fears of all others are most dangerous : Was it not a fearful waking to this rich man, when no sooner that he opened his eyes, but he saw deaths ugliness afore his face ? what a sight was this ? at his door enters the King of fear, accompanied with all his abhorred horrors, and stinging dread : on his curtains he may read his finnes, arrayed and armed in their grisliest forms, and with their fieriest stings ; about his bed are the powers of darknesse, now presenting to his view his damnable state, his deplorable misery : What can he do that is thus beset with such a world of woful work, and hellish rage ? his tongue faulters, his breath shortens, his throat rattles, he would not watch, and now cannot resist ; the cry is made, the mid-night come, Gods hour of destruction, and thus runs
the*

Latro hominis.

Prov. 16. 11.

Mar. 13. 35. 36.

Mat. h. 25. 16.

the proclamation, *This night so drowfie, thy soul must be taken from thee.*

3. And yet more horreur ; it was a night of *drowfinesse and sadnesse*. How is he but *sad*, when he sees the night coming, and his last day decaying ? Read but the copy of this rich mans Will, and see how he deals all he hath about him ; he bequeaths his garments to the moth, his gold to rust, his body to the grave, his soul to hell, his goods and lands he knows not to whom ; *Whose shall these things be ?* Here is the man that made such mirth all day, and now is he forced to leave all he hath *this night*. It is the fruit of merry lives to give sad farewells. You that sport your selves, and spoyle others, that rob God in his members, and treasure up your own damnations ; will not death make *sorry hearts for your merry nights ?* a night will come *as sad as sadnesse* in her sternest looks, and then what a lot will befall you ? O that men are such cruel Caitiffs to their own souls ! Is this a life (think ye) fit for the servants of our God, revelling, swearing, drinking, railing ? what other did this miser ? he would eat, and drink, and sing, and then came fear as defolation, and his destruction on a sudden as a whirl-winde : If this be our life, how should we escape his death ? Alas, for the silly mirth that now we pleasure in ! you may be sure a *night* will come that must pay for all, and then shall your pleasures vanish, your griefs begin, and your numberlesse sinnes (like so many envenomed stings) runne into your damned souls, and pierce them through with everlasting sorrow : away with this fond, foolish, sottish vanity ; *The end of mirth is heavinesse*, (saith *Solomon*) Prov. 14. 13. What will the sonnes and daughters of pleasure do then ? all those sweet delights shall be as scourges and Scorpions for your naked souls. Then (though too late) will you lamentably cry out, *What hath pride profited us ? or what profit hath the pomp of riches brought us ? all those things are passed away as a shadow, or as a Poste that passeth by* : Look on this man as he lyes on his bed of death, here is neither smile nor dimple, *All the daughters of musick are brought low*. His voyce is hoarse, his lips pale, his cheeks wan, his nostrils run out, his eyes sinke into his head, and all the parts and members of his body now lose their office to assist him : Is this the merry man that made such pastime ?
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Prov. 14. 13.

Wisd 5. 8, 9.

Eccles. 12. 4.

oh what a change is this ? *In stead of sweet smell, there is a stench ; in stead of a girdle, a rent ; in stead of well-set haire, baldnesse ; in stead of beauty, burning ; in stead of mirth, mourning and lamentation, weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.* Must not *sadnesse* seize on that soul which incurs this doom ? Here is a malefactor stands at bar, indicted by the name of *Fool*, charged with the guilt of treason, condemned by the Judge of Heaven, and this *night* (*the saddest that ever he saw*) is that fearful execution, that *his soul is taken*.

Lsa. 3. 24.

And yet more horror : It was *a night of sin*, and this doth encrease the sorrow ; *How dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints ?* and we may say on the contrary, *How abominable in the sight of the Lord is the death of the wicked ?* Was not this a grief to be took thus tripping in his wickednesse ? even now whilest he was busily plotting his ease and pastime, death stands at his door, and over-hears all his plots and projects. It was a death to his soul to be took in *his sinne* : hear how he roars and cries, *O that I had lived so virtuously as I should ; had I embraced the often inspirations of Gods blessed Spirit ; had I followed his Lawes, obeyed his Commands, attended to his Will, how sweet and pleasant would they now be unto me ? Wo and alas that I had not fore-seen this day ! what have I done, but for a little pleasure, a fleeting vanity, lost a Kingdome, purchased damnation ?* O beloved ! what think ye of your selves, whilest you hear this voyce ? You sit here as senselesse of this judgement, as the seats, the pillars, the walls, the dust ; nay, as the dead bodies themselves on which you tread : but suppose (and it were a blessed meditation) you that are so fresh and frolick at this day, that spend it merrily, use it profanely, swearing, revelling, singing, dancing ; What if *this night*, while you are in your *sin*, the hand of death should arrest you ? Could I speak with you on your death-beds, I am sure I should finde you in another case : how ? but sorrowing, grieving, roaring, that your time were lost ; and these words not heeded, whiles the time well served : how would you tear your hair, gnash your teeth, bite your nails, seek all means possibly to annihilate your selves ? and can nothing warn you before death seize on you ? take heed, if you go on in *sin*, the next step is damnation. It was the Apostles advice, *Now is is high time to wake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer,*

Psal. 116. 13.

Rom. 13. 11.

Ee

shan

then when we believed, Rom. 13. 11. If this wretched man had observed the present time, how happy had he been this houre of his departure? But as Officers take malefactours, drinking or drabbing; so is the nearest danger, when deepest in the mire of pleasure. Look at all those that are gone before us, and which of them thought their end so near, while they lived so merry? I must needs tell you, there is *a fire, a worm, a sting, a darknesse, an hell* provided for all wicked wretches, and there most certainly must you be *this night*, if you die *this day* in your natural state of *sinne*. Lord! that men should be so strangely bewitched by the Prince of the air, as for the momentary enjoyment of some glorious miseries, bitter-sweet pleasures, heart-vexing riches, desperately and wilfully to abandon God, and to cast themselves head-long into the jaws of Satan. Such a prodigious madnesse seized on this Worldling, he sings, he revels, he dallies, then dies. Thus greatest evils arise out of greatest joyes; as the ears with vehement sounds, and the eyes with brighter objects; so many by felicity have lost both their sense and being. *Gallus* dies in the act of pleasure, *Ishobsebeth* dies in the midst of sleep, the Israelites die in their day of lust, this Worldling dies in that *night of sinne*, even then on a sudden his soul is taken.

And yet more horror, it was *a night of death*, and this was the worst of all; *the darknesse, drowsinesse, sadnesse, sin*, all were nothing to this, all nothing in themselves, if death had not followed: this is that *most terrible of all terribles*; all fears, griefs, sufferings, pains, as so many small brooks, are swallowed up, and drowned in this Ocean of misery. Now rich man! what sayest thou to thy *barns, buildings, riches, lands*? Do these pleasure thee in this thy extreme and dying agony? Thou liest *this night* on thy departing bed, burthened with the heavy load of thy former trespasses, pangs come fore and sharp upon thee, thy breast pants, thy pulse beats short, thy breath it self smells of earth and rottennesse: whither wilt thou go for a little ease or succour? What help canst thou have in thy heaps of gold, or hoord of wealth? should we bring them to thy bed, (as we read of one dying, *Commanded that his golden vessels and silver plate should be set before him, which looking on, he promised to his soul, it should have them all, on condition of his stay with him.* but

Plin. l. 7. c. 23.

2 Sam. 4. 7.
Num. 11. 33.

5.

Aristot. lib. 3.
Mor. cap. 6.

Discip. de temp.
serm. 118. ex
Num. in tract.
de septuplici ti-
more.

the

the remedy being silly, at last most desperately he commends it to the Devil, seeing it would not stay in his body, and so gave up the ghost.) Alas, these trifling treasures can no more deliver thee from the arrest of that inexorable Serjeant, then can an handful of dust. Wretched men! what shall be your thoughts when you come to this miserable case? full sad and heavy thoughts (Lord, thou knowest): you may lie upon your beds, like wilde bulls in a net, full of the fury of the Lord: *In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were evening; and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning: for the feare of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see,* Deut. 28. 67. Here is the terrour of that night of death, when you may wish with all your hearts, that you had never been born; if the Lord once let loose the cords of your conscience, what account will you make of crowns, of possessions? all these will be so far from healing the wound, that they will turn rather into fiery Scorpions, for your further torments. Now, now, now is the dismal time of death, what will you do? whither will you go? to whom will you pray? the Angels are offended, and they will not guard you; God is dishonoured, and he will not hear you; only the devil had your service, and only hell must be your wages. *Consider this, ye that forget God, lest ye be torne in pieces, and there be none to deliver you:* It is cruel for your souls thus to suffer, to be torn, and torn in pieces, and so torn in pieces *that none may deliver you.* Better this Worldling had been a worm, a toad, an adder, any venomous creature, then so to live, and thus to have died; yet hither it is come, his sicknesse is remediless, his riches comfortlesse, his torments easelesse, still he must suffer, and there is none to deliver, *he is torn, torn to pieces, and none may deliver him.* What need you more, now we are come to this period? his glasse is run, his Sunne is set, his day is finished, and now this night, the very night of death, his soul is required, and is received of him.

Deut. 28. 67.

Psal. 50. 22.

Lo here, the dismal, dreadful, terrible time of this mans departure, it was in the night, a night of darknesse, drowinesse, sadnesse, sin, death and destruction.

Who will not provide each day against this fearful night? howsoever we passe away our time in sinne, we must of necessity, ere it be long, lie gasping for breath upon our dy-

1. Use.

John 9. 4.

John 9. 4.

John 11. 9.

Use. I.

John 12. 35.

ing beds, there shall we grapple hand to hand with the utmost powers of death and darknesse: what should we do then, but sow our seed while the seed time lasteth? we have yet a day, and how short this day is, God onely knows: be sure *the night cometh wherein none can work*, and then what a fearful time will come upon us? I know there be some that dream of doing good in another world, or at least will deferre it longer, till some time hereafter, such vain hopes of future performances have undone many a soul: *I must work the work of him that sent me, while it is day*, saith our Saviour. The way-faring man travels not in *darknesse*, but while the day shines on him, then he knowes he is under the protection of the Lawes, the light of the Sunne, the blessing of heaven; *Are there not twelve houres in the day? if any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world; but if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him.*] Do good then, and lay hold of every season which may get you to heaven; Let the whole course of your life be a conscionable preparative against death. Suppose every day your last, as if at night you should be called to account before that high and great tribunal: in a word, whatsoever you think, or speak, or do, say thus with your selfe, *Would I do thus and thus, if I knew this night to be my last?* Who is it would sinne, if he thought at that instant he must go to judgement?

But if we neglect the *day*, be sure the *night* will come to our condemnation; where be those wonders that so dazzled our eyes, while the *day* shone on them? Where is *Abshaloms* beauty, *Jezebels* paint, *Sauls* personage; nay, where is this wretched Worldling? he had a *day* to work out his own salvation, and that being lost, at last came *night*, before he had gone two steps toward heaven. O beloved! *Walk while ye have light, that ye may be children of the light.* You may be sure the meanest soul that hath the work of grace upon it, death is to him no *night*, but the *day-break of eternal brightnesse*. This may make us in love with the sincerity of religion; this may make us to labour, and never cease labouring till we have gotten out of the estate of nature, into the state of grace. O that I could say of every one of you, as *Paul* of the *Ephesians*, *Ye were once darknesse, but*

now.

now are ye light in the Lord. Ye were once carnal, but now are ye spiritual: ye were once unregenerate, but now are ye a first-fruits dedicated to God. If it were thus with you, then (to your comfort) upon your dying beds you should meet with a glorious troop of blessed Angels, you should feel the glorious presence of the sweetest comforter, you should see the glorious light of Gods shining countenance, you should have a *night* (if it were *night*) turn'd all into a *mid-day*. Now the Lord give you such a *day*, whensoever you dye, through Christ our Lord.

Ephes. 5. 8.

You have heard the time of Deaths arrest,] *This night.*]

Now for the party we'll make a privy search, and if we stir one word, we shall finde him at next doore, it is *thy soul.*]

Thy Soul.]

THe party under arrest is the rich mans *Soul.*] No warranty could prevaile, no riches satisfie, no strength rescue; death now demands it, and there's none can redeem it, therefore *This night they will have his soul.*]

Every man hath a jewel better worth than a world, and the losse of this is so much more dear, by how much it is more precious. What profits is a man to gain a world, and to lose his soul? (said our Lord and Saviour) *Mat. 16. 26.* Nay, what are a thousand worlds when the *soul* is valued? Give me leave to open the cabinet, and you shall see the Jewel that is arrested; it is the *Soul.*]

Obser.

Mat. 16. 26.

The *Soul*; what's that? it is (saith *Austin*) *a substance that is created, invisible, incorporeal, immortal, most like to God, as bearing the image of its Creator.* Please you that we illustrate this description, and you shall see how every word shews forth some excellencies (as the glorious lustres) of this glorious pearle the *Soul.*]

Substantia creata, invisibilis, incorporea, immortalis, Deo simillima, imaginem habens Creatoris sui.
Aug. in lib. de definitione anima.
Discreetus.

First, if you ask what is the *Soul*? 'tis a *substance.*] How fond were the opinions of some Philosophers? one would have it to be nothing [*vox, & praterea nihil*] and how many of us are of this opinion? Do not we live as if we had no *souls* at all? The Epicure is for his belly, the ambitious for his body, but who

Galen.

1 Cor. 15. 19.

Ecclef 3. 19.

Ecclef. 11. 3.

Mat. 27. 51.

Mat. 16. 26.

*Antiqui Philo-
sophi.*

Luke 24. 39.

*Anima pessima
maior optimo
corpore. Aug.
de verb. Dom.
Quid tibi cum
carne? Bern.
in meditat.
Plurimi Patres.*

is he that provides for his soul; Sate we imagine it to be nothing valuable, or how should our estimation of it be so grosse and vile, to prefer the *body*, to neglect the *soul*? There were other Philosophers went a pace yet further, and they gave it a being, but what? No better than an accident, that might live or die without death of the subject; this they call *xēsis humorum*, a certain temper composed of the elements, or nothing but the harmony of those humours in the body. Is this the *soul*? then of all creatures are men (say we,) of all men are we (saith the Apostle) *most miserable*, most unhappy. Look at beasts, and in this respect we and they are *even as one condition*, Ecclef. 2. 19. Look at trees, and in their corruption you may see the like constitution both of us and them. Look at stones, and by their dissolution we may argue the temper of composition in them also: if then our soul were nothing but this *xēsis*, not only men, but beasts, and plants, and stones, and metals have a *soul*: far be this from your thoughts, whose *souls* are prized to be of more worth than a world, there being nothing in the world that may *give a recompence for your souls*, Matth. 16. 26. Others have gone a little further, and they suppose it to be a *substance*: but how? only bodily, and not spiritual; such grosse conceits have many Idolaters of the Deity, as if this our image were of Gods own *substance*, and this *substance* nothing else but a bodily being. *A Spirit* (saith our Saviour) *hath not flesh and bones, as you see me have*. It is the body is the flesh, but the *soul* is the spirit: the body you may see and handle, but the *soul* is not seen, not handled: as the Disciples then did erre in supposing a spirit when they saw his body, no lesse is their errour, in supposing a body where is only a spirit. The worst *soul* is better than the best of bodies. *O precious soul* (saith Bernard,) *espoused to thy God, indured with his Spirit, redeemed by his Son, what art thou to the flesh, whose being is from Heaven?* Others again have passed this opinion, and they call it a *forme*: but what? only material, not *substantial*, and such as are the *souls* of beasts that dye with their bodies, as being deduced from the matter of some bodies pre-existent. It is not so with the *souls* of men, which though for a while they are knit and united to this house of clay, yet may they be separated from it, and subsist without it; this is that goodnesse of God, that as

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our *souls* are intellectual, so their being is perpetual, not but that our *souls* might dye (seeing every thing that is of nothing may return into the same nothing whence it sprung) but that God so sustaines them by his glorious goodnesse, that as he gave the first being, so he would continue that he gave, *What have we, that we have not received?* Or to speak of the *soul*, what are we that God, and God only hath not bestowed upon us? our Parents begot our bodies, God only gave our *souls*: our bodies are buried again in the womb of our common mother, but our *souls* return to God, as to their chiefest good. So immaterial is the *soul*, that neither will nor understanding depends on the dying organ. What then is the *soul*? *a nothing? an accident? a body? a forme only material?* no, but on the contrary, *an ens, a substance, a spirit, a forme, a substantial being of it self subsisting.*

Dionys c. 4. de
divin. nom.
aliquid a principio.
1 Cor. 4. 7.

But we'll ascend a little higher, it is a *substance created*.] not traduced, (as some would have it,) I must confesse the opinion was not a little strong, that as our bodies, so our *souls* were both propagated from our Parents. *Tertullian*, and the Fathers of the West (as *Jerome* witnesseth) were most on that side: the reason of this opinion was because of *original sinne*, which defiling the *soul*, as well as the body of each man sprung from *Adam*, they could see no means how both were corrupted, except withal the *soul* were propagated. But are not our *souls* as the *Angels*? and therefore if our *souls*, then may the *Angels* beget one another; nay if this were true, what *soul* were generated, but another were corrupted: for the rule is infallible, *There can be no generation without a transmutation*, and so would every *soul* be subject to corruption. Concerning that objection of *original sinne* (if the *soul* were not traduced from the loines of *Adam*, how then should that *sin* be imputed to our *souls*?) I must confesse the question is intricate, we should rather believe it, than enquire of it, and we may better enquire of it than understand it, and yet more easily understand it, than expresse it. But so well as we can, we shall untie the knot. First then, we say 'tis a fallacy to divide *soul and body*, for not the *soul* without the *body*, nor the *body* without the *soul*, but the whole man sinn'd in *Adam*, as the whole man is begot of *Adam*; so soon therefore as the *soul* is conjoyn'd to the *body*,

In epist. ad
Marcellin.

Magis credi
debet quam
quæritur. & qua-
ri facilius
quam intelligi,
& melius in-
telligitur quam
explicatur.
Whitak. l. 1. de
peccar. origin.
c. 8.
Fallacia divi-
sionis.

Arist. de anim.
1.2.6.1.

Gen. 1. 31.
Sedibus aube-
reis spiritus ille
venit.

3.

Gen. 4. 19.

Eccles. 12. 7.

and of the *soul and body* is constituted whole man, that man being now made a member of *Adam*, is said to sin with him, and to derive that sinne from him. But for a further satisfaction, although the *soul* depend on God according to its substance, yet is it created in that *body* which is produced of the Parents: thus in some sort we may say that the *soul* is begotten, (*non quoad essentiam, sed quoad civitatem*.) God only gives the essence, but to exist comes from the Parents. What is the *soul* but a forme of the *body*? and of what *body*, but of that which is organical, as being apt for the *soul*? This aptnesse then whereby it is prepared for the forme, being received from the Parents, we may say of the *soul*, that thus it is generated, as not beginning to subsist before the *body is prepared*. This is true in some sort, though not properly. Consider then the excellency of mans *soul*, which is not born, but *created*,] and howsoever now it is bespotted with sin, yet was it then pure and undefiled, as the untouched virgin: how is it but pure, which the hands of God have made? it was the devil that caused sinne, but all that God made was good, and *very good*, Gen. 1. 31. and such a *soul* hath every man. It is created by God, infused by his Spirit, of nothing made something, and what something, but an excellent work, befitting such an excellent work-man?

And yet there be more staires to ascend: it is thirdly *invisible*.] Hath any man seen God? or hath any man seen Gods image (which is the *soul*) and lived? Substances that are more pure are lesse visible. We see but darkly through a glasse, nay, the best eye upon earth looks but through a lattice, a window, an obscuring impediment; mortal eyes cannot behold immortal things; how then should this corruptible sight, see a *spiritual soul*? the object is too clear for our weak eyes, our eyes are but earthly, the *soul* of an heavenly nature. O divine being! not only heavenly, but heaven it self: as God and man met both in Christ, so heaven and earth met both in man: would you see this earth? that is the body, *Out of it wast thou taken, and into it must thou return*, Gen. 4. 19. would you see this heaven? that is, the *soul*, *the God of heaven gave it, and to the God of heaven returns it*, Eccles. 12. 7. The body is but a lump, but the *soul* is that breath of life: of earth came the *body*, of God was the *soul*: thus earth and heaven met in the creation, and
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the man was made a living soul, Gen. 2. 7. the sanctified soul is an heaven upon earth, where the Sun is understanding, the Moone is faith, and the Stars gracious affections: what heaven is in that body, which lives and moves by such a soul? yet so wonderful is Gods mercy to mankinde, that as reason doth possesse the soul, so the soul must possesse this body. Here is that union of things visible, and invisible: as the light is spiritual, incorruptible, indivisible, and so united to the aire, that of these two is made one, without confusion of either; in like manner is the soul united to this body, one together, distinguished asunder: only here's the difference, the light is most visible, the soul is invisible, she is the breath of God, the beauty of man, the wonder of Angels, the envy of devils, that immortal splendor which never eye hath seen, never eye must see.

And yet we must up another step, it is fourthly *incorporeal*;] as not seen with a mortal eye, so neither clogg'd with a bodily shape; I say not but the soul hath a body for his organ, to which it is so knit and tyed, that they cannot be severed without much sorrow or strugling; yet is it not a body, but a spirit dwelling in it: the body is an house, and the soul the inhabitant: every one knows the house is not the inhabitant, and yet (O wonder!) there is no room in the house where the inhabitant lives not: would you please to see the roomes? the eye is her window, the head is her tower, the heart is her closet, the mouth is her hall, the lungs her presence-chamber, the senses her cinque-ports, the common sense her custome-house, the phantasie her mint, the memory her treasury, the lips are her two leav'd doores, that shut and open, and all these, and all the rest, (as the motions in a Watch,) are acted and moved by this spring, the Soul. See here a composition without confusion, the soul is in the body, yet it is not bodily: as in the greatest world the earth is more solid, the water lesse, the aire yet lesse, the fire least of all: so in this little world of man, the meaner parts are of grosser substance, and the soul by how much more excellent, by so much more spiritual; and wholly withdrawn from all bodily being.

And yet a little higher, it is fifthly *immortal*.] It was the error of many Fathers, That bodies and souls must both die till doomes-day, and then the bodies being raised, the souls must be revived. Were that true, why then cries Stephen, Lord.

Jesu,

Gen. 2. 7.
Est calum
sancta anima,
habens solem
intellectum, lu-
nam fidem,
astra virtutes.
Bern. super
Cant.

4.

Scalig. nota
in Nov. Test.

Acts 7. 59.
Phil. 1. 23.

Wisd. 2. 2, 3.

Mat. 22. 32.

John 11. 26.

*Nullus eris de-
fectus, nullus
terminus.*

Jeſu, receive my ſpirit? or why ſhould *Paul* be diſſolved, that he might be with *Chriſt*? Blessed men are but men, and therefore no wonder if ſubject to ſome errour. Others more abſolutely deny the ſouls immortality, *We are borne* (ſay they) *at all adventures, and we ſhall be hereafter, as though we had never been;* (Why ſo?) *for the breath is a ſmoke in our noſtrils, and the words as a ſpark raiſed out of our hearts, which being extinguiſhed, the body is turned into aſhes, and the ſpirit vaniſheth as ſoft aire.* What, is the ſoul a ſmoke? and the ſpirit no better than the ſoft vaniſhing aire? wretched men! *Have you not read what is ſpoken of God, ſaying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Iſaac, and the God of Jacob? Now God (ſaith Chriſt) is not the God of the dead, but of the living. Abraham, Iſaac, Jacob, they are not dead then in (the better part) their ſouls, but paſſed indeed from the valley of death, unto the land of the living. Whoſoever liveth and believeth in me (ſaith our Saviour) ſhall never die, John 11. 26.* Not die.] againſt ſome, never die] againſt others: what can we more? only live and believe in him that redeemed us, and be ſure his promiſes ſhall never fail us; our ſouls muſt live, live for ever. Sweet ſoul, bleſſed with the felicity of eternal life! here's a joy unſpeakable, that this ſoul now clogged with cares, vexations, griefs, paſſions, ſhall one day enjoy thoſe joyes immortal, not for a day, or two, (though this were more than we can imagine) but through all eternity, *There ſhall be no defect, nor end:* after millions of ages the ſoul muſt ſtill live in her happineſſe, it is not of a periſhing, but an everlaſting ſubſtance.

6.

And yet the perfection of the ſoul goes higher, it is *moſt like to God.*] So far it tranſcends all earthly happineſſe: I cannot ſay, but in ſome ſort all creatures have this likeneſſe; every effect hath at leaſt ſome ſimilitude with its cauſe, but with a difference; ſome only have a being, as ſtones; others being and life, as plants; but man above all hath a being, life and reaſon, and therefore of all other the moſt like unto his Creatour.

7.

Can we any more? yes, one ſtep higher, and we are at the top of *Jacob's ladder*: *The ſoul is not only like God, but the image of God.* I cannot deny, but there is ſome appearance of it in the outward man, and therefore the body in ſome meaſure partakes of this image of the Deity, it was man, and whole man that

was

was corrupted by sin, and (by the law of contraries) it was man, and whole man, that was beautified with this image. Please you to look at the body, is it not a little world, wherein every thing that God made was good? as therefore all goodnesse comes from him: so was he the pattern of all goodnesse; that being in him perfectly, which only is in us partly. This is that *Idea*, whereby God is said to be the exemplar of the world: man then in his body being as the worlds map, what is he but that image, in which the builder of the world is manifest? but if you look at the parts of his body, how often are they attributed (though in a metaphor, yet in resemblance) to his Maker? our eyes are the image of his wisdom, our hands are the image of his power, our heart is the image of his knowledge, and our tongue the lively image of his revealed will: God therefore, before he made the body, said, *Let us make man in our own image:* Gen. 1. 26. and what was the meaning, but that *soul and body* should both bear the image of his Majesty? Be astonished then, ye men of the earth! If this dust, this clay, this body of ours be so glorious, what think ye of the *soul*, whose *substance, faculties, qualities, dignities, every way represents Gods omnipotent Essence?* Look on this glasse, and first for *substance*, is the soul invisible? why so is God: *No man hath seen him at any time,* John 1. 18. Is the *soul* incorporeal? why so is God: *We ought not to think him like unto gold, or silver, or stone graven with Art,* Acts 17. 29. Is the *soul* immortal? why so is God: *He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords, who only hath immortality,* 1 Tim. 6. 16. Is the *soul* spiritual? why so is God: *God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit,* John 4. 24. Is the *soul* one essence? why so is God: *There is one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all,* Eph. 4. 6. See here the lively image of God in every *soul* of man. But there is another character imprinted in every faculty, so that not only the *substance*, but the *powers of the soul* bear this image in them: As there is one God and three Persons, so there is one *soul* and three *faculties*: the Father, Sonne and holy Ghost are but one God, the *Understanding, Will, and Memory*, are but one *soul*; the Father is not the Son, nor the Son the holy Ghost; so the *Understanding* is not the *Will*, nor the *Will* the *Memory*: and yet the Father is God, the Son is God, and the holy Ghost is,

Trinitatem in nobis videmus potius quam credimus, Deum vero esse Trinitatem credimus potius quam videmus.
 Aug. de Trin. l. 11. c. 6.
 Psal. 45. 13.
 Eccles. 17. 6.

Ephes. 4. 24.

1 Pet. 1. 15

Gen. 6. 3.

Jam. 3. 7

Psal. 8. 6

is God; so the *Understanding* is the *soul*, the *Will* is the *soul*, and the *Memory* is the *soul*. I dare not say, but there is some difference. *This trinity in us, we rather see it than believe it; but that Trinity of Persons, we more believe it than see it:* Howsoever then our *soul* is no proof of the Godhead, yet is it a true signe of that *image of God in the soul*. Nay, yet (as if this stamp were of a deeper impression,) see the dowry of Gods Spouse, and who wonders not at the qualities, and conditions with which the *soul* is arrayed? *The Kings daughter is all glorious within, her clothing is of broydered gold.* What say you to that heavenly knowledge inspired into us? God that created man, *filled him with knowledge of understanding, and shewed them good and evil.* What say you to those heavenly impressions that are stampd upon us? such are the *new mans marks, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness*, Ephes. 4. 24. These make the *soul* like God, and God loving to the *soul*; is it not clad with righteousness, as with a garment? witness the integrity of *Adam*, in that sweet subjection, his *soul* to the *Lord*, his affections to the *soul*, his *body* to the affections, the *whole man* to God, as to the chiefest good: and as truth and mercy meet together, so *righteousnesse* and *holinesse* kisse each other: O blessed image! how nearly dost thou resemble thy Creatour? he is the pattern of perfection, and we bear the image of that pattern, *Be ye holy, for I am holy*, 1 Pet. 1. 15. And yet again, as if this picture were of deeper die, how like is the *soul* to its Creatour in her full dominion over all the creatures? *Thou art beautiful, O my soul, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.* What is it will not stoop to this Gods Vice-gerent? *Beasts, and birds, and serpents, and things of the sea are tamed, and have been tamed of the nature of man*, Jam. 3. 7. What a thing is this *soul*? she can tame the wilde, command the proud, pull down the lofty, do what she will, by compounding, comparing, contemplating, commanding. O excellent nature! that fittest on earth, canst reach to heaven, mayest dive to hell, nothing being able to resist thy power, so long as thou art subject to that power of God. Is this the *soul*? Lo, what is man that thou art mindful of him? thou hast made him to have dominion in the works of thy hands, thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet, Psal. 8. 6.

O my soul, my soul! what can we say of such a creature? to summe up all; she is in nature a *substance*, created by God, *invisible* of men, *incorporeal* with Angels, *immortal* through grace, *most like to God*, in a way of nearnesse, and *bearing his image* in the glorious stamp of her created likeness.

Is this the darling of our Lord? where then is the rich man that hath lost this pearl? he that could tell his soul, *Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, live at ease, eat, drink, and take thy pastime.* Now on a sudden his soul is taken, and whose shall be those things which he hath provided? The losse of all losses is the losse of a soul, without which, had we never so much, we could truly enjoy nothing; what, trust then in your earthly treasures? what, stay on such broken staves of reed? one day you shall find them most deceitful, leaving your naked souls to the open rage of winde and weather, to the scourges and scorpions of guiltinesse and fear: Could you purchase a monopoly of all the world, had you the gold of the West, the treasures of the East, the spices of the South, the pearls of the North, all is nothing to (this incarnate Angel) this invaluable soul. O wretched worldling! what hast thou done then to undo thy soul? was it a wedge of gold, an heap of silver, an hoard of pearl, to which thou trustedst? see, they are gone, and thy soul is required.] Alas, poor soul! whither must it go? to Heaven? to its Creatour? to God that gave it? no, there is another way for wandering sinners; *Go ye into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels*: thither must it go with heaviness of heart, into a Kingdom of darkness, a lake of burning, a prison of horrible confusion, of terrible tortures: O poor soul! what a misery is this? darkness, burning, confusion, torments, are these the welcomes of his soul to hell? What meant the rich man in his unhappy fore-cast? he propounded to his soul a world of ease, of pleasures, of pastime; it proves far otherwise: this other world is a world of torments, which (like infinite rivers of Brimstone) feed upon his soul without ease or end. What avails now his pompous pride at his doleful funerals? the news is sounded [he is dead] friends must lament him, passing-peals ring for him, an hearse-cloth wrap him, a tomb-stone lie over him, all must have mourning suites, and (may be) rejoycing hearts; but all

Vers. 19.

Math. 25. 41.

Bernard. in
Medit.

all this while his *soul* is going to judgement, without one friend, or the least acquaintance to speak in his cause : O that his *soul* were mortal, and *body and soul* to be buried both together in one grave ! Must his *body* die, and his *soul* live ? in what world or nation ? in what place or region ? it is another world, another nation, where Devils are companions, brimstone the fire, horreur the language, and eternal death the souls eternal life ; never to be cured, and never must be ended. O my *soul*, (saith Bernard) what a terrible day shall that be, when thou shalt leave this Mansion, and enter into an unknown region ? Who will deliver thee from these ramping Lions ? who can defend thee from those hellish monsters ? God is incensed, hell prepared, justice threatened, only mercy must prevent, or the *soul* is damned. View this rich man on his deaths-bed, the pain shoots through his head, and at last comes to his heart, anon death appears in his face, and suddenly falls on to arrest his *soul* ; Is it death ? what is it he demands ? can his goods satisfy ? no, the world claims them : must his *body* go ? no, the worms claim that : What debt is this, which neither goods, nor *body* can discharge ? [*Habeas animam ejus coram nobis :*] Gods warrant bids fetch the *soul* : O miserable news ! the *soul* committed sin, sin mortgaged it to death, death now demands it ; and what if he gain the world ! he must lose his *soul* : This night [*thy soul*] shall be required of thee.

Use 1.

Animula vagula, blandula, said dying Adrian ; Pretty, little, wandering *soul*, whither goest thou from me ? wilt thou leave me alone, that cannot live without thee ? O what conflicts suffers the poor *soul* ! when this time is come, must the *soul* be gone ? help friends, physick, pleasure, riches ; nay, take a world to reprieve a *soul* ; so different are the thoughts of men dying, from them living : now, are they for their pleasure, or profit, the *body*, or the world, but then nothing is esteemed but the *soul* : What can we say ? but if you mean your *souls* must be saved, O then let these precious, dear, everlasting things breathed into your bodies for a short abode, scorn to feed on earth, or any earthly things : it is matter of a more heavenly metal, treasures of an higher temper, riches of a nobler nature, that must help your *souls*. Do you think that ever any glorified *soul*, that now looks God Almighty in the face,
and

and tramples under foot the Sunne and Moon, is so bewicht as was *Acban* with a wedge of gold? no, it is onely the Communion of Saints, the society of Angels, the fruition of the Deity, the depth of Eternity, which can onely feed and fill the *soul*. So live then, as that when you die, your *souls* may receive this blisse, and the *Lord Iesus our Saviour receive all your souls*. Josh. 7. 21.

I must end, but gladly would I win a *soul*: If the reward be so great (as you know it) to recover a sick body, which for all that must die, of what reward is that cure to save a *soul*, which must ever, ever live? O sweet *Jesu*! why sheddest thou the most precious and warmest blood of thy heart, but only to save *souls*? thou wast scourged, buffeted, judged, condemned, hanged; was all this for us? and shall we do nothing for our selves? What is it thou wouldst have had, if thou couldest wish it good? not thy house, nor thy wife, nor thy children, nor thy goods, nor thy cloathes, but no matter for thy *soul*; I beseech you, value not your *souls* at a lesse price than your *shoes*; you can please the flesh with delicates, which is nought but worms-meat; but the *soul* pines for want, which is a creature invisible, incorporeal, immortal, most like to God: Are we thus careful of pelf, and so carelesse of this pearl? certainly, I cannot choose but wonder, when seeing the streets peopled with men that follow suits, run to Courts, attend and wait on their Councillors for this case, and that case, this house, or that land; that not one of these, no nor one of all us will ride, nor run, or creep, or go to have counsel for his *soul*! I must confesse, I have sometimes dwelt on this meditation: and (Beloved, let me speak homely to you) be our Counsellors in this Town every week solicited by their Clients? and have we no Clients in *soul*-cases? not one that will come to us with their cases of conscience? sure you are either carelesse of your *souls*, or belike you have no need of particular instructions: O let us not be so forward for the world, and so backward for the *soul*! yet I pray mistake not; I invite you not for fees, as noble *Terentius*, when he had petitioned for the Christians, and saw it torn in pieces before his face, gathered up the pieces, and said, *I have my reward; I have not sued for gold, silver, honour, or pleasure, but a Church*: so say I, in midst of your neglect, I have not sued for your gold, or silver, for your houses, or lands, but

Use 2.
Si magna marcedis est a morte eripere carnem, quanti est meriti a morte liberare animam? Ambros.
Offic. 1.
Quid est quod velis habere malum? nihil omnino: Aug. in quod. serm.

for your *souls*, your *precious souls*: and if I cannot, or shall not wooe them to come to Christ, God raise up some childe of the Bride-chamber which may do it better; if neither I, nor any other can prevail, O then fear that speech of *Elies* sonnes, *They bearkened not unto the voyce of their father; because the Lord would slay them*, 1 Sam. 2. 25.

In such a case, *O that my head were full of water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for your sinnes!* O that I could wash your souls with my tears from that filth of sinne, wherewith they are besmeared and defiled! O that for the salvation of your souls, I might be made a sacrifice unto death! But the Lord be praised, for *your souls* and *my soul* Christ Jesus ha' h died; and if now we but repent us of our sins, and believe in our Saviour, if now we will but *deny our selves, and take up his crosse and follow him*; if now we will but turne unto him, that he may turne his loving countenance unto us, if now we will but become *new creatures*, and ever hereafter walk in the *holy path*, the *narrow way* which leades unto heaven, why, then may our *souls* be saved. This is that we had need to care for, not so much for the *body*, as for the *souls good*: to this purpose saith *Hugo*; *Why cloath we the body in silks, which must rot in the grave, and adorn not the soul with faith and good works, which one day must appear before God and his Angels?* O think of this day, *this night*, this houre of death, for then must your *Souls* be taken from you.

Cur carnem adornas, & animam non adornas? Hugo de claustro anima.

Thus farre you see the rich mans arrest: God injoyns it, death serves it; the time was *this night*, and the party is, *his soul*! God give us grace to provide for our *souls*, that when death arrests, we may be ready, and then, *O God, have thou mercy on our souls.*

Shall

Shall be required.]

THE Original is *universal*, They shall require it: wherein you have,

the { Serjeants,
Arrest.

The Serjeants, They,] and the arrest it self, They require] his soul.

Wee'll first take a view of the *Serjeants*.

They: who? not *God*, he *knows* not sinners, what should he do with a drunken, profane, covetous sensual *soul*? he that never so much as thought on *God* in this life, will *God* accept of the commending of his *soul* to him at his death? no, the Lord of Heaven will none of it: he that forsook *God*, is justly forsaken of *God*: See the true weight of this balance, he would not receive *Gods* grace into his *soul*, and *God* will not receive his gracelesse *soul* into Heaven. But who then? will the *Angels* take it? no, they have nothing to do with the *soul* of a dying sinner, the *Angels* are onely porters for the *souls* of the just: Poor *Lazarus* that could neither go, nor sit, nor stand for sores; it is he must be carried on the wings of *Angels*; but for this rich man, not the lowest *Angel* will do him poorest service. Who then? will the *Saints* receive it? no, they have no such commission to receive a *soul*: that blind opinion (which every one may blush at) that *Saint Peter* should be heavens porter, and that none may go in, but to whom he will open: if it be true, why may not a *Saint* help a departing *soul*? Away with this dreaming folly! not *Peter*, nor *Paul*, nor all the *Saints* of Heaven have any such priviledge; if *God* will not hear us, what will our prayers do to *Saints*? Heaven is too far off, they cannot hear, or were it nearer they will not, cannot help: It is *God* must save us, or we perish ever. Who then are the *Serjeants*? not *God*, nor *Saints*, nor *Angels*: no, there is another crew, *Death* and *Devils* stand in a redinesse, and they are the parties that arrest his prisoner.

Stay, what would *death* have? the *soul* cannot die, and for the *body*, no matter who receives it. O yes! there is death of the *soul*, as well as of the *body*: I mean not such a *death* where-

F f by

by it may be annihilated, but a *second death* that shall ever accompany it: this is a *death* of the *soul*, that will alwayes keep it in deaths pangs. But not to speak of this *death*, there is another *death temporal*, that shall sever the *soul* and *body* each from other: these two twins that have lived together since their first espousal, these two lovely ones that were made, and met, and married by the hands of God; these two made one, till death them depart, and make them two againe; now is their rueful time of divorce: When *death* comes he gives over the body to the grave, and arrests the *soul*, to appear in presence before Gods high Tribunal. Such a Bayliff hath now laid hands on this rich mans *soul*, when he least thought on't, *death* comes on a sudden, and arrests his person. O wretched worldling! who is this behinde thee? call we this *Gods Serjeant*? What grim, ugly, monstrous visage is this we see? have ever any of you seen the grisly picture of death before you? How was it but with *hollow eyes, open skull, grinning teeth, naked ribs, a few bones knit together with dry strings*, as presenting to your eyes the most deformed image of a man in mouldes? But what's that in his hands? *an houre-glasse, and a dart*: the one expressing the decreasings of our life, and the other deaths stroke, that he gives us in our *death*. Such emblemes are most fit to expresse mortality: and imagine such a thing to arrest this rich man, would it not terrifie him; whilest looking back, *death* suddenly claps him on his shoulder, away he must with this messenger, all the gold and pearls of East and West cannot stay him one houre: Now rich man, what avails all thy worldly pleasure? Hadst thou in thy hands the reines of all earthly Kingdomes? wert thou *exalted as the Eagle*, and thy nest set among the *starres*, yet all this, and whatsoever else thou canst imagine, is not worth a button: where did that man dwell, or of what cloth was his garment, that was ever comforted by his goods, or greatnesse, in this last and forest conflict? See worldling, *death requires thy soul*, no bribe will be taken, no entreatie will prevail, no riches rescue, nothing at all redeem: *death is impartial*.

Obad. 1, 4.

But (O horreur!) *death* is not all, see yet more Serjeants, *Devils and Dragons* are about thy bed, and these are they that will hurty away thy *soul* to hell. How? *Devils*? O worldling, stay thy *soul*, and never yield it! better to dye a thousand deaths,

deaths, then to leave it in their hands ; but alas, thou canst not choose, thy last hour is come, and here is neither hope, nor help, nor place of any longer tarrying. See but the misery of a miserable *soul* ! what shall it do ? whither shall it flee from these damned Furies ? would they take it, and tear it into nothing, it were somewhat tolerable : but to tear it in pieces, and never to make end of tearing ; to give it torments without all patience or resistance ; this is that load which it cannot bear, and yet (O extremity !) it ever, ever must be born. Think on this, O my *soul* ! and whilst thou hast a minutes stay in this body, call upon God to prevent this *Arrest of Devils* : was it not (think ye) a terrour to this rich man, when so many hell-hounds waited for his *soul* ? We read of *one man, who being took away with a Devil through the air, was said so to roar and yell, that many miles distant his noise was heard, to many a mans trembling*. And if a *soul* had but the organs of a sound, what a shriek would it make, being seized on by a *Devil* ? witnesse the cries of many desperate *souls*, when as yet they are safe in their beds, how do they roar and rage ? how do they call and cry, *Help, help us, save us, deliver us from these fiends about us* ? these are those evening wolves enraged with hellish hunger, these are those ramping Lions ever ready to devour our *souls*, these are those walkers up and down the earth, which are now come and entred into this rich mans lodging. *Where-soever the dead carkeise is, thither* (saith our Saviour) *will the Eagles resort* : and where-soever a damned *soul* is, thither with alacrity will these spirits come : O how they flee and flutter round about him ! what fires do they breathe, to enkindle them on his *soul* ? what clawes do they open, to receive her at the parting ? and what astonishment is that poor *soul* in, that perceives these *Serjeants* even ready to clasp her in their burning armes ? See (O Cosmopolite) what thy sin hath caused ! lust hath transported thine eyes, blasphemy thy tongue, pride thy foot, oppression thy hand, covetousnesse thy heart, and now *Death and Devils*, they are the *Serjeants that require thy soul*.

Reflect these thoughts on your own *souls*, and consider with your selves, what may be your cases ; it may be as yet thou standest upright without any changes, hitherto thou hast seen no dayes of sorrow, but even *winded thy steps with butter, and the*

Hartmannus
Schedel. in uis.
Pap.

Math. 24.28.

use

Dex. 32. 13.
14.

Casaub.
Dies, hora, mo-
mentum, &c.

rock hath poured thee out rivers of oil. Alas! was not this the case of this wretched worldling? yet for all this, you see a night came that paid for all: and so may it be with thee; a day, an hour, a moment, is enough to overturn the things that seem to have been founded, and rooted in Adamant; who can tell whether *this night*, this storm may fall upon thee? art thou not strangely nailed and glued unto sense? art thou not stupidly senselesse in spiritual things, that for pelf, vanity, dung, nothing, wilt run headlong and wilfully into easelesse, endlesse, and remediless torments? Yet such is thy doing, (if thou beest a worldling) to get riches to thy body, and let *death and devils* have thy *soul*. O beloved, consider in time, and seeing you have such a terrible example set before you, let this worldling be your warning.

We have done with the Serjeants, but what's their office? to beg? to sue? No, but to force, to require, *thy soul is required.*

How? *required*? is any so bold to approach his gates, and make a forcible entry? Yes, God hath his special Bailiffs that will fear no colours, riches cannot ransom, castles cannot keep, hollows cannot hide, hills nor their forts protect: sits *Herod* on his Throne? there's a Writ of *Remove*, and the worms are his Bayliffs: is *Dives* at his Table? Death brings the *Mistimus*, and Devils are his Jaylours: sits *Lazarus* at his gates? the King greets him well, (we may say) and Angels are his keepers: poor, rich, good, bad, all must be served at the Kings suit; no place can privilege, no power secure, no valour rescue, no liberty exempt: with *non omittas propter aliquam libertatem*, runs this Warrant: O rich man! what wilt thou now do? *The sorrows of death compass thee, and the floods of Belial make thee afraid.* What? no friends to help? no power to rescue, is there no other way but yeild and die for it? O misery! enough to break an heart of brasse again: Imagine that a Prince a while possessed some royal City, where (if you walk the streets) you may see peace flourishing, wealth abounding, pleasure waiting, all his neighbours offering their service, and promising to assist him in all his needs and affairs: if on a sudden this City were besieged by some deadly enemy, who coming (like a violent stream) takes one hold after another, one wall after another, one castle after another, and at last drives this Prince only to a little

2. Sam. 22. 5.

little Tower, and there sets on him; what fear, anguish and misery would this Prince be in? If he looks about, his holds are taken, his men are slain, his friends and neighbours now stand aloof off, and they begin to abandon him; were not this a woful plight grow you? even so it fares with a poor *soul* at the houre of her departure: the *body* wherein she reigned like a jolly Princeesse, then droops and languishes; *the keepers tremble, the strong men bow, the grinders cease, and they wax dark that look out at the windows*; no wonder, if *fear be in the way*, when *the arms, the legs, the teeth, the eyes* (as so many walls wherein the *soul* was invironed) are now surprized and beaten to the ground: her last refuge is the *heart*, and this is the little *Tower* whither at last she is driven: But what is she there secure? no, but most fiercely assailed with a thousand enemies; her dearest friends (*youth, and Physick*, and other helps) which soothed her in prosperity, do now abandon her; what will she do? the enemy will grant no truce, will make no league, but night and day assails the *heart*, which now (like a Turret struck with thunder) begins all to shiver; here is the woful state of a wicked *soul*, God is her enemy, the Devil her foe, Angels hate her, the earth groans under her, hell gapes for her: the reason of all, sin struck the alarm, and death gives the battel: it is but *this night* (a minute longer) and then will the raging enemy enter on her. Death is no beggar to intreat, no suitor to wooe, no petitioner to ask, no soliciter to crouch and crave a favour: *she runs raging, ruling, charging, requiring*: heark this rich mans arrest, *thy soul shall be required.*] It shall? yes, the word is peremptory; what? be required? yes, it comes with authority. Here's a fatal requiring, when the *soul* shall be forced by an unwilling necessity, and devils by force hurry her to her endlesse fury. Adieu poor *soul*! the Writ is served, the Goal prepared, the judgement past, and Death (the Executioner) will delay no longer; *This night thy soul shall be required of thee.*

But to whom speak I? Think of it, you miserable covetous, that joyne house to house, and call the lands after your own names: You may trust in your wealth, and boast your selves in the multitude of your riches, but none of you can by any means redeem his brother, no nor himself, Psal. 49. 6. When Death comes, (I pray) what composition with the Lord of heaven? could ever any buy

Eccles. 12. 3.

*Quaque ruit,
furibunda ruit.*

I. Use
Psal. 49. 6, 7.

out his damnation with his coyn ? howsoever you live merrily, deliciously, go richly ; yet *Death* will at last knock at your doors, and (notwithstanding all your wealth, honours, tears, and groans of your dearest friends) will take you away as his prisoners, to his darkeſt dungeon. Your caſe is as with a man who lying faſt aſleep upon the edge of ſome ſteep high rock, dreams merrily of Crowns, Kingdomes, Poſſeſſions ; but upon the ſudden, ſtarting for joy, he breaks his neck, and tumbles into the bottome of ſome violent ſea : Thus is your danger every hour ; Satan makes you a bed, lulls you aſleep, charms you into golden dreams, and you conceive you are wallowing in the Sea of all worldly happineſſe ; at laſt *death* comes (againſt which there is no reſiſtance) and then are you ſuddenly ſwallowed up of deſpair, and drowned in that pit of eternal death and perdition.

I have read of ſome, whom (in ſome ſort) we might parallel with this rich man concerning their fearful horrid departure out of this miſerable world : yea, I ſuppoſe the books are ſo working, that any man whoſeever he is, that would but read them, and ponder them in a ſerious way, they would certainly work in him much matter of humiliation, and make him to flee *ſin*, as the very ſting of a ſcorpion.

William Rogers
The Young
mans warning
piece, by Rob.
Abbot.

One of them I mean to ſpeak of, was an *Engliſhman* : Mr. *Abbot* that relates the ſtory, tells indeed of two in one year that died thus uncomfortably ; the one ſo many wayes looking home-wards, that he died miſerably rich : the other ſo laſhing outward that he died miſerably poor, both of different wayes of life, yet both of uncomfortable paſſages out of the world. The one coming to his death-bed, the Authour reports of him, that *fiſt* the Devil preſented himſelf unto him to be his Phyſician, and after Chriſt appeared to him ſitting on the Throne, condemning his unprofitable life, and bidding him ſhift for himſelf, for he would have nothing to do with him : The other (of whom I am to ſpeak) as if he would prevent Chriſt, condemned himſelf to hell for ever and ever : O (ſaid he) that I might burne along time in that fire, ſo I might not burne in hell. — I have had (ſaid he) a little pleaſure, and now I muſt go to the torments of hell for ever. Then praying to God (as he was preſſed by others) to forgive him his ſins, and to have mercy upon him, he would adde, but I know God will not do it, I muſt go to hell for evermore. Whatſoever came between

between whiles, this was the close, *I must be burned in hell, I must to the furnace of hell, millions, and millions of ages.* The Authour of this story (who was Minister of the place where he lived) went to him, offered him the comforts of the Gospel, opened to him the promises of the largest size, shewed him that God was delighted to save souls, and not to destroy them, and that his sweet promises were without exception of time, place, person, or sinne, except that against the Holy Ghost, which he assured him too, was not committed by him : And what was the issue ? all this could not fasten on him, but still he would answer, *Alas, it is too late, I must be burned in hell.* That man of God (the Shepherd of his soul) seeing his soul in this danger, came to him again and again, and at last secluding the company, he presses him with tears in his eyes, not to cast away that soul for which Christ died ; he told him, that Christ rejected none that did not reject him : but for all this he could have no other answer, but *that he had cast off Christ, and therefore must go to hell.* The Minister replies, Yet pray with me, (saith he) that Christ would come again ; there is yet an houre in the day, and if Christ come, he can and will assist you, to do a great deal of work on a sudden : no, he would not hear of that : *Former counsels and prayers might have done me good,* said he, *but now it is too late.*

O horror, that ever any soul should suffer these conflicts for sinne ! But what sinnes were they ? *He was* (saith the Authour) *no Swearer, no Whoremonger, no Thief, no scoffer at Religion, no perjured wretch, no wilful liar at all, only Drunkenness, and neglect of mens bodies,* (for he was an Apothecary) *neglect of Prayer, Gods Word, and his Sacraments,* so awak't his trembling Conscience, that he was forced to passe this fearful doom upon his soul, *I must be burned in the furnace of hell, millions of millions of ages :* And at last (the Lord knows) in idlenesse of thoughts, and talk, he ended his miserable-miserable life.

The other I mean to speak of was an *Italian*, under the Jurisdiction of *Venice*, called *Francis Spira*, who being excessively covetous of money, and for fear of the world having renounced the truth, which before he professed, he thought at last he heard a direful voyce speaking to him, *Thou wicked wretch, thou*

A relation of
the fearful e-
state of *Francis*
Spira. 1548.

hast denied me, thou hast broken thy vow: hence Apostate, and bear with thee the sentence of thy eternal damnation: at this voice he trembling and quaking, fell down in a swoon; and after recovering himself, he professed that he was captivated under the revenging hand of the great God of heaven, and that he heard continually that fearful sentence of Christ, now past on his own soul: his friends to comfort him propounded many of Gods promises recorded in Scripture; *Oh but my sinne* (said he) *is greater than the mercy of God*: nay, answered they, the mercy of God is above all sinne; God would have all men to be saved; it is true (said he) *he would have all men that he hath elected to be saved; but he would not have reprobates to be saved,* and I am one of that number: After this roaring out in the bitterness of his spirir, he said, *It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God*; these troubles of minde brought him to a distemper of body, which the Physicians perceiving, they wisht him to seek some spiritual comfort: those comforters come, and observing the distemper to arise from the sense and horreur of hell pains; they ask him, whether he thought there were any worse pains then what he endured? he said, *He knew there were farre worse pains; yet do I desire nothing more,* said he, *then that I may come to that place, where I may be sure to feel the worst, and to be freed from fear of worse to come.*

As on this manner he was speaking he observed (saith my Authour) divers flies that came about him, and some lighted on him; wherear, presently remembring how *Belzeebub* signifies the God of Flies; *Behold,* said he, *now also Belzeebub comes to his Banquet, you shall shortly see my end, and in me an example to many of the justice and judgement of God.* Then he began to reckon up what fearful dreams and visions he was continually troubled withall, *That he saw the Devils come flocking into his chamber, and about his bed terrifying him with strange noises; and that these were not fancies, but that he saw them as really as the standers by: and that beside these outward terrors, he felt continually a rack-ing torture of his minde, and a continual butchery of his conscience, being the very proper pangs of the damned wights in hell.*

But of all the rest most desperate was that last speech of his, when snatching a knife (as intending to mischief himself, but stopped by his friends) he roared with indignation, *I would I were*

were above God, for I know he will have no mercy on me; and thus living a while, he appeared at length a very perfect anatomy, expressing to the view nothing but sinews, and bones, vehemently raging for drink; ever pining, yet fearful to live long, dreadful of hell, yet coveting death; in a continual torment, yet his own tormentour; consuming himself with grief and hor-
rour, impatience and despaire, till at last he ended his miserable-miserable life.

And now (beloved) if such be the departure of a sinful *soul*, O who would live in sin, to come to such a departure! For my part, I dare not say these parties, thus miserable in their own apprehensions, are now among Devils in hell: I finde the Authours themselves to incline to the right hand; besides, what am I, that I should sit in Gods Chaire? onely this I say, that their miserable deaths may very well give warning to us all; nor need you think much at me for uttering these (*terribilia*) terrible stories: for if sometimes you did not hear of Gods judgements against sin; a day might come, that you would most of all cry out on the Preacher: To this purpose, we have a story of a certain rich man, who lying on his death-bed, *My soul* (said he) *I bequeath to the Devil, who owns it; my wife to the Devil, who drew me to my ungodly life, and my Chaplaine to the Devil who flattered me in it.* I pray God I never hear of such a Legacy from any of you: Sure I had better to tell you afore-hand to prevent it, then not telling you to feel it. And let this be for my Apology in relating these stories.

But for a second Use, give me leave, I pray you, to *separate the precious from the vile*. Now then to sweeten the thoughts of all true penitents, the souls of Saints are not *required*, but *received*. Rejoyce then ye righteous that mourn in *Sion*; what though a while ye suffer? Death is a Goal-delivery to your souls, not bringing in, but freeing out of thraldome. Here the good man findes sharpest misery, the evil man sweetest felicity; therefore it is just, that there should be a time of changing turnes; The rich mans Table stood full of delicacies, *Lazarus* lacks crumbes; but now he is comforted, and they are tormented. *Wo unto you that laugh, for you shall mourne, Luk. 6. 25. Blessed are you that mourne, for you shall rejoyce, Matth. 5. 4.* Happy *Lazarus*! who from thy beggary and loathsome sores wert carried by
Angels.

2. Use

Luk. 16. 25.

Luke 6. 25.

Mat. 5. 4.

Angels into *Abrahams* bosome : Happy Thief, who upon thy true repentance, and unfeigned prayer, wert received from the Crosse to the Paradise of thy Saviour : Happy are all they that suffer tribulation, *Death* shall loose their *souls* from bonds and fetters, and instead of a *Bailiff* to arrest them, shall be a *Porter* to conduct them to the gates of heaven : There shalt thou tread on Serpents, trample on thine enemies, sing sweet Trophies : Were not this enough ? thy Conquests shall be crowned by the hands of Seraphims, triumphed with the sound of Angels, warbled by the Quire of Spirits, confirmed by the King of Kings, and Lord of Hosts. Happy *Soul* ! that art not *required by Devils, but received by Angels* : and when we die, Lord Jesus, send thine Angels to receive our *Souls*.

You see now *Deaths Arrest*, and what remains further, save to accept of some *Bail* ? But what *Bail*, where you have the Kings Commandment from his own mouth ? this *requiring* is not of any other, but himself ; of no surety, but of thee (saith God) must thy *Soul* be required.

Of thee.]

ONCE more (you see) I have brought this rich man on the stage, his doom is now at hand, and *Death* (Gods messenger) summons him to appear by *Requiring of his soul*] but of whom is it *Required* ? had he any Sureties to put in ? or was any *Bail* sufficient to be taken for him ? no, he must go himself, without all help or remedy, it was he that sinned, and it is he must pay for it ; *Of thee*] it is required.

How ? *of thee* ? Sure, *Death* mistakes ; we can finde thousands more fit, none more fearful ; there stands a *Saul*, near him his armour-bearer, behold a *Judas* ; such will outface deaths fury ; nay, rather than it fail in its office, they will not much question to be their own deaths-men : but this *Of thee* (who art at league with hell, in love with earth, at peace with all) is most terribly fearful.

Stay *Death* ! there stands a poor *Lazarus* at the gates, like *Job* on his dung-hill, his eyes blinde, his ears deaf, his feet lame, his body struck with boiles, and his *Soul* choosing rather to be strangled and die, than to be in his bones : Were not this a fit object

jest for *Deaths* cruelty? Would he spare the rich, he should be welcome to the poor: but *Death* is inexorable, he must not live, nor shall the Beggar beg his own *death* for another: *Of thee* it is required.

But (*Death*!) yet stay thy hand, here's a better surety; what needs *death* a presse, when he may have volunteers? there stands an old man as ready for the grave, as the grave for him; his face is furrowed, his hairs hoary, his back bowing, his hammes bending, and therefore no song is fitter than old *Simeons*, Lord, now lettest thou thy servants depart in peace: Youth is loath, but Age is merry to depart from misery; let *Death* then take him that standeth nearest *deaths-door*; No, the old must die, but the young may; he must die soon, yet be sure thou shalt not live long, *Of thee* it is required.

Luke 2. 19.

Cannot this serve? let *Death* yet stay his hand, there stands a servant waiting at this rich mans beck, as if he would spend his own life to save his Masters? he can make a Pageant of Cringes, act a whole speech of flatteries; every part owes him service, feet to run, hands to work, head to crouch, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of a Mistressse, so the eyes of his servants look unto the hands of their Master: But where be these attendants when *Death* comes? Was ever any Master better than Christ? were ever any servants truer than his Apostles? Yet see their fidelity: must their Saviour dye? one betraies him, another forswears him, all runne from him, and leave him alone in midst of all his enemies: What then is the trust of servants? The rich man may command and go without, if *death* should require them, they would not; or if they should desire *death*, he will not; his arrest concerns not the servants, it is for the Master himself; he that commands others, now *Death* commands him: *Of thee* it is required.

Will not all do? Let *Death* but stay this once: there stands a friend, that will lose his own, to save his life: Greater love than this hath no man, (saith our Saviour) when any man bestoweth his life for his friends, John 15. 13. Riches may perhaps procure such love, and get some friend to answer *deaths* quarrel which he owes this man: Jonathan loves David, David Absalom; and sure it was a love indeed, when Jonathan preserves the life of David, and David wisheth a death to himself in the stead of Absalom:

John 15. 13.

2 Sam. 18. 33.

O my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son. But where be any friends so respective of this Worldling? He wants a *Jonathan*, a *David*; upon a strict enquiry we finde *no friend, no father, no son, neither heirs nor assignes to whom he may bestow his lands.* But what if he had friends as near to himself as himself? No man can die for another: or as the Psalmist, *No man may deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him: for it cost more to redeem their souls, so that he must let that alone for ever.* Should the poor man beg, the old man pray, his servants kneel, his friends lie at deaths feet, and all these offer up all their lives for this rich mans recovery, all were but vain; it is thy soul is arrested, and it is thy self must yield it: *Of thee it is required.*

Psalm 49. 7, 8.

You see there is no way but one with him: to conclude then, wee'l bid him his farewell (this is the last office we can do this rich man) and so wee'l leave him.

The houre is come, and the dawning of that dreadful day appeareth; now he begins to wish that he had some space, some piece of time to repent him; and if he might obtain it, O what would he do? or what would he not do? *Relieve the weak, visit the sick, feed the hungry, lodge the stranger, cloath the naked, give half his goods to the poor, and if he had done any wrong, restore it him again seven fold.* But alas! all is too late, the candle that but followes him, cannot light him to heaven; a sudden death denies his suit, and the increasing of his sicknesse will give him no leasure to fulfill those duties: What cold sweats are those that feize upon him? his senses fail, his speech falters, his eyes sinke, his breast swells, his feet die, his heart faints, such are the outward pangs; What then are the inward griefs? if the body thus suffers, what cares and conflicts endures the soul? had he the riches of *Craesus*, the Empires of *Alexander*, the robes of *Solomon*, the fare of that rich man who lived *deliciously every day*; what could they do in the extremitie of these pangs! *O rich man, thou couldst sell us of pulling down Barns and building greater; but now imagine the vast cope of heaven thy Barn, (and that were large enough) and all the riches of the world thy grain (and that were crop enough) yet all these cannot buy a minute of ease, now that death will have thy body, hell thy soul.* O dark dungeon of imprisoned men! whose help wilt thou crave? whose aid wilt thou

thou ask? what release canst thou expect from such a prison? the disease is past cure, the sickness wants remedy; alas! what may recover now the heart-strings break asunder? thy date expires, thy last breath goes, and now is *thy Soul and Body required of thee.*

I have hitherto with *Nathan* beat sinful *David* on a strangers coat. You must give me leave to take off the mask, and shew you your own faces in this glass.

Believe thou who readest this, that shortly there will be two holes where thine eyes now stand, and then others may take up thy skull, and speak of thee dead, as I have done to thee living: how soon I know not, but this I am sure of, *Thy time is appointed, thy months are determined, thy days are numbred, thy very last hour is limited.* And what followes, but that thy body lie cold at the *root of the rocks*, at the foot of the mountains? Go to the graves of those that are gone before us, and there see; are not their eyes wasted, their mouths corrupted, their bones scattered? where be those ruddy lips, lovely cheeks, sparkling eyes, comely nose, hairy locks? are not all gone as a dream in the night, or as a shadow in the morning? alas! that we neglect these thoughts, and set our mindes wholly upon the world and its vanity! we are careful, fearful, and immoderately painful to get transitory riches, like children following Butter-flies; we run and toil, and perhaps misse our purpose: but if we catch them, what is it but a flie to besmear our hands? Riches are but empty, and yet be they what they will be, all at last will be nothing. *Saladine* that great Turk, after all his conquests, gets his shirt fastened to his spear in manner of an Ensigne; this done a Priest makes Proclamation; *This is all that Saladine carries away with him, of all the riches he hath gotten.* Shall a Turk say thus, and do Christians forget their duties? Remember your selves ye sons of earth, of *Adam* what is this earth you dote on? besure you shall have enough of it, when your mouths must be filled and crammed with it, and (as your souls desire it, so) at that day shall your bodies turn to it. O that men are thus given to gasping greedinesse! there is a generation, and they are too common amongst us, that we may preach and preach (as they say) our hearts out, yet will not they stir a foot farther from the world, or an inch nearer un-

Use 13

Job 14. 14.

Job 14 5.

Psal. 90. 12.

John 11. 9.

Knoll's Turkish History p. 73.

Widd. 5. 8.

to God, but could we speak with them on their death-bed, when their consciences are awaked, then should we hear them yell out those complaints, *What hath pride profited us? or what good hath riches with our vaunting brought us?* Assure your selves this day, or this night will come, and imagine (I pray) that the ten, twenty, thirty, forty years, or moneths, or dayes, or hours, which you have yet to live, were at an end; were you at this present stretched on your beds, wearied with struggling against your wearied pangs; were your friends weeping, your Physicians parting, your children crying, your wives howling, and your selves lying mute and dumb in a most pitiful agony?—

Beloved Christian! (whosoever thou art) stay a while (I pray thee) and practise this meditation: Suppose thou now fellest the cramp of death wresting thy heart-strings, and ready to make that ruful divorce bewixt thy body and thy soul; suppose thou layest now panting for breath, swimming in a cold fatal sweat; suppose thy words were fled, thy tongue struck dumb, thy soul amazed, thy senses frighted; suppose thy feet beginning even to die, thy knees to wax cold and stiff, thy nostrils to run out, thine eyes to sink into thy head, and all the parts of the body to lose their office to assist thee; upon this supposal lift up thy soul, and look about thee; (O I can tell thee, if thou livest and diest in sinne) there would be nowhere any comfort, but a world of terrour and perplexity; look upwards, there shouldst thou see the terrible sword of Gods justice threatening; look downwards, there shouldst thou see the grave in expectation ready gaping; look within thee, there shouldst thou feel the worm of conscience bitter gnawing; look without thee, there shouldst thou see good and evil Angels on both sides, waiting whether of them should have the prey: now alas! (then wouldst thou say) The soul so depart from the body were a thing intolerable, to continue still therein were a thing impossible; and to deferre this departure any longer (supposing this hour thy last hour) no Physick could prevail, it were a thing unavoidable: What then would thy poor soul do, thus invironed with so many straits? O fond fools of Adams seed, that neglect the time till this terrible passage! how much wouldst thou give (if thus it were) for an hours repentance? at what rate wouldst thou value a dayes contrition? worlds are worthlesse in respect of a little respite, a short truce would seem more pre-

precious than the treasures of Empires ; nothing would then be so much esteemed as a trice of time, which before by monerhs and years thou lavishly mis-spent. Think on thy sins, nay, thou couldst not choose but think ; Satan would write them on the curtains of thy bed, and thy agashed eyes would be forced to look upon them, there wouldst thou see thousands committed, not one confessed, or throughly repented ; then too late thou wouldst begin to wish, *O had I led a better life, and were it to begin again, O then how would I fast and pray ; how repent, how live !* Certainly, certainly, if thou goest on in sinne, thus would be thy departure, thy carkeise lying cold among the stones of the pit, and thy soul, by the weight of sinne, irrecoverably sinking into the bottome of that bottomlesse burning lake.

But to prevent this evil, take this use of advice for thy farwell : whilst yet thy life lasteth, whilst yet the Lord gives thee a gracious day of visitation, ply, ply all those blessed means of salvation, as prayer and conference, and meditation, and Sermons, and Sacraments, and fastings, and watchings, and patience, and faith, and a good conscience ; in a word, so live, that when this *day or night of death* comes, thou mayest then stand firm and sure : as yet thou art in the way of a transitory life, as yet thou art not entered into the confines of Eternity : If now therefore thou wilt walk in the holy path, if now thou wilt stand out against any sin whatsoever, if now thou wilt take on thee the yoke of our Saviour Christ, if now thou wilt associate thy self to that sect and brotherhood, that is *every where spoken against* ; if now thou wilt direct thy words to the glorifying of God, and to give grace unto the hearers ; if now thou wilt delight in the Word, the wayes, the Saints, the services of God ; if now thou wilt never turn again unto folly, or to thy trade of sin, though Satan set upon thee with his baits and allurements, to detain thee in his bondage, but by one darling delight, one minion-sin, then I dare assure thee, *dear, right dear would be thy death in the sight of the Lord* : with joy and triumph wouldst thou passe through all the terrours of death, with singing and rejoycing, would thy soul be received into those sacred mansions above. O happy soul, if this be thy case ! O happy *night or day*, whensoever the news comes, that then must thy soul be taken from thee !

Use 2.

Psal. 116. 35.

You

1 Thes. 5. 6.

You may think it now high time, that we bid this farewell-funeral Text adieu. Then for conclusion, let every word be thy warning. Lest *this*] be thy time, provide for this, and every time; lest the *night*] be dreadful, *Do not sleep, as do others; but watch and be sober*; lest thy *soul*] should suffer, desire the sufferings of thy God to satisfie; lest death *require*] it of thee by force, offer it up to God with a chearful devotion; and lest this *of thee*] be fearful, who hast lived in sinne; correct these courses, amend thy wayes, and the blessing of God be with thee all thy life, at the hour of death, now, henceforth, and for ever. *Amen.*

Doomes-



Doomes-day.

MATTH. 16. 27.

Then shall he reward every man according to his works.



He dependance of this Text is limited in few lines, and that your eyes wander no further than this Verse, therein is kept a general Assize; the Judge, Officers, Prisoners stand in array; the Judge is God, and the Son of man; the officers, Angels, and they are his Angels; the Prisoners, men, and because of the Goal-delivery, every man. If you will have all together, you have a Judge, his circuit, his habit, his attendants, his judgements: a Judge, the Son of man; his circuit, he shall come; his habit, in the glory of his Father; his attendants, with his Angels: What now remains, but the execution of justice? then, without more ado see the Text, and you see all; the scales in his hand, our works in the scales, the reward for our works, * of just weight each to other; Then he shall reward every man according to his works.

This Text gives us the proceeding of Doomes-day, which is the last day, the last Sessions, the last Assize, that must be kept on earth, or is decreed in Heaven; if you expect Sheriffs, or

* I mean not an Arithmetical, but a Geometrical weight; rewards (especially of Heaven) are not equal according to justice, but proportionable according to promise.

Judges, Plaintiffs or Prisoners, all are in this Verse, some in each word. *Then*] is times Trumpet that proclaims their coming. *He*] is the Judge that examines all their lives. *Reward*] is the doom, that proceeds from him in his Throne. *Man*] is the mafeſactour, *every man*] ſtands before him as a priſoner. *Works*] are the indictments, and according to our works] muſt go the trial, howſoever we have done, good or evil.

Give me yet leave, this Judge ſits on trials as well as priſoners; it is an high Court of appeal, where Plaintiffs, Counſellours, Judges, all muſt appear and answer: Would you learn the proceedings? there is the Term, *Then*] the Judge, *he*] the ſentence, *ſhall reward*] the parties, *every man*] the trial it ſelf, which you may finde in all to be juſt and legal, *every man his rewards according to his works.*]

We have opened the Text, and now you ſhall have the hearing.

Then.]

T*hen*] when? the } Negative.
answer is } Positive.

First, *Negative, Then*:] not on a ſudden, or (at leaſt) not at this preſent. This life is no time to receive rewards, the rain and Sun pleaſure both the good and bad; nay, oftentimes the bad fare beſt, and Gods own children are moſt fiercely ſcorched in the furnace of affliction; *The earth is given into the hands of the wicked*, ſaith Job: but, *If any man will follow me, he muſt take up his croſſe*, ſaith our Saviour. Joy, and pleaſure, and happineſſe attend the ungodly, while Gods poor ſervants run thorow the thicker of briers and brambles to the Kingdome of Heaven: but *Shall not the Judge of all the world do right?* A time ſhall come when both theſe muſt have their change; *Mark the upright, and behold the juſt, for the end of that man is peace, but the tranſgreſſours ſhall be deſtroyed together, and the end of the wicked ſhall be cut off*, *Pſal.* 37: 37, 38. The effect of things is beſt known to us in ſome iſſue of time; and then ſhall we have our rewards when *The Sun of man ſhall come in the glory of his Father*. Let this admoniſh us to have patience in all our expectations: What is it to ſuffer a while, an inch of time, conſidering the reward is great.

Job 9. 24.
Matth. 16. 24.

Gen. 18. 25.

Pſal. 37. 37, 38.

great indeed, everlasting in duration? *Rest in the Lord* (saith David) *and wait patiently for him: fret not thy self for him which prospereth in his way:* And will you know the reason? *For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be; but the meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace:* Psal. 37. 10, 11. So they shall indeed, if onely they will expect a little time; not now, but *Then* [stay yet a while, and be sure anon the reward shall be given.

2. But to answer positively, this *Then* is no other than *Dooms-day*, and when that shall be, will be known best by

Conjectures.

Signes.

We will begin with the former.

Some would have it in the year 6000 from the beginning of the world: this was the sentence of *Elias* (say the Jewes) whose prophetic thus runs, *Two thousand years before the Law: two thousand under the Law, and two thousand under the Gospel:* how untrue this sounds, any one may guesse that considers: in the first number he fails, because it was too little; in the second number he erres, because it was too much: and if *Elias* say amisse for the time now past, how should we believe him for that yet to come? Others, besides testimony produce reason, that as God was creating the world six dayes, so he must be a governing it six thousand years; here's a seeming proportion, but upon what reason? Every day, (say they) must be a thousand years with man, because *a thousand years are but as one day with God.* It were too frivolous a pains to repeat any more, or to answer these: *Is not this sacrilege to break into Gods place, and pry into his Sanctuary?* Why should we presume to know more than God would have us? Look at the Apostles, were they not Gods Secretaries? Look at the Angels, are they not Gods Heralds? Look at Christ himself, is he not the Son of God? and yet as he is the Son of man, he speaks of all, *Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no Angel, neither the Son, but the Father only,* Mark 13. 32. *It is not for us to seek, where the Lord hath not a tongue to speak.* Why should we know more than other men, than all men, than Angels, than Christ himself, who (as man) was either ignorant of it, or (at least) had no commission to reveal it. *It is not for you to know the times and seasons,*

Psal. 37. 7, 10, 11.

Psal. 90. 4.

Salvianus de
gub. Dei, l. 9.

Mar. 13. 32.
Ne nos addamus
inquirere,
quod ille non
addidit dicere,
Aug. Epist. 145
Acts 1. 7.

Maath. 13. 33.

1 Thess. 5. 2.

3.
Tasse Tho. A.
quin. Supplem.
ad 3. part. 9.
73. art. 1.

which the Father hath put in his own power, Act. 1. 7. It is a better use which our Saviour makes, Take heed, watch, and pray; for ye know not when the time is, Mark 13. 33. As a thief in the night, so is Doo^ms-day, it comes suddenly, it will come shortly: would you needs know when? why then when you least imagine such a matter, then when worldly honours profit nothing, then when kindred and acquaintance fail, then when the world shall be set on fire, then [then] he shall reward every man according to his works.

But secondly, if conjectures fail, the signes are certain: Jerom reports of fifteen Miracles for fifteen dayes, which he writes to have found in the Hebrews Annals, and immediately must precede the Judges coming. The first day (saith he) the sea shall swell, and lift up her waves at least fifteen cubits above the height of the highest hills. The second day, unlike to the former, the sea shall ebbe again, and the waves be fallen till they scarce be sen. The third day the sea must return to its ancient course, and so abide that day as it was before. The fourth day, sea-monsters shall appear above the sea, whose bellowing roars shall fill the air with cries, which God alone understands, and men shall tremble at. The fifth day, all the fowles of the air shall flock together, and meeting in the fields shall there chatter, and starve for fear of the approaching times. The sixth day, floods of fire shall rise up against the firmament, which kindling at the falling Sun, shall run like a lightning to the rising morn. The seventh day, all stars and planets shall shoot out fiery comets. The eighth day, there shall be a general earth-quake, and the motion so violent, that the ground shall hop, and the living creatures not stand on their feet, that walk on the tottering floores. The ninth day, trees shall sweat blood. The tenth day, all the stones of the earth shall war together, and with a thundering noise break one upon another. The eleventh day, all buildings shall be ruined, and all the hills and mountains melt into dust and powder. The twelfth day, all beasts of the field shall come from their woods and dens, and so abiding from their food, shall roar and bellow up and down the plains. The thirteenth day, all graves shall be open, from the rising up of the Sun, unto the going down of the same. The fourteenth day, all men shall come abroad, and such a distraction seize on their heavy hearts, that they shall lose the speech and volubility of their tongues. And the fifteenth (which is the last day) the living men shall die, and the dead

dead shall live again; all above earth be changed, and those in their graves be raised and recovered.

I will not say these things are certain, (I leave you to the author that recites them) but if any whit true, why (blessed Lord!) what a day of appearance shall this be? I know not (saith one) what others may think of it, but *for my self, it makes me tremble to consider it. It is a day of anger and wrath, a day of trouble and heavinesse, a day of obscurity and darknesse, a day of clouds and blacknesse, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the strong cities, and against the high towers, Zeph. 1. 15. I will but run thorow the signes, as we finde them in Gods writ, and then see if your hearts will not fail for fear.*

Chrylost.
Hom. 77. in Mat.
Zeph. 1. 15.

Then] shall the Sun be darkened: can Nature stand and suffer a general Eclipse? when God died, the Sun could discolour its beauty, and suit it self in black to its Makers condition; and now man dies, the Sun is clad again in mourning robes. Alas! what can it do but mourne? God lives, but man-kinde dies: though he was the Creator, yet we are the creatures for whom it was created: *when the householder dies, the family grieves:* were all eyes dry, here is the eye of the world weeps it self blinde to see this dissolution: Is man bereft of compassion, for whom the Sun it self undergoes this passion? think on those times, when darknesse that may be felt, shall spread over all the earth; how should plants but wither? or beasts of the field but waste? how should men but dye, when they stumble at noon-day? their eyes shall fail them, the light forsakes them: miserable men! the Sun shall not shine on them, because God will judge them. But this is not all:

Mat. 24. 29.

*Par. familiaris
moriens, ambe-
tar domus.*
Chrylost. in
Math. 24.

Then] shall the moon nor give her light: as the day and night are both alike with God, so the day and night shall be alike with man: the Sun will not lend its lustre, nor can the Moon borrow any more light: but what strange warre makes this confusion of nature? the Sun shall look black; and the Moon be turned into blood. Here is a new Moon, and such a change as before was never seen: there is no increase, no full, no wane, but all the light is at once extinguished: unhappy creatures that depend upon her influence! how should they live, when she her self wades in blood? God made these *Lights for signes, and for seasons, for dayes, and for years:* but now signes are out, seasons past,

Math. 24. 29.

Joel 2. 31.
Gen. 1. 14.

Rev. 10. 6.

dayes are done, years abolished: *The Angel hath sworn by him that lives for ever, that time shall be no longer,* Rev. 10. 6. Who will not believe that heares this sacred oath? was it a man? no, an *Angel*:] did he say it? no, he *swore* it:] how? by himself? no, it was *by him that lives for ever*:] and what? that time must be little? nay it must be *no longer, time shall be no more.*] How shall it be any more? the *Sun* is disfigured, the *Moon* disrobed, both eclipsed. But this not all.

Efay 13. 10.
Ezek. 32. 7.
Joel 3. 15.

Then shall the stars be shaken; the powers of Heaven shall move, and the Lamps of heaven shall tremble: these were Gods threats against the *Babylonians*, Efay 13. 10. *For the stars of Heaven, and the Planets thereof shall not give their light.* Against the *Egyptians*, Ezek. 32. 7. *I will cover the heaven, and make the stars dark over thee*: Against all his enemies, Joel 3. 15. *The Sun and Moon shall be darkened*, (but not they alone, for) *and the stars themselves shall withdraw their shining*: But what speak we of darknesse, or the stars not shining? they shall not only dimme, but down. *In those dayes* (saith our Saviour) *after that tribulation the Sun and the Moon shall darken, and the stars of heaven shall fall*: how fall? *so thick* (say Expositors) *that the Firmament shall seem to be without all light.* I cannot say these signes shall be real; whether it is by subtraction of their light, or the conceit of brain-troubled sinners, or the fall of some enflamed vapours, or the Apostasie of some enlightened persons: for certain (to speak literally) there shall be some change in the whole order of Nature: *Sun and Moon, Stars and Planets*, all must lose their light, and by all likelihood, it is the glory of the Judge that will dazle those Candles. Neither is this all.

Mark. 13. 15.
Tymme, &c.

Then shall the elements melt, the fire shall fall down from heaven, the air turn it self into vapours, the Sea swell above all Clouds, the earth be full of yawning Cliffs, and violent tremblings: A fire shall first usher the Judge, and such a fire as shall have the property of all fires; that fire in its sphear, this fire on earth, the fearful fire which torments in hell, all shall meet in one, and according to their several qualities, produce their several effects: If we believe the Authour in the margent, *the just shall be refined by one, the wicked shall be tormented by another, the earth be consumed by a third*: There is no creature but it must be fuel for this fire; as the first world

2 Pet. 3. 18.
*Elementaria
subiitlano,
terrestria con-
sumendo, infer-
nalis puniendo.*
Joh. de Com-
bit.

was

was destroyed with water, to quench the heat of their lust: so must this be destroyed with fire, to warm the cold of our charity. But not the *fire* alone:

Then] shall the *aire* breed wonders: what shall be seen but lightnings, whirle-windes, conflagrations, blazing-stars, flashing thunders? here a *Comet* runs round in a circuit, there a *Crown* compasseth that *Comet*; near them a fiery *Dragon* fumes in flames; every where appears a shooting fire, as if all above us were nothing but *inflamed aire*. Yet not the *aire* alone:

Then] shall the *waters* roare, Rivers shall wax dry, the Sea froth, and foame, and fume: those that dwell near shall wonder at the swelling tides, others afar off shall tremble at the roaring noise: What threats are those which the *Surges* murmur? war is proclaimed by noise, set on by blasts, continued by storms; the floods and tides shall run over all the plaines, the Sea and waves shall mount up to the very skies: now would they warre with heaven, then overwhelm the earth, anon will they sinke to hell; and thus shall they rove and rage, as if they would threat all the world with a second inundation. Nay yet again.

Then] shall the earth be shaken; in divers places (saith *Matthew*;) in all places (saith *Joel*) for all the earth shall tremble before him. Here is an Earthquake indeed; not some part of the land, by reason of some cloistered winde, but the Rocks, Mountains, Castles, Cities, Countries, some shall remove, others be ruined; thus all the earth shall be as a swallowing gulf, that all things here situated, may be then devoured. What can I more?

Then] shall Plants cease their growth, Beasts want their sense, Men lose their reason: were this but little? you may wonder more. The *Sibyls* could affirme, that *Nature* should both cease, and change her being; the Trees instead of growth should sweat out blood; the Beasts should bellow up & down the fields, then want their sense; Men should have disfigured faces, astonished hearts, affrighted looks, then lose their reason: Nay, what marvel then, if at the worlds end, they be at their wits end? O fearful signes, enough to move flinty stones! if this be the *Term*, what is the *Suit*, the *Bill*, the *Doom*, the *Execution*? A Trump shall summon, Death will arrest, God must have

appearance, and *Then*] is the day : *Then*] he shall reward every man according to his works.

What a Chaos is here, when the world must be thus turned topsie turvie ? *the Sun, the Moon, the Starres* : come yet lower, *the Fire, the Aire, the Sea, the Earth* ; nay, *Trees, and Beasts, and Men*, all must be out of order in the whole course of Nature.

1. Use.

Who can read or hear this Prognostication of *Doomes-day*, and not wonder at the signes which shall hang over all our heads ? We see by experience when any out-ragious Storme happens on Sea or Land, how wonderfully men are dismayd, how strangely astonished : now then, when the Heavens, the Earth, the Sea, the Aire shall be wholly ditterpered and disordered ; when the *Sun* shall threaten with mourning, the *Moon* with blood, the *Stars* with their falling ; yea, when all the heavens shall shrink and passe away as a paper-scroule, who then dares eat, or drink, or sleep, or takes a minutes rest ? Be sure these dayes shall come, and the signes shall passe : *Awake ye Drunkards, and weep all ye drinkers of Wine, because of the new wine ; for it shall be pulled from your monthes. Gird your selves, and lament ye Priests, howe ye Ministers of the Altar : Alas ! for the day, for the day of the Lord is at hand, and as a destruction from the Almighty shall it come.* What ? are ye insensible of these signes ? the imprisioned thiefe fears at the news of the affiize : and is the sinner so impudent that he fears nothing ? The day shall come when the men of earth shall fear, and be full of fear ; every signe shall breed a wonder, and every sight shall breed a wondrous terroir ; men shall hide themselves in the caves of beasts, and the beasts seek to save themselves in the houses of men : where then shall the wicked stand, when all the world shall be thus in uproare ?

Joel 1. 5. 13, 15

2. Use

Yet a word for us all ; we have all warning, and we had best to provide ; yet the weather is fair, we may frame an Arke to save us from the flood ; yet are the Angels at the gates of *Sodom* ; yet is *Jonas* in the streets of *Nineveh* ; yet the Prophet woos, *O Judah, how should I intreat thee ?* yet the Apostle prayes, nay, *We pray you in Christs stead, that ye will be reconciled unto God* : to conclude, yet the Bride-groom staves the Virgins leisure ; Lord, that they would make speed, seeing the joyes of heaven tarry for them ! This *Term* is at hand, and is

Hol. 6. 4.

2 Cor. 5. 20.

is not time to petition to the Judge of heaven? What a dangerous course is it, never to call to minde that *Time of Times*, untill we see the Earth flaming, the Heavens melting, the Judgement hastening, the Judge with all his Angels coming in the Clouds to denounce the last doom upon all flesh, which shall be unto some *Wo, wo*, when they shall call to the mountains to cover them, and for shame of their sins, hide themselves (if it were possible) in hell fire! If we have any fear, this should move fear; if we have any care, this should move us all to be careful indeed. We have not two souls that we may hazard one, neither have we two lives that we may trust to another; but as thy last day leaves thee, so will this *Doomes-day* finde thee. Who would not but accept the Fatherly fore-warning of Christ our Saviour? See you not now many signes as the Heralds and fore-runners of his glorious coming? *The abounding of iniquity, the waxing cold of charity, the rising up of Nation against Nation*? Was there ever lesse love? was there ever more hatred? Where is that *Jonathan* that loves *David* as his own soul? nay, where is not that *Joab* that can embrace friendly, but carries a malicious heart towards *Ahner*? sure we are neer the end indeed, when *charity is grown thus cold*. You then that would have the comfort of the day, take these signes for warnings; provide for him who hath thus long waited for you; and *seeing you look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blamelesse*. Who would endanger their souls for a little sinne? buse Clients heed nothing but their cause; and if you would recover heaven, be sure that ye mark this *Term*. The time drawes on, now the Writs are out, anon comes the Judge, and *Then* is the day. *Then*] he shall reward every man according to his work.

Matth. 24. 7. 12

2 Pet. 3. 14.

You see the *Term*, and now you may expect to view the Judge: the *Term* is *Then*,] the Judge is *He*.] Stay a while, and the next time you shall see him in his judgement-seat.

He.]

He.]

*Hoc facis, ut al
infirmitas se for-
sem hominum
desicias.
Musculus in
Matth. cap. 8.
Plal. 8. 4.*

HE? who? if you look at the fore-going words you may see who he is: *The Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, and it is he that shall reward us according to our works.*

This title of the Son of man, denotes unto us the humility of the Son of God; what is the Son of man, but man? and this tells us how humble he was for us, that being God, was made man, or the Son of man, which is as all one, according to that, *Psal. 8. 4. What is man that thou art mindful of him? or the Son of man that thou visitest him?*

*Heb. 12. 23.
Acts 17. 31.*

It is true, *God is the Judge of all, Heb. 12. 23.* and yet it is as true, this God is man, *Acts 17. 31. God (saith Paul) will judge the world, but it is by that man whom he hath ordained.* God hath the power, but God as man hath only the Commission. *He (who is God) hath given him authority to execute Judgement.* And would you know the reason? it is only *because he is the Sonne of man, Joh. 5. 27.* In a word, *God shall judge;* the whole Trinity by prescription, Christ only in execution: the Father judgeth, but by the Son; or as the Evangelist *John, the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgement to the Son, Joh. 5. 22.*

John 5. 27.

John 5. 22.

But because *as man*, there appears in him a double forme, *as humbled, as glorified;* wee'l discusse these questions, which resolve all doubts.

{ 1. Whether Christ, *as man* } shall appear unto us,
when he will reward
{ 2. Whether man, *as glorified* } us?

To the first we say, *that only as man he will appear our Judge, who as man appeared when himself was judged;* what better reason to expresse the benefit of our redemption, than so to judge us as he did redeem us? was he not man that *suffered, died, and was buried?* and is he not man that one day shall come to judge both the quick and dead? he that came obscurely to be judged by the unjust, shall then appear openly to judge all the just: the same man, who is God and man, shall be our Judge in his humane nature, by his divine power. Thus we say, *God (who is the Ancient of dayes) hath the power original;* but *man (who is the Son of God) hath the power traduced;* and therefore saith *Daniel, One like the Sonne of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of dayes, and they brought him neere before him,*
and

*Tunc manifestus venies
inter justos judicaturus, qui
occulta venerat
judicandus ab
injustis.
August. de ci-
vit. Dei.*

and there was given him dominon, and glory, and a Kingdome.

Dan. 7. 13, 14.
Use.

Consider this, ye that are going to the Bar; what a sight will this be to the faithlesse Jewes, stubborn Gentiles, wicked Christi-
ans, when Every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him! This is the man (shall they say) that was crucified for us, and again crucified by us: why, alas! every sin is a Crosse, every oath is a Spear, and when that day is come, you must behold the man, whom thus you do crucifie by your daily sins: Sure this will be a fearful sight; where is the bloody sweater, that can tear his wounds, and heart, and blood, and all? at this day of Doom *
those wounds shall appear, that heart be visible, that body and blood be seen both of good and bad, and then shall that fearful voice proceed from his Throne, This was the heart thou piercest, these are the wounds thou rasedst, and this is the blood thou spilledst: Here is the fearful judgement, when thou that art the murderer shalt see the slain man sit thy Judge: what favour canst thou expect at his hands, whom thou hast so vilely abused by thy daily sins? be sure, the Son of man will come, as it is written of him, but we be unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed, it had been good for that man if he had not been born, Matth. 26. 24.

Apoc. 1. 7.

* Sic Aug. ba-
bet suum (for-
tasse) de Christi
& marty-
rum vulneri-
bus, quod non
sit deformitas
sui, sed dignitas.
Nunquid qua-
ritur, an cicat-
rices remane-
ant in corpore
perfecto & glo-

rificato? assamen Christus apparuit Thomæ cum cicatricibus ad fidem ejus confirmandam, Joh.
20. 27. Matth. 26. 24.

To the second question we answer, that as Christ shall ap-
pear in the forme of man, so this man shall appear in a glo-
rious forme: he that is a Mediatour betwixt God and man,
must both intercede for man to God, and communicate those
things which are of God to man: to this purpose both these
offices are agreeable to him, in that he participates of both
extreames; he is man to abide the judgements due from God, he
is God to convey all his benefits unto man: as then, in his first
coming, he pleased God by taking the infirmities of man upon
him, so in his second coming will he judge us men, by appearing
in that glory which he derives from God. But look about you!
who is this Judge arrayed in such a majesty? A fire devoures
before him, and behinde him a flame burnes up, on every side the
people tremble, and all faces shall gather blacknesse: here is a
change indeed, he that was in a cratch, now sits on a Throne;
then Christ stood like a Lambe before Pilate, now Pilate stands
like

Joel 2. 3, 6.

Psal. 110. 1.

like a malefactor before Christ; he that was once made the foot-stool of his enemies, must now judge, *till he hath made all his enemies his foot-stool.* Where shall they run? and how shall they seek the clefts of the rocks, and hollow places? the glory of his Majesty kindles a flame, while *the heaven and earth shall flie from the presence of this Judge.* O ye heavens! why do ye flie away? what have ye done? why are ye afraid? it is the Majesty of the Judge that will amaze the innocent; the greatness of whose indignation will be able to strike all the heavens with terror and admiration; when the Sea is out-ragious, and tempestuous, he that stands on the shoar will be struck into a kinde of fear: or when the Father goes like a Lion about his house, in punishing his bond-slave, the innocent son stands in great fear and trouble: and how then shall the wicked tremble, when the very heavens shall be afraid? *If the goodly Cedars of Lebanon be shaken, what shall become of the tender twigs in the Desert? if the sturdy Rams stoop and tremble, how will the bleating Lambs cry and run away? and if the just and righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?* The mountains and heavens shall melt before the Lord; and what stony hearts have we, that (for all this) are nothing at all yet moved?

Grog. in Mor.

1 Pet. 4. 13.

But (may be) I prevent your expectation; if here be a Judge, where is the guard? behold him coming from above with great power and glory: would you know his habit? he is clothed with Majesty: seek you the colour? 'tis the brightnesse of his Father: would you view his attendants? they are an host of Angels: look you for the guard? they are a troop of shining Cherubims: nay, yet see a longer train, a further company, the souls of Saints descend from their imperial seats, and attend the Lamb with great glory, and glorious Majesty: never was any Judge Lord of such a circuit: his footstool are the Clouds, his seat the Rain-bowe, his Justices Saints, his Officers Angels, and the Arch-Angels. Trump proclaims a silence, whilest a just sentence comes from his mouth on all the world. Thus are the Assizes begun to be solemnized; *the thrones (as Daniel saw in his vision) were set up, and the ancient of dayes sat down, his garments white as snow, and the hair of his head like pure wool, his Throne like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire,*

Dan. 7. 9.

fire, Dan. 7. 9. This is the Judge whose coming is so fearful, ushered by a fiery flood, apparelled in snowy white, carried in his circuit on burning wheelcs, and attended with the number of thousand thousands. O ye *Jewes*, behold the man, whom before you crucified like a Malefactor; behold him in his Throne, whom you said, his Disciples had stolen by night out of his grave: behold him in his Majesty, *whom you would not deigne to look upon in his humility; the baser you esteemed his weaknesse, the heavier must you find and feel his mightinesse.* The Son of man appears, and the kindreds of the earth must mourn; such a shout of fury follows the sight of his Majesty, that the vaults shall echo, the hills resound, the earth shake, the heavens change their situation, and be turned to a confusion; then shall the wicked weep and wail, and yet their tears not serve their turn; their sins past betray them, their shame present condemns them, and their torment to come confounds them; thus shall they bewail their miserable hap; their unfortunate birth, and their cursed end: *O fearful Judge, terrible as an Army with Banners; turn away thine eyes from us,* which overcome the proudest Potentates: the Kings of the earth shall be astonished, and the Nations of the Isles shall fear from farre: Every eye shall see him whom they have pierced, and tremble at the presence of his sight. Conceive the guilty prisoner coming to his trial, will not the red robes of his Judge, make his heart bleed for his blood-shed? doth not that scarlet Cloth present a monstrous hew before his eyes? O then! what sight is this, when the man slain, sits in the judgement seat, the rosie wounds of our Saviour still bleeding (as it were) in the prisoners presence? These are the wounds, *not as tokens of infirmity, but victory; and these now shall appear, not as if he must suffer, but to shew us he hath suffered.* See here an object full of glory, splendor, majesty, excellency, and this is *He* the man, the Judge, the rewarder of every man according to his works.

Dan. 7. 9.

Math. 28. 13.
Greg. sup. 111.
Math. 24. in
nubibus cali.

Cant. 6. 4, 5.

Aquin. sup-
plem. 9. 90.
A. 2. ad se-
cundum.

The Judge we have set in his Throne, and before we appear, let us practise our repentance, that we answer the better.

Think but (O sinner) what shall be thy reward, when thou shalt meet this Judge; The adulterer for a while may flatter beauty, the Swearer grace his words with oaths, the Drunkard

Use 1.

Ecclesi. 11. 9.

kard kisse his cups, and drink his bodies health, till he bring his soul to ruine : *But remember for all these things God will bring thee to judgement.* Cold comfort in the end: The Adulterer shall satisfie his lust, when he lies on a bed of fire, all hugged and embraced with those flames; the swearer shall have enough of wounds and blood, when Devils torture his body, and rack his soul in hell; the Drunkard shall have plenty of his cups, when scalding lead shall be poured down his throat, and his breath draw flames of fire in stead of aire: as is thy sin, so is the nature of thy punishment; the just Judge shall give just measure, and the balance of his wrath poize in a just proportion.

Use 2.

Yet I will not discomfirt you, who are the Judges dearest favorites: Now is the day (if you are Gods servants) that Satan shall be trod under your feet, and you with your Lord and Master Christ, shall be carried into the holiest of holies. You may remember how all the men of God in their greatest anguishes here below, have fetcht comfort by the eye of faith at this mountain: Job rejoyced being cast on the Dung-hill, that his Redeemer lived, and that he should see him at the last day stand on the earth: John longed and cried, Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; and had we the same precious faith, we have the same precious promises: why then are we not ravished at the remembrance of these things? certainly there is an happy faith (where-soever it shall be found) that shall not be ashamed at that day:

1 John 2. 28.

Now therefore little children, abide in him, that when he shall appear, we may have confidence: Confidence? what else? I will see you again (saith our Saviour Judge) and your heart shall rejoyce, and your joy no man taketh from you. O blessed mercy, that so triumphs against judgement; our hearts must joy, our joyes endure, and all this occasioned by the sight of our Saviour; for He] shall reward every man according to his works.

John 16. 22.

We have prepared the Judge for sentence: he hath rid his circuit in the Clouds, and made the Rain-bow his chair of state, for his Judgement-seat; his Sheriffs are the Saints, that now rise from the Dust to meet their Judge, whom long they have expected: the summons is sent out by a shout from Heaven; the cry no sooner made, but the graves flie open, and the dead arise: stay a while till I ready them; you have seen the Judge, and now we pre-
pare

pare the judged. *He*] is the Judge; every man] the judged; and *He* shall reward every man according to his works.

Every man.]

THe persons to be judged, are a world of men, all men of the world, good and bad, elect and reprobates, but in a different manner: To give you a full view of them, I must lead your attentions orderly through these passages; there must be a *Citation, Resurrection, Collection, Separation*: follow me in these paths, and you may see both the men and their difference, before they come to their judgements.

First, there is a *summons*, and *Every man* must hear it: it is performed by a shout from Heaven, and the voice of the last Trump: the clangor of this Trump could ever sound in *Jeroms* ears, *Arise ye dead, and come to judgement*: the clangor of this Trump will sound in all mens ears, it shall wake the dead out of their drouzie sleep, and change the living from their mortal state, make devils tremble, and the whole world shake with terror: *A terrible voice, a Trumpet shall sound, that shall shake the world, rend the rocks, break the mountains, dissolve the bonds of death, burst down the gates of hell, and unite all spirits to their own bodies.* What say you to this Trump, that can make the whole Universe to tremble? no sooner shall it sound, but the earth shall shake, the mountains skip like Rams, and the little hills like young sheep: It shall pierce the waters, and fetch from the bottom of the Sea the dust of *Adams* seed, it shall tear the rocky Tombs of earthly Princes, and make their haughty mindes to stoop before the King of Heaven; it shall remove the centre, and tear the bowels of the earth, open the graves of all the dead, and fetch their souls from heaven or hell, to re-unite them to their bodies. A dreadful summons of the wicked, whom this sudden noise will no lesse astonish, then confound; the dark pitchy walls of that infernal pit of hell, shall be shaken with the shout, when the dreadful soul shall leave its place of terrour, and once more re-enter into her stinking Carion, to receive a greater condemnation: What terrour will this be to the wicked wretch? what woful salutations will there be between that body and soul, which living together

Surgite mortui, venite ad judicium. Hieronymus super Matthæum. Verè vox tubæ terribilis, cui omnia obediunt elementa; petras scindit, inferos, &c. Chrylost. 1. ad Corinth. 15.

in the height of iniquity, must now be re-united to enjoy the fulnesse of their misery? The voice of Christ is powerful, *The dead shall hear his voice and they shall come forth, they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of condemnation.*

You hear the *summons*, and the next is your *appearance*: death the Goaler brings all his prisoners from the grave, and they must stand and *appear* before the Judge of Heaven.

The *summons* is given, and every man must *appear*: Death must now give back all their spoils, and restore again all that she hath took from the world. What a gasty sight will this be, to see all the Sepulchers open, to see dead men rise out of their graves, and the scattered dust to flie on the wings of the winde, till it meet together in one compacted body? *Ezekiels dry bones shall live: thus saith the Lord, I will lay sinewes upon you, and make flesh grow upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and you shall know that I am the Lord, Ezek. 37.6.* This dust of ours shall be devoured by worms; consumed by Serpents, which craul and spring from the marrow of our bones: look in a dead mans grave, and see what you find; but dust, and worms, and bones, and skuls, putrified flesh, an house full of stench and vermine; Behold then the power of God Almighty, out of this grave and dust of the earth; from these chambers of death and darknesse, shall arise the bodies of the buried, the graves will flie open, and the dead go out; not an hair, not a dust, not a bone shall be denied, but whatsoever holds their dust shall yeild their bodies: *I saw the dead (saith John) small and great stand before God; and the Sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them, and they were judged every man according to their works, Rev. 20.13.* What a wonderful sight will this be, to see the sea and earth bring forth in all parts such variety of bodies: to see so many sorts of people and Nations to come together; huge armies, innumerable, as the Caterpillars of Egypt, all shall arise, and every one appear before the Lords Tribunal: worms and corruption cannot hinder the resurrection; he that said to *Corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my sister and mother*, said also, *I know that my Redeemer liveth, and mine eyes*

Job 17. 14.

Job 19. 25.

eyes

eyes shall behold him. O good God! how wonderful is thy power! this flesh of ours shall turne to dust, be eaten of worms, consume to nothing; if there be any reliques of our ashes, the winde may scatter them, the blasts divide them, our feet trample them, the beasts digest them, the vermine devoure them; if nothing, yet time will consume them. But for all this, God is as able to raise us from the dust, as to create us of the dust, not one dust of this clay shall perish; though scattered, divided, trampled, devoured, consumed; it shall be gathered, recovered, revived, refined, and raised; and as one dust shall not be lost of one man, so neither shall one man be lost of all the world: this is that general day that shall congregate all, they shall come from the four windes and corners of the world, to make an universal appearance; all the children of *Adam* shall then meet together; yea, all the kindreds of the earth shall meet together, and mourn; *Assemble your selves, and come, all ye heathen, to the valley of Jehoshaphat, for there will I sit to judge all the heathen,* Joel 3. 12.

Joel 3. 11, 12

The *summons are sounded, the dead raised,* and yet to give you a fuller view of the parties, see how God the Judge now sends his messengers, to fetch the living bodies to his Court.

He shall send his Angels (saith our Saviour) and they shall gather together his Elect from the four windes, from one end of heaven to another, Matth. 24. 31. True it is, all shall be gathered, yet with a difference; some with a swift pace flie to the Throne, where is the hope of their deliverance; others draw and pull back, whiles the Angels hale them to the Judgement-seat; the righteous have nimble swift bodies, that fly to the Judge, as a Bird to her nest and young ones; but the wicked have their bodies black and heavy, they cannot flie, but slag in the aire, and the Angels do not bear, but dragge them to the Judgement-seat: how can this chuse but fear the wicked, when like malefactors they are brought before the wrathful Judge? as they were born or buried, so must they rise again naked and miserable; what a shame is this? and yet the more horrible, in that their nakednesse shall be covered with a filthy blacknesse; needs must desperate fears sieze on the soul, when it is again united to her body, transformed to such an ugly forme: is this the body fed with delights and delicacies? is this the flesh pampered

3.
Mat. 24. 31.

Hh

with

with ease and lust? is this the face masked from the winde and Sun? are these the hands decked with Rings and Diamonds? how become these so swarthy horrible, which before were so fair and amiable? this is the change of the wicked, when through sorrow and confusion they shall cry to the Rocks, *Cover our nakednesse*, and to the Hills, *Hide our ugliness*; nay, rather than appear, *let the infernal Furies tear and totter us into a thousand pieces*. Look your beauties (Beloved) in this glasse: such is the end of this worlds glory, so vain the pleasure of this body; Now is the end of all things come, and what remains, but a sea of fears and miseries rushing on them; before shall the Angels drag them, behinde shall the black Crew follow them, within shall their consciences torture them, and without shall hot flames of fire fume, and fry, and furiously torment them; fear within, and fire without: but worse then all, a Judge above all, & thither must they go; Angels usher them, Devils attend them, the Crier hath called them, the Angels trump hath *summoned* them, & now they must *appear*.

We have brought all together, now we must part them *asunder*, *the sheep shall be put on the right hand, and the goates on the left, as every man hath been qualified*.

Two travellers go together, feed together, lie together, sleep together, but in the morning their wayes part asunder: thus the sheep and goates eat together, drinke together, sleep together, rot together, but at this day there shall be a separation, *Let them grow together, corn and tares, untill the harvest*: this world is the floor; fan while you will, there will be some chaff; love peace like lambs, there will be some goates to trouble; the sheep and goates live both together in one fold, the world; lie both together in one cote, the grave: the world is a common Inne, which entertaines all manner of passengers: the rode-way to death, is the Kings high-way free for all travellers: after the passage of this weary day, death hath provided a large bed to lay all in, the grave: all live together, and all lie together: all rest together, and all rot together: but when this night is past, and the last day is sprung, then is the woful separation; some turn on the right, and those are the blessed; others on the left hand, and those are the cursed. Here is the beginning of woes, when the wicked shall curse, and howle, like the fiends of hell. *O Lord, punish me here, (saith one devoutly) rack me in pieces,*

Matth. 23. 30.

cut me in shreds, burn me in fire, so that I may be there placed at thy right hand: Blessed are they that have a place amongst those elect sheep: what now remains but their doom, which is a lot that must befall every man? for he shall reward (not one, or some, but every one) every man according to his works.

*Domine hic ure-
hic seca, modo
in eternum
pascas.* Aug.

The summons are given, the dead are raised, the prisoners conducted to the bar, and the sheep and goats severed asunder each from other.

And now see the parties thus summoned, raised, gathered, severed; Is not here a world of men to be judged all in one day? Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision, for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision, Joel 3. 14. Blessed God! what a multitude shall stand before thee? all tongues, all nations, all people of the earth shall appear at once: all we shall then behold each son of Adam, and Adam our grand-father shall then see all his posterity. Consider this, high and low, rich and poor, one with another, God is no acceptor of persons. Heark, O Beggar? petitions are out of date, and yet thou needest not fear, thou shalt have justice; this day all causes shall be heard, and thou (though a poor one) must appear with others to receive thy sentence. Heark, O Farmer, now are thy lives and leases together finished; this day is the new harvest of thy Judge, who gathers his wheat into his garner, and burnes up the chaffe in fire unquenchable: no boon, no bribe, no prayers, no tears can avail thy soul: but as thou hast done, so art thou sentenced at the first appearing. Heark, O Land-lord, where is thy purchase to thee and thy heirs for ever? this day makes an end of all, and happy were thy soul, if thou hadst no better land than a barren rock, to cover and shelter thee from the Judges presence. Heark, O Captain, vain now is the hope of man to be saved by the multitude of an host: hadst thou command of all the armies on earth and hell, yet couldst thou not resist the power of Heaven: see, the trump sounds, and the alarm summons thee, thou must appear. Heark, O Prince, what is the Crown and Scepter against thunder? the greatness of man, when it comes to encounter with God, is weakness and vanity. Heark, all the world, From him that sitteth upon the glorious throne, unto him that is beneath in earth and ashes: from him that is clothed in blue silk, and weareth a crown, even to him that is clothed in simple linnen: all must

I. Use

Joel 3. 14.

Mat. 3. 12.

Eccles. 40. 3, 4.

Hh 2

appear

appear before him; *the Beggar, Farmer, Land-lord, Captaine, King, and Prince, and every man,* (when that day is come) *shall receive his reward according to his works.*

2. Use

But O here is the misery, *Every man* must appear, but *Every man* will not think on it: would you know the signe of that man which this day shall be blessed? it is he, and only he that again and again thinks on this day, that *Jerome-like*, meditates on this *summons, and resurrection, and collection, and separation.* Examine then your selves by this rule; is your minde often carried to these objects? soar you on high with the wings of faith, and a sound eye to this hill? why then, you are right birds, truly bred, and not of the bastard brood? I pray you mark it, every crosse, and disgrace, and slander, and discountenance, losse of goods, disease of body, or whatsoever calamity (if you are the children of God, and destined to sit at the right hand of our Saviour) they will ever and anon, be carrying your mindes to some of those objects of *Dooms-day.* And if you can but say that experimentally you finde this true in your selves; if ordinarily in your miseries, or other times, you think on this time of refreshing, then be of good comfort; for you are of the brides company, and shall enter into the marriage chamber to abide there for ever. But if you are destitute of these kinde of motions, O then strive for these properties, that are the inseparable breathings and movings of an holy heart, sound minde, and blessed person; every day meditate that every man shall appear one day, *and receive his reward according to his works.*

You see how we have followed the cause, & well-near brought it to final sentence, the *verdict* is discovered, the *Judge* revealed, the prisoners *prepared*, and the next time we shall bring them to the Bar, to *receive their rewards.* This time depart in peace, and the God of peace keep your souls spotlesse without sin, that you may be well prepared for this day of judgement.

According to his works.]

WE have brought the prisoners to their trial, and now to go on, how should this trial be? I answer: not by faith, but *works*; by faith we are justified, by works we are.

are judged: faith onely causeth, but *works* onely manifest that we are just indeed. Here then is the trial, that every soul of man must undergo that day. *Works* are the matter that must be first enquired of: and is there any wicked man to receive his sentence? let him never hope to be saved by anothers supererogating; the matter of enquiring is not *aliena*, but *sua*; not anothers, but *his* works. Or is there any good man on whom the smiling Judge is ready to pronounce a blessed doom? Let him never boast of meriting Heaven by his just deservings; see the reward given, not *propter*, but *secundum*, (as Gregory tells us) not for *his* works, as if they were the cause, but according to *his* works] as being the best witnesses of his inward righteousness.

Greg. 1. in illa
verba 7. Psal.
penit. Audiam
fac mihi manē
misericordiam.

But the better to acquaint you with this trial, there be two points, of which especially we are to make inquiry.

1. How all mens works shall be manifest to us
2. How all mens works shall be examined by
G O D ?

1. Of the manifestation of every mans work, John speaketh, *Rev. 20. 12.* And I saw the dead, small and great stand before God, and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works, *Rev. 20. 12.* God is said to have books, not properly, but figuratively: all things are as certain and manifest to him, as if he had Registers in Heaven to keep Records of them. Remember this, O forgetful! you may commit, adde, multiply your sins, and yet run on score till they are grown so many, that they are out of memory; but God keeps them in a Register, and not one shall be forgotten; there is a book and books, and when all the dead shall stand before God to receive their sentence, then must these books be opened.

That is, the book of { Gods memory.
Mans conscience.
Eternal life.

There is a book of Gods memory, and herein are all the acts and monuments of all men whatsoever enrolled and registered; A book of remembrance was written before God, for them that feared the Lord, and thought upon his Name, *Malac. 3. 16.* This is that

that which manifests all secrets, whether mental or actual; this is that which reveals all doings, whether good or evil. In these Records are found at large *Abels* sacrifice, *Cains* murther, *Ab-saloms* rebellion, *Dauids* devotion, the Jewes cruelty, the Prophets innocency, good mens intentions, and the sinners actions; Nothing shall be hid when this book is opened, for all may run and read it, stand and hear it. How fond are we that imagine Heavens eye (such is *this book*) to be shut upon us? Do we not see many run to corners to commit their sins? there can they say, *Let us take our fill of love untill the morning*, for darknesse hath covered us, and *who seeth us? who knoweth us?* Esay 29. 15. But are not the Angels of God about you? *We are a spectacle to the Angels* (saith the Apostle;) I am sure we must be to *Angels, and to men, and to all the world*: O do not that before the Angels of God, yea before the God of Angels, which you would shame to do in the sight and presence of an earthly man! Alas! must our thoughts be known, and shall not dark-corner-sins be revealed? must every word and syllable we speak be writ and recorded in Gods memorable book, and must not ill deeds, ill demeanours, ill works of darknesse be disclosed at that day? yes, *God shall bring every work unto judgement, with every secret thing, be it good or evil*, Eccles. 12. 14. Wail ye wicked, and tremble in attonishment. Now your cloister-sinnes must be disclosed, your private faults laid open; God keeps the account-book of every sinne, every transgression: *Imprimis*, for adultery, *Item*, for envy, blasphemy, oaths, drunkenness, violence, murther, and every sin, from the beginning to this time, from our birth to our burial; the total summe, eternal death and damnation: this is the note of accounts: wherein are all thy offences written, the debt is death, the pay perdition, which fury payes over to destruction.

But there is another *book*, that shall give (a more full, I cannot say, but) a more fearful evidence than the former, which is *the book of every mans conscience*: Some call it the *book of testimony*, which every man still bears about him. There is within us a *book* and Secretary, the *book* is Conscience, and the Secretary is our Soul: whatsoever we do is known to the Soul, and writ in our *book* of Conscience: there is no man can so much as ~~commit~~ one sin, but his Soul, that is privy to the fact, will write it.

it in this *book*. In what a woful case will thy heart then be? in what strange terrour and trembling must it stand posselt, when this must be opened, and thy sins revealed? *It is now perhaps a book shut up and sealed, but in the day of judgement shall be opened:* and if once opened, what shall be the evidence that it will bring forth? there is a private Sessions to be held in the breast of every condemned sinner; the memory is Recorder, grief an Accuser, truth is the Law, damnation the Judgement, hell the Prison, Devils the Jaylours, and Conscience both Witnesse and Judge to passe sentence on thee. What hopes he at the general Assize, whose conscience hath condemned him before he appear? Look well to thy life, thou bearest about thee a book of testimony, which though for a time it be shut till it be full fraught with accusations, yet then (at the day of Doom) it must be opened, when thou shalt read, and weep, and read; every period stop with a sigh, every word be enough to break thy heart, and every syllable reveal some secret, thy own conscience (upon the matter) being both Witnesse, Judge, Accuser, and Condemner.

*Liber signatus
& clausus, in
die iudicii aperi-
endus.*

But yet there is another *book* we read of, and that is the *book of life*. Herein are written all the names of Gods elect, from the beginning of the world till the end thereof: these are the golden leaves; this is that precious *book* of Heaven, wherein if we are registred, not all the powers of hell, or death, or devils shall blot us out again. Here is the glory of each devout souldier of our Saviour; how many have spent their lives, spilt their bloods, run upon sudden deaths to gain a perpetual name? and yet for all their doings, many of these are dead and gone, and their memories perished with them; onely Christs souldier hath immortal fame: he, and only he is writ in that book that must never perish. Come hither ye ambitious! your names may be writ in Chronicles, yet lost; writ in durable marble, yet perish; writ in a monument equal to a *Colossus*, yet be ignominious. O were you but writ in this *book of life*, your names should never die, never suffer any ignominy! It is an axiome most true, *They that are written in the eternal leaves of heaven, shall never be wrapped in the cloudy sheets of darknesse*. Here then is the joy of Saints, at that Day of Doom this *book* shall be opened, and all the elect whom God hath ordained to salvati-

Luke 10. 22.

on, shall see it, read it, hear it, and greatly rejoyce at it. The Disciples casting out devils, return with miracles in their mouths, O Lord (say they) *even devils are subject to us through thy Name. True, (saith Christ) I saw Satan as lightning fall from heaven: notwithstanding in this rejoyce not, that the spirits are 'subject unto you, but rather rejoyce because your names are written in Heaven, Luke 10. 20.* And well may the Saints rejoyce that have their names written in Gods *book*, they shall see them (to their comfort) writ in letters of gold, penned with the Almightyes finger, ingraven with a pen of a Diamond: thus will this *book* give in the evidence, and accordingly will the Judge proceed to sentence.

1. Use

Consider (thou that readest) what *books* one day must be set before thee: a time will come when every thought of thy heart, every word of thy mouth, every glance of thy eye, every moment of thy time, every office thou hast born, every company thou hast used, every sermon thou hast heard, every action thou hast done, and every omission of any duty or good deed thou hast left undone, shall be seen in these *books* at the first opening of them: thy conscience shall then be suddenly, cleerly, and universally enlarged with extraordinary light to look upon all thy life at once; Gods memory shall then shine forth, and shew it self, when all men looking on it as a reflecting glasse they shall behold all the passages of their mis-spent lives from their births to their burials. Where is the wicked and deceitful man? wilt thou yet commit thy villainies, trercheries, robberies, murders, debates, and impieties? Let me tell thee (if so) to thy hearts grief, all thy secret sins, and closet-villainies, that no eye ever lookt upon (but that which is a thousand times brighter than the Sun) shall then be dis-closed, and laid open before Angels, men, and devils, and thou shalt then and there be horribly, universally, and everlastingly ashamed: never therefore go about to commit any sinne, because it is midnight, or that the doors are lockt upon thee: suppose it be concealed, and lie hid (in as great darknesse as it was committed). till *Doomes-day* again, yet then shall it out with a witnesse, and be as legible in thy forehead, as if it were writ with the brightest stars, or the most glistering Sun-beam upon a wall of chrystal.

Use, 2.

As you mean the good of your souls, amend your lives, call your

your selves to account while it is called *to day*, search and examine all your thoughts, words, and deeds, and prostrating your selves before God, with broken and bleeding affections, pray and sue for assurance that your names are written in that *Book of life*.] This will be the joy of your hearts, the peace of your souls, the rest of your mindes: yea, how glad will you then be to have * *all these books* laid open? by this means (I speak it to the comfort of all true-hearted Christians) shall your obedience, and repentance, and faith, and love, and zeal, and patience, &c. come to light and be known. God is not unrighteous to forget your works of labour and love. No, all must out, especially at that day when the *books* shall be open, our *works manifested*, and as we have *done*, so must we be *rewarded*, for then he shall reward every man according to his works.

* It is a question, whether the finnes of Gods people shall be manifested at that day? some say, they shall be manifested, not for their ignominy or

confusion, but only that the goodnesse and grace of God may be made the more illustrious; and for this they urge, *Matth. 12, 36. 2 Cor. 5, 10. Rev. 20, 12.* Others say, they shall not be manifested. 1. Because Christ in his sentence onely enumerates the good works they had done, but takes no notice of their sins. 2. Because this agrees best with those expressions, that God blotteth out our sins, and that they are thrown into the bottom of the sea. 3. Because Christ is their bridegroom, friend, advocate; & how ill would it become one in such relations to accuse or lay open their sins? which of these opinions is truest is hard to say, *Heb. 6, 10.*

The *books* are opened, and now are the matters to be examined: there is first a *view*, and then a *trial*.

The *Law-book*, whereby we are tried containeth three leaves, *Nature, the Law, and the Gospel*: the *Comes* must be tried by the first, the unbelieving Jews and Gentiles by the second, and the faithful Jews and Gentiles by the last. Those that confesse no God by nature, must be judged by the law of nature: those that confesse a God, no Christ, must be judged by the Law of God without the merits of Christ: those that confesse God the Father, and believe in God the Sonne, shall be judged by the Gospel, which reconcileth us to God the Father by the merits of Christ. Atheists by the law of Nature, Infidels by the law of God, Christians by the Gospel of our Saviour Christ. To the statutes of the former who can answer? our hope is in the latter, we appeal to the Gospel, and by the Gospel we shall have our trial: *They that have sinned without the law, shall perish Rom. 2, 12. without the law; and they that have sinned under the law, shall be judged by the law. But God shall judge the secrets of all hearts Rom. 2, 16.*

hearts (of all our hearts) by Jesus Christ according to my Gospel, Rom. 2. 12, 16.

Use
Vel te totaliter
absolvit, vel
te capitaliter
damnat.
 John 16. 9.

Let this then forewarn us what we have to do: *It is the Gospel that will either thoroughly justify thee, or extremely condemn thee. The Spirit shall convince the world of sinne, (saith Christ) and why so? but because they believe not on me,* John 16. 9. There is no sinne, but infidelity; no righteousness, but faith: not that adultery, intemperance, malice are no sinnes; but if unfaithfulness remain not, all these sinnes are pardoned, and so they are as if they were no sins indeed. How quick a rid-dance true repenting faith makes with our sinnes? they are too heavy for our shoulders, and we cannot bear them; faith only turns them over unto Christ, and we are disburthened of them: whereas there would go with us to judgement an huge kennel of lusts, an army of vain words, a legion of evil deeds, faith instantly dischargeth them all, and kneeling down to Jesus Christ, beseecheth him to answer for them all, howsoever committed. O then make we much of faith! but not of such a faith neither as goes alone without works: it is nothing at this judgement to say, *I have believed, and not well lived*: the Gospel requires both faith to believe, and obedience to work: not only to *repent and believe the Gospel*, Mark 1. 15. but to *obey from the heart that form of doctrine*, Rom. 6. 17. True indeed, thou shalt be saved for thy faith, not for thy works; but for such a faith as is without works thou shalt never be saved; we say therefore, works are disjoyned from the act of justifying, not from the person justified: Heaven is given to us for Christs merits, but we must shew him the fair copie of our lives. O then let this move us to abound in knowledge, and faith, and repentance, and love, and zeal, and cloathing, and feeding, and lodging the poor members of Christ Jesus; and howsoever all these can merit nothing at Gods hands, yet will he crown his own gifts, and reward them in his mercy. Say then, dost thou relieve a poor member of Christ Jesus? dost thou *give a cup of cold water to a Prophet in the name of a Prophet*? Christ doth promise thee of his truth he will not let thee lose thy reward: certainly he will not, so thy works be done in faith: why, this is the covenant, the glad tidings, the Gospel, to live well and believe well. O let not that which is a word of comfort to

Mark. 1. 15.
 Rom. 6. 17.

A justificando,
non a justificato

Mat. 10. 42.

us, be a bill of indictment against us! albeit in our justification we may say, *Be it to us according to our faith*; yet in our retribution it is said (as you have it before you in this Text read unto you) *Then he shall reward every man* (for manifestation of his faith) *according to his works*.

A little to recall our selves: *The Prisoners are tried, the Verdict is brought in, the indictment is found, and the Judge now sits on life and death, even ready with sparkling eyes to pronounce his sentence.* This we must defer a while, and the next time you shall hear what you have long expected. The Lord grant us an happy issue, that when this day is come, then sentence may be for us, and we may be saved to our endless comfort.

Shall reward.

WHat Assize is this that affords each circumstance of each prisoners trial? the time is *Then,* the Judge is *He,* the Prisoners *Men,* the evidence *Works,* which no sooner given in, but the sentence follows, which is, *to reward every man according to his works.*

This reward is nothing in effect but a retaliation; if we live well here, God will then crown his own gifts; but if we sinne without repentance, we may not escape without punishment. There is a God that sits and sees, and anon will reward us.

*Non coronat
Deum merita
tua sicut
merita tua, sed
sicut dona
sua. Aug. lib.
de grat. & lib.
arbit. cap. 7.*

But to unfold this *Reward,* there lies in it a {Doom, and
Execution.

God speaks it in the first, effects it in the second: he gives it in our doom, and we receive it in the execution.

The doom is of two sorts, according to the parties that receive it. One is an *absolution*, which is the *doom of Saints*; the other is a *condemnation*, which is the *doom of reprobates*: there is a reward on the right hand bestowed on the blessed, and an heavy judgement which falls on the left hand upon the heads of the wicked.

To begin with that in our meditation, which our Saviour begins with in action: Imagine what a blessed day will this be to the godly, when standing on the right hand of the Judge, they shall hear the heavenly musick of their happy sentence, *Come,*

70.

Mat. 25. 34. *ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world.*

In which gracious speech we may observe four gradations. First, a gentle invitation, *Come*. Secondly, a sweet benediction, *ye blessed of my Father*. Thirdly, heavens possession, *inherit the Kingdom*. Fourthly, a glorious ordination to felicity, *prepared for you from the beginning of the world*.

Mat. 11. 28.
Rev. 22. 17.

First you have [*come*.] It is the sweet voice of Christ inviting the Saints before, and now giving their welcome to his heavenly Canaan: he hath called often, *Come, all that labour: Come, all that travel: The Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and let him that heareth, say, Come, and let him that is athirst come*. Thus he calls all men to his grace, but only the elect to his glory: Now he desires every man to *come*, but the righteous alone shall have this *Wel-come*. O how leaps that soul with joy, that hears this voice of her sweet Saviour! all the musick of Angels cannot so ravish the minde, as this voice of our Saviour glads the soul; now are the gates of Heaven open, and the Judge, who is Master of the feast, bids the guests [*Come and Wel-come*.]

Matth. 5.

But who are they, *Ye blessed of my Father*.] A word able to make them blessed, when pronounced. Down on your knees rebellious sonnes; and so long as you live on earth, beg, pray, sue for the blessing of your Father in Heaven. They that are Gods servants, are no lesse his sons; therefore every morn, night and noon, ask blessing boldly, and God will bestow it liberally. The first Sermon that ever Christ preached was full of blessings, Matth. 5. *Blessed are the poor in spirit. Blessed are they that mourn. Blessed are the meek. Blessed are the merciful. And as he begun, so he concludes, Come ye blessed, ye blessed of my Father.*

*Sic aterna sine
successione, di-
stributa sine
diminutione,
communis sine
invidia, beata
sine omni mis-
eria.*

Must they come? for what? *to inherit the Kingdom*.] Of all tenures inheritance is best, of all inheritances a Kingdom is most excellent; but that all shall inherit, and that there is no scantling, this is Heavens wonder, and the Angels blisse. An heavenly inheritance sure, that is *continued without succession, divided without diminution, common without envie, for ever happy, and without all misery*. This is the inheritance of the just, the possession whereof makes every Saint no lesse glorious than a King. Kings are they indeed, whose dominions are not limited

nor

nor their borders bounded, nor their people numbred, nor the time of their reigne prescribed. *Such glorious things are spoken of thee, O thou City of God.*

Is this their inheritance? but upon what right? it is prepared for you from the beginning of the world. Had the Lord such care to provide for his children before they were? how may his sonnes triumph born to such dignity? God will so certain their salvation, that he hath prepared it for them from before the foundation of the world. O blessed souls, if you be Gods servants! though a while you suffer sorrow and tribulation, yet here is the hope of Saints, *It is your Fathers good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.* Heaven is prepared of old, there is the place of Gods majesty, and there the Saints of God shall receive the crown, the reward of victory.

Luke 12. 32.

I cannot expresse what this joy affords to the one halfe of it. Come, blessed souls bathed in repenting tears: here is a sentence able to revive the dead, much more the afflicted. Are you now sorrowing for your finnes? leave it a while, and meditate with me on this ensuing melody. *Hear yonder a quire of Angels, a song of Zion, an heavenly consort, sounding to the Judge whilst he is pronouncing of thy sentence.* Blessed souls! how pant you dances at the uttering of each syllable? *[Come]* saith our Saviour, and if he but say *Come*; joy, happinesse, glory, felicity, all come on heaps into the endeared soul. *Ye blessed]* saith our Saviour, and if he but say *Blessed*; the Angels, Archangels, Cherubims, Seraphims, all joy at the enjoying of this blessed company. *Inherit the Kingdom]* saith our Saviour, and if he but say *inherit*; crowns, scepters, garlands, diadems, all these are the inheritance of Gods adopted children. *Prepared for you,]* saith our Saviour, and if he but say *Prepared*; the love, mercy, election, compassion of our Lord will shine forth to the soul to her everlasting comfort. O ravishing voice! *I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you finde my well-beloved, that you tell him I am sick of love.* What else? you that are Gods servants are no lesse his spouse; your soul is the bride, and when the day is come (this day of doom) *God give you joy, the joy of heaven for ever and ever.*

use.

Cant. 5. 8.

But I must turn to the left hand, and shew you another crew prepared for another sentence.

And

Elay 30. 27.
Matth. 25. 41.

And what a terrible sentence will that be, which at first hearing will make all ears glow and tingle? *His lips* (saith the Prophet) *are full of indignation, and his tongue like a consuming fire*, Elay 30. 27. What fire so hot as that fiery sentence, *Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels*? Here is every particular full of horreur, gradually enhancing their judgement. First, a grievous refusal, *Depart*. Secondly, the losse of salvation, *from me*. Thirdly, that deserved malediction, *ye cursed*. Fourthly, the horreur of pains, *into everlasting fire*. Fifthly, the preordinance of their torments, *prepared for the devil and his angels*.

First, they must *depart*.] This seems nothing to the wicked now: *depart*? they are contented to be gone, much more delight have they in sinne, than in Gods service. But as when a gracious Prince opening his long locked up treasury, bids in some to receive, but others to *depart*, this must needs be a disgraceful vexation: so when the glory of heaven, and those unvaluable treasures shall be opened, and dealt about to the faithful, what horreur will it be to the reprobates to be cast off with a *depart*? no share accrues to them, no not so much as one glimpse of glory must chear their dejected countenances, but as ill-meriting followers they are thrust from the gates with this watch-word to be gone, *Depart*.

But whence? there is the losse, *from me*,] and if from me, then from all that is mine, my mercy, my glory, my salvation. Here is an universal spoil of all things; of God in whom is all goodnesse, of the Saints in whom is all solace, of the Angels in whom is all happinesse, of heaven, wherein all pleasures live ever and ever. *Whither, O Lord, shall the cursed go that depart from thee? into what heaven shall they arrive? what Master shall they serve?* is it thought so great a punishment to be banished from our native soiles? what then is this to be banished from Almighty God? and whither but into a place of horreur; to whom? but to a cursed crew of howling reprobates. *Depart from me*.

Who are they? *Ye cursed*.] Christ hath before invited you with blessings, but these refused, now take you the curse to your despite: *The wicked man* (saith the Prophet) *as he hath loved cursing, so let it come unto him*: hath he loved it? let him take his

Psal. 109. 17.

his love : *As he hath cloathed himself with cursing, as with a garment, so let it come into his bowels, like water, and like oyle into his bones,* Psal. 109. 18. No sooner our Saviour cursed the Fig-tree, but leaves and boughes, body and root, all wither away, and never any more fruit growes thereon ; and thus shall the wicked have a curse, like the *Ax which put to the root of the tree,* Math. 3. 10. *shall hew it down, and be cast into the fire. Go, ye cursed.*

But whither must they go ? *into everlasting fire :*] O what a bed is this for delicate and dainty persons ? no feathers but fire, no friends but furies, no ease but fetters, no light but smoak, no Chimes nor Clock to passe away the night, but timelesse eternity. A fire ? intolerable ; a fire burning, never dying ? O immortal pains ! *Which of you (saith the Prophet) is able to dwell in the burning fire ? who can endure the everlasting flames ?* it shall not be quenched night nor day, the smoak thereof shall go up evermore ; *The pile is fire, and much wood, and the breath of the Lord like a river of brimstone kindles it.* What torment, what calamity can be compared with the shadow of this ? the wicked must be crowded together like brick in a fiery Furnace : there is no servant to fanne coldaire on their tormented parts, not so much as a chink, where the least puff of winde might enter in to cool them : it is a fire, *an everlasting fire.*

For whom ? *prepared for the Devil and his Angels ;*] heavy company for distressed souls : The Serpents policy could not escape hell, nor can the craft of our age so deal with this Serpent, as thereby to prevent this fire : it was sure prepared for some, as some have prepared themselves for it ; burning in lust, in malice, in revenge, until themselves, their lust, malice, revenge, and all burne together in hell. *Tophet is prepared of old,* whither that day-star is fallen from heaven, and a black crew of Angels guard him round in that lake of hell : there must these howling reprobates keep their residence ; the last sentence that never is recalled, is now pronounced : What ? Go ; Who ? *ye cursed ;* Whither ? *into everlasting fire ;* To what company ? *to a crew of Devils and their Angels,* O take heed that ye live in Gods fear ! lest that leaving his service he give you this reward, *Depart, ye cursed.*

And is not this worthy your meditation ? Consider, I pray you,

Use.

you, what fearful tremblings seize on their souls that have their sentence for eternal flames? *If a Lord have mercy on thee, Take him away* *Paylour*, will cause such shedding of tears, folding of armes, and wringing of hands; what will this sentence do, *Go ye cursed, &c.* O which way will they turn? or how will they escape the Almighty's wrath? to go backward is impossible, to go forwards intollerable; whose help will they crave? Gods is their Judge, Heaven their foe, the Saints deride them, Angels hate them, all creatures crie for vengeance on them. Good Lord! what a world of misery hath seized on these miserable souls? their Executioners are Devils, the Dungeon Hell, the Earth stands open, and the cruel Furnace ready boiling to receive them: Into what a shaking fit of distractions will these terrours drive them? every part shall bear a part in this doleful dittie, *eyes weep, hands wring; breasts beat, hearts ake, voices cry, horror, dread, terrour, confusion are lively equipages of this Tragick Scene.* Now (O man of Earth!) what will all thy wealth avail thee? what can all thy pleasures profit thee? one drop of water to cool thy fiery tongue in hell, is more worth than a world of treasures; all the gold and precious stones the world affords, will not buy one bottle of water: all thy golden gods, and silver plates cannot prevail one dram of comfort: but rather as they were thy bane on Earth, so they will aggravate thy pain in hell. Who pities not the vilest creature, to see it suffer torments, and no way to release it? Who then will not pity this end of the wicked, when they must suffer, and suffer, yet never feel ease of pain, nor end of torments? A sentence not to be revoked, yet unsufferably to be endured; torment on torment, anguish on anguish, fire upon fire, and though a River, (nay, a Sea) of tears drop from their eyes, yet cannot one spark be quenched: *The worm never dies, the fire never goes out. Go ye into everlasting fire, not piled of consuming wood, or the black moulds turning to white ashes, but kindled by the Judges breath, of pitch and sulphur; Rivers of boiling brimstone run from everlasting springs: in these hot Bathes was that Dives dived, when those fiery words came flaming from his mouth as spitting fire: Let Lazarus dip the tip of his finger in water to cool my tongue:* Alas! what should a drop of water do on a finger, when rivers cannot quench the tip of his tongue? He lies on a bed of never-dying

Mark. 9. 44.

Luke 16. 24.

dying flames, where brimstone is the fuel, devils the kindlers, the breath of an offended God the bellows, and hell the furnace, where body and soul must ever lie & fry in scorching torments. O let the heat of these flames quench the heat of our sin: if once the sentence passe, there is no reprieve to be hoped for; this is the last *Day of Doom*, when our sinnes must be revealed, our *Reward* proportioned, and as we have done, so we must be sentenced: for *Then he shall reward] every man according to his works.*

Thus you have heard the sentence of the just and wicked: and now is the Judge arising from his glorious seat; the Saints that were invited guard him along, and the sentenced prisoners are delivered to the Jailors to be bound in burning steel and iron; *the reward of Execution.*

The *sent nce* being past in all prescribed order, the *Execution* must needs follow: but as there is a double *sentence*, so a double *retribution*: First, for the wicked, who immediately after the sentence shall be chased into hell, the *Execution* being speedily and fearfully done upon them, with all horror and haste by the Angels. O what a screech of horror will be heard? what woes and lamentations will be uttered, when Devils, and Reprobates, and all the damned crew of hell shall be driven into hell, whereinto they shall be thrust with violence, *never* to returne again? How desperate is their case, when none will comfort them? the Saints deride them, Angels mock them, their own friends scoffe them, devils hate them, the earth groans under them, and hell will swallow them. Down they go howling, and shrieking, and gnashing their teeth, the effect of a most impatient fury. The world leaves them, the earth forsakes them, hell entertains them, there must they live and die, and yet not live nor dye, but dying live, and living dye; death in life, life in death, miserable ever. If the drowning of the old world, swallowing up of *Korah* and his complices, burning up of *Sodom* with brimstone, were attended with such terrours and hideous out-cries, how infinitely transcendent to all possibility of conceit, expression, or belief, will the confusions and tremblings of that red-dread-fiery day be? It is not a few, but many; nor many only, but all the wicked of the earth, being

Numb. 16. 33

many millions of men, shall be dragged down, with all the Devils of hell to torments without end, or ease, or past imagination; then to speak it again, that I may the deeper imprint it in your mindes and memories: sure there was horrible shrieking, when those five filthy Cities first felt fire and brimstone drop down upon their heads; When those Rebels saw the ground cleave asunder, and themselves and all theirs *go down quick into the pit*; when all the sonnes and daughters of *Adam* found the flood rising, and ready to over-flow them all at once: But the most horrid cry that ever was heard, or ever shall be heard in Heaven or in Earth, in this world, or in the world to come, will be then when all the forlorn condemned Reprobates upon sentence given, shall be violently and unresistibly haled down to hell; neither shall any tears, or prayers or promises, or suits, or cries, or yellings, or calling upon *Rocks and Mountains*, or wishes never to have been, or now to be made nothing, be then heard, or prevaile in their behalfe: nay, (yet more to encrease their torments) there is not one in Earth or Heaven that will speak one word in their behalf: but without mercy, without stay, without any farewell at all, they shall be immediately and irrecoverably cast down into the bottomlesse pit of easelesse, endlesse, and remedilese torments. Oh! what then will be the gnawings of the never-dying worm? what rage of guilty consciences? what furious despaire? what horreur of minde? what distractions and fears? what tearing their hair, and gnashing of teeth? In a word, what wailing, weeping, roaring, yelling, filling heaven, and earth, and hell? O miserable Caitiffs, caught and wrapt in the snates of Satan! What need we more? this is the Judges charge, the Sheriffs Commission, the sinners Execution, *Take them away, cast them into utter darknesse, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.* A darknesse indeed, that must ever be debarred from the sight of heaven: no Sun-shine ever peeps within those Walls, no light, no fire, no candle; alas! nothing is there but Clouds and darknesse, thick smoak, and fiery sulphur: and such is the portion of sinners, the *Reward* of the wicked.

Matth. 22. 13.

Use.

What faith or fear have the wicked that go dancing and leaping to this fire, as it were to a Banquet? or like *Solemons* fool,

fool, that runneth, and *swiftly runneth to the stocks*? is this our pleasure, to sinne a while, and burne for ever? for one small spark of silly joy, to suffer universal and perpetual pains? Who buyes at so deare a rate? *Fear, and the pit, and the snare are upon thee, O inhabitant of the Earth; and he that fleeth from the noise of the fear, shall fall into the pit; and he that cometh up out of the pit, shall be taken in the snare: for the windows from on high are open, and the foundations of the earth do shake: the earth is utterly broken down, the earth is clean dissolved, the earth is moved exceedingly, the earth shall reel to and fro like a drunken man, and shall be removed like a Tent, and the iniquity thereof shall be heavy upon it, so that it shall fall, and rise no more,* Esay 24. 7. O miserable hear to the wicked! If the Earth fall, how shall the sinners stand? Nay, *They shall be gathered together as prisoners in the pit, and shall be shut up in the prison, never more to be visited, released, or comforted.* Be forewarn'd then (beloved!) *lest you also come into this place of torment.* It is a fearful prison, and God give us grace so to arreigne, judge, cast, and condemne our selves here, that we may escape this execution of the damned hereafter.

Prov. 7. 22.

Esay 24. 17, 18
19, 20, 22.

Luke 16. 28.

I have no will to end with terrour: Then to sweeten your thoughts with the joy of Saints, look upwards and you may see a blessed company.

After the wicked are cast down into hell, Christ and the blessed Saints ascend into heaven. From the Tribunal-Seat of Judgement Christ shall arise, and withal the glorious company of Heaven, march towards the Heaven of Heavens. O what comely march is this? what songs of triumph are here sung and warbled? *The voice of thy Watchmen shall be heard, they shall lift up their voyce and shout together, for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Sion,* Esay 52. 8. Here is a victory indeed, the soldiers in arrayed order both Marching and Triumphant: Christ leads the way, the Cherubims attend, the Seraphims burne in love, Angels, Archangels, Principalities, Powers, Patriarchs, Prophets, Priests, Evangelists, Martyrs, Professours, and Confessours of Gods Law and Gospel, following attend the Judge and King of glory; singing with melody,

Esay 52. 8.

as never ear hath heard, shining with Majesty, as never eye hath seen, rejoycing without measure, as never heart conceived. O blessed train of souldiers, goodly troop of Captains! each one doth bear a palm of victory in his hands, each one must wear a crown of glory on his head; the Church Militant is now Triumphant; with a final overthrow have they conquered Devils, and now must they enjoy God, life, and heaven: and thus as they march along, heaven opens unto them: O infinite joy! *Tell me, O my soul, what an happy houre will that be, when thou shalt first enter into the gates of heaven, when the Blessed Trinity shall gladly entertain thee, and wish a Well done good and faithful servant, bid thee Come, and enter into thy Masters joy: When all the Angels, and Archangels shall salute thee, when Cherubims and Seraphims shall come to meet thee, when all the powers of heaven shall congratulate thy coming, and joy for thy arrival at the Port of peace! Here is the end of the godly, the fruits of his end, the Reward it self. What can I say? but live in Gods fear, and the Lord reward you; nay, he will so, if you live so, for Then he shall reward every man according to his works.*

Mat. 25. 21.

And now this Sermon done, you see the Court is dissolved: Stay but to receive *A Writ of review*, and you shall hear in a word all the news of this Assize, from the beginning to the ending.

What a strange Assize was this, where every circumstance was to the wicked so terribly fearful? the *Terme* full of horror, the *Judge* full of Majesty, the *Prisoners* full of anguish, the *Trial* full of fear, the *Doomes* full of grief to the wicked, as of comfort to the elect. *Seeing therefore that all these things are thus, what manner of Persons ought ye to be in holy conversation and godlinesse?* A word of judgement could make *Jeremiah* weep, just *Job* be afraid, *Felix* to tremble; and cannot this usual sound of the hammers a little mollifie our stony hearts? how is the *gold* become drosse, and the *silver* iron? we runne over reason, and tread upon conscience, and sling by counsel, and go by the Word, and post to death; but will you not remember, that *for all these things you must come to judgement?* Be sure there is a *Terme* for our appearance,

2 Pet. 3. 21.

Esay 1. 22.

Eccles. 11. 9.

ance, *Then* ;] there is a Judge that will sit upon us, *He* ;] there is a band of Prisoners, *Every man* ;] there is a Bill of Indictment framed, *according to our works*.] And last of all, there is a sentence after which follows the Execution, *the reward*] due to us, which then he will give us : onely now bestow on us those graces of thy Spirit, and then (*O Lord*) *Reward us according to our works. A M E N.*

I i 3

Hells



Hells Horroure.

MATTH. 13. 30.

Binde them in bundles to burn them.

Verse 25, 26,
27, 28, 29, 30.



His Text is the harvest of Tares, and that you may know the husbandry, here is first the *sowing*, Verse 25. Secondly, the *coming up*, Verse 26. Thirdly, the *overseers* of it, Verse 27. Fourthly, their intent to *weed* it, Verse 28. Fifthly, the *sufferance* of its growth till the *harvest*, Verse 29. Sixthly, *the harvest* it self, Verse 30. Or yet to give you the Parable in a more ample wise, here is *a man sows good seed in his field, and the enemy, whilst his servants sleep, sows tares amongst the wheat*: The seedling done, and the fertile soil made fruitful by heavens showres, the blade of the corn *springs up*, and the tares appear in their kinde amongst them: those heavenly Angels, which are Gods stewards of this field pitching their watchful eyes about, first see, then run to their Master with this message, *Master, sowedst thou not good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares?* God, whose all-knowing wisdom can resolve all doubts, tells them expressly, *an enemy had done this*: an enemy sure; yea, as *Peter* calls him, *a devouring enemy*: such is the fruit issuing from so bad an authour. Yet see the sedulous care of

Gods.

2 Pet. 5. 8.

Gods holy servants, they will not spare to root up what envy sows, and with a willing obedience expect only his command, *Wilt thou that we go and gather them up?* nay, see the Almighty disparkling a while his beams of mercy; all must stay till the harvest, and then goes forth his royal command to the reapers: *Gather ye together first the tares, and binde them in bundles to burn them.*

But, me thinks, I hear you say to me, as the Disciples to our Saviour, *Declare unto us this parable*; for the doing of which I shall place before you a field, *the world*; the reapers, *Angels*; the householder, *God*; good men, *as corn*; the wicked, *as tares*; the harvest that must gather all, is *the end of the world*, and then are the reapers enjoined this heavy task, *Separate the bad from the good, and cast them into hell-fire to burn them.* Verse 36.

See here the miserable condition of impenitent souls, each circumstance aggravates their torment; and that you may in this text view a *Series* of the causes, here is first the efficient, *Binde:*] the material, *them:*] the formal, *in bundles:*] the final, *to burn them.*] Every word like so many links, makes up this fiery chain of torment, *Binde:*] heavy doom to be fettered in hell-fire! *them:*] miserable souls to be captivated in those bands! *in bundles:*] cruel anguish to be crowded in throng heaps! *to burn them:*] intolerable heats to be scorched, blistered, burned! And yet see here at once, this heavy, miserable, cruel, intolerable doom fall on the wicked; The command is out, what? *Binde,*] whom? *them,*] how? *in bundles,*] for what? *to burn them.*] Not a word, but it speaks horror to the damned, either *Binding*, or *bundling*, or *burning*: *Bind them in bundles to burn them.*

The work you, see, is ordered; *now we put in our sickle*: only God prosper our labour, till we have done the harvest.

Them.]

WE will begin first with the subject, that you may know of whom it is spoken, *Binde them;*] Them? whom? If you will view the precedent words, the Text tells you they are *Tares, Gather ye first the Tares, and binde them.* In Gods
 II 4 field

field there is Corn and Cockle, and as for the one there is provided a barn, so for the other there is nothing better than binding and burning.

Heb. 6. 4.

The Greek word calls them *ζιζάνια*, *tares*; the Hebrews call them *Hadul*, *thistles or thornes*; and both are apt expressions of the matter in hand: what are *tares* for, but to be gathered, bound, and burned, saith our Saviour? and what are *thornes* for, but to be rejected, cursed, and burned, saith the Apostle? Heb. 6. 8. Such is the penalty of this weed of the earth (for they are neither better) that as men deal with *thornes*, who first cut them up with bills, then lay them up to wither; and lastly, burn them in the furnace: so God deals with *Tares*, he weeds them, binds them, burns them; not a *Tare* escapes the fire, but all come to combustion.

But onely to follow the Original, they are called *ζιζάνια*, *Tares*: and that of a double derivation; the first is, *ζιζάνιον*, *quasi οἰζάνιον* *μεγά τὸ τὸν οἶνον οἶνον*, because they hurt the corne wherewith they are joyned; the second is, *ζιζάνιον*, *quasi τὸ οἰσιζάνιον*, because they imitate, associate, and so unite themselves with the corn, as if they were the very same. To begin with the last.

We all come together to the Church, and amongst us are *Tares* and *Wheat*, good and bad; in all companies there will be evil intruders, Satan among the Angels, *Saul* among the Prophets, *Judas* among the Apostles, *Demas* among the Professours; yet who can discern the *tares*, but God alone who knows our hearts? Hypocrites can work dissimulation in a web; and this so cunningly is platted, that no difference is discerned: such are hot meteors in the air, which shoot and shew like starres, but are indeed nothing lesse: your eyes may be fixed on Heaven, your ears all listening to this Sermon; yet (as I condemn none, so) I never knew, but Darnel hath ever been in Gods field; The Church Christ calls a *net*, an *house*, a *floor*, a *field*: a *net* that takes fish, good and bad; an *house*, that harbours vessels of wrath and honour; a *floor*, whereon is poured wheat and chaff; a *field*, wherein is sowed Corn and Cockle: thus good and bad seed are a while as, that treasure hid in the field, which cannot be discovered: but is there not a God that searcheth both the heart and reins? Be not deceived, ye deceivers of the world! God is

Math. 13. 44.

Gal. 6. 7.

not:

not mocked; it is not a false heart with a fair look, it is not a meere shew of Religion which God accepts: Silly Tares, hide close your sins in the darkest furrowes, or mount up your heads amongst the flourishing wheat, yet know there is a *fan that will purge the floor*; you would grow, and you shall grow till the harvest: God suffers that seed till the fruit grows ripe, but then, *Gather the tares, and bind them* (wicked dissemblers) *bind them in bundles to burn them.* Mat. 13. 12.

Secondly, as the *Tares are hypocritical*, so are they *hurtful*; they seem at unity, but are at enmity with the wheat about them: and these *Tares* are either *hereticks*, as most Fathers understood them; or any *sinner* whosoever, that is a *childe of the wicked one*, Ver. 39: as our Saviour did expound them.

First, they are *hereticks*, wicked *Tares* indeed: and that you may know who are these: *Aigeros* is a choice, or election; at first a good word in Philosophy, taken for a right form of learning: but now in Divinity it is a word of disgrace, and intends a stubborn deviation from the received truth. This infection (like the Tares) first begins *while men sleep*, the Passours negligence gives way unto it, and because of its little seed, or small beginning, it is never heeded, or regarded, till the whole house be infected: thus Popery crept up in the dark, like a thief putting out the lights, that he might rob the house more securely; and as it began with a little, so it went on by degrees, till an universal Apostasy was (as it were) over the face of the world. *Austine* *una scintilla* faith of *Arrius* his heresie, *It was at first but a little spark*, but *suit.* it spread so at last, that *the flame of it singed the whole world*: so *Totum orbem* the Pope rose by degrees, first above Bishops, then above Patriarchs, then above Councils, then above Kings, then above *eius flammæ* Scriptures, even so the Apostle speaks of Antichrist, *He hath exalted himself above all that is called God.* 2 Thes. 2. 4. Heresie creeps in at a little hole, like a plague that comes in at the windows, and then propagates it selfe beyond all measure: O that these Tares were weeded, that *Ishmael* were cast out of doors, so that *Sarah* and her son *Isaac* might live in quiet and peace; or if they must grow untill the harvest, what remains, but, *I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences, contrary to the doctrine that ye have learned, and avoid them.* Rom. 16. 17. *populata est.*

But

Verse 38.

But as *hereticks*, so all *reprobates* are the *Tares* here spoken of, they are offenders on all hands, both in doctrine and conversation: and thus our Saviour interprets, *The good seed are the children of the Kingdome, but the Tares are the children of the wicked one*, Verse 38.

And most fitly are the *reprobates* called *Tares* in respect of their

⌋ Intrusion here.

⌋ Separation hereafter.

*Eugio palcam,
ne hoc sim; non
aream, ne nihil
sim.* Augustin.

Psal. 120. 4.

Numb. 33. 55.
Ezek. 2. 6.

First, as the *Tares* grow amongst corn, so the wicked all their life associate themselves with the godly; the Church (saith *Augustin*) is full both of wheat and chaffe: *I avoid the chaffe lest I become chaffe, but I keep the floor lest I become nothing*. What else? in this life the best company is not free from the intrusion of *tares*; therefore cries *David*, *Wo is me that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech, and to have my habitation among the tents of Kedar*, Psal. 120. 4. No greater discomfort than to co-habit with the wicked: are they not *pricks in your eyes, and thrones in your sides*? yea, they are thornes indeed, saith the Lord to *Ezekiel*, *Lo, th: thornes and briars are with thee, and thou do'st dwell among Scorpions*, Ezek. 2. 6. Sure we had no need of security, that are thus compast with enemies, the briars may scratch us, the thorns prick us, the Scorpions sting us, we can hardly so escape, but some of these will hurt us. A good man with ill company, is like a living man bound to a dead corps, and (may I appeal to your selves) is the living likely to revive the dead? or the dead more likely to suffocate the living? O ye children of the Kingdome, blesse you whiles you live; lo, the *tares* are among you like wolves amongst lambs; be wise then in your carriage, and save your selves, your own souls.

Math. 23. 32.

Secondly, as the *tares*, so *reprobates* shall one day be separated from the Wheat, the good: *In the time of harvest* (saith our Saviour) *I will say to the reapers, Gather ye first the tares*: here is that woful separation between true Christians, and the profane wretches of this world. It is begun at death, and then must they part till the day of doom; but when that comes, there must be a final separation: *He shall sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from*

from the goats, Matth. 25. 32. Here is a separation indeed, not for a day, or a year, but for timelesse eternity. Lo a vast and immeasurable gulf betwixt heaven and hell, so that as *Abraham* tells the rich man, *Thy that would passe from hence to you cannot, neither can they passe to us, that would passe from thence*, Luke 16. 26. This is that endlesse divorce of the *Wheat and Tares*, this is that unpassable distance 'twixt heaven and hell, through all eternity. O miserable *Tares*! what a losse hath befallen you? now you live with the *Wheat*, and you o'retop them, trouble them, vex them with your society; but hereafter you must shake hands for ever; for the *wheat must be gathered into Gods barn*, his Kingdome, whilest the miserable *Tares* are gathered by Angels, and bound up in bundles for the burning.

Lo here a world of *tares*, and that I may give you them in a map, what are they but *hypocrites, hereticks, reprobates*? all children whatsoever, that have Satan to their father; for of them] is this spoken.

The Proverb is, *Ill weeds grow apace*, nay they are so common, that it is hard to set the foot besides them. Look into your hearts, you sons and daughters of *Adam*, are not your furrows full of cockle and darnel? the earth (saith the Philosopher) is now an own mother to weeds, but a step-mother to good herbs; man of his own inclination is apt to produce weeds and *tares*, but ere he can bring forth hearbs and graces, God must take pains with him indeed. No husbandman so labours his grounds, as God doth our hearts: happy earth that yields him an expected harvest; and that our hearts may be herein, what shall we say unto thee, O thou preserver of men? *Awake, O north-winde; and come, thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out, yea let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits*, Cant. 4. 16.

And yet again, that I may weed the *Tares* amongst us, consider with your selves, you that go on in your sins, will you run upon ruine, and can we say nothing to keep you out of the fire? O sweet Saviour! what didst thou endure for us, that we might escape this durance? and yet we are secure, and care not, vilifying that blood that was of more value than a world. Think of it, you that are in the blade, ere the harvest come: No man desires

fires to purchase land, that will bring forth nothing but weeds: and shall God buy so base a ground, that will be no better, at so inestimable a price, as the incorruptible blood of his onely Son? O ye weeds of the earth, turn your selves, or be ye turned into wheat; call, and sue, and cry for the mercy of God in Christ our Saviour: yea again, and again, beg of your Jesus that he may root up your weed, and plant in you his graces, that like good corn you may fructifie here, and when the harvest comes, you may be gathered into the barn, and remain in his Kingdome.

Thus far you see the prisoners, the next point is the chains wherewith these prisoners are bound: but of that hereafter. Remember in the mean time the *Tares*, and as good seed bring ye forth good fruit, *some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold*, that when the reaping comes, we may be ready for the barn, and then, *Lord Jesu, come when thou wilt, even, Lord Jesu, come quickly*, Amen.

[Binde.]

THe malefactor, whose hands are pinion'd, legs chain'd, feet corded, may lie restless in his thoughts, easelesse in all parts: the wicked are cast into a prison under lock and bolts, where the devil is jaylour, hell the prison, and the bolts such other as burning steel and iron. See here a jaylour, jayle, and manacles, all which are provided for the damned: and because of their relation each to other, give me leave to produce them in their order.

The *Tares* must be bound, and for the executing of this doom, the Judge here delivers them over to the jaylour. *Jaylour?* whom? *good and bad Angels*; for both these are the executioners of Gods direful sentence.

First the *good Angels*; so saith our Saviour, *The reapers are the Angels*, ver. 39. and he will say unto the reapers, ver. 30. *Gather ye first the Tares, and binde them up in bundles*. They which are all mercy to the good, are here the executioners of Gods judgements on the wicked. Thus was Sodom destroyed by an Angel, Gen. 19. The army of *Sennacherib* was overthrowen by an Angel, 2 King. 19. Seventy thousand men of Israel were struck with pestilence by an Angel, 2 Sam. 24.

Blasphemy

Verf. 39.

Verf. 30.

Gen. 19.

2 King. 19.

2 Sam. 24.

Blasphemous *Herod* was smitten by an Angel, *Act. 12. 23.* Yea the *Tares* themselves must be gathered by Angels, who will *Act. 12. 23.* binde them in heaps like faggots, and then cast them into hell fire to burn them.

How fearful is it to fall into the hands of Gods hoast? no power can resist, no policy prevail, all the stratagems of war are but folly to gods wisdom; then into what moats and atoms shall the proud dust of sinful man be torn? what? dares he struggle against heaven? See God and Angels are become his enemies, and whose help should he have, when heaven it self makes war? Mountains and Rocks are no defence against God: shields and spears cannot keep safe the *Tares*? no, God hath his warriors that will pluck, and tear, and torture reprobates: the *Angels* are his reapers, that must gather the *Tares*, and binde] them in bundles to burne them.

But secondly, good and bad Angels both joyne in this office to binde the *Tares*: if there be any difference, it is in this, the good Angels begin, and the bad continue, to make the binding everlasting. Here is a *jaylour* indeed, and if you would see him in his form, you may take the description from that great *Leviathan*, Job 41. 18. *By his neefings a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning, out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out; out of his nostrils goeth smoak as out of a seething pot or cauldron; h's breath kindleth coales, and a flame goeth out of his mouth, Job 41. 18, 19, 20, 21.* What an ugly devil is this, whom God only mystically describes with such terrible shapcs? his neefing flames, his eyes stare, his mouth shoots fire, his nostrils smoak, his very breath sets all a burning round about him. Such a *jaylour* hath God prepared for hell-prisoners. As God hath fettered him, so he layes fetters on them, revenging his own malice on his fellow-sufferers. The devil first tempts, and then he fetters *Tares*: whiles men live on earth, he layes snares for souls: thus he prepared flatterers for *Rehoboam*, liars for *Ahab*, concubins for *Solomon*, forcerers for *Pharaoh*, witches for *Saul*, wine for *Benhadad*, gold for *Achan*, a ship for *Jonas*, and a rope for *Haman*: but he that makes gins, and nets, and snares on earth, makes bolts, and hammers, and whips in hell; thus he hath prepared darknesse for *Herod*, a fire for *Dives*, plagues for *Pilate*, brimstone for *Judas*, snares for *Demas*,

Demas, and fiery fetters for all Reprobate *Tares*: what need poor souls any farther fetters, whom the Devil once shuts within his Den! dare you live in such a nest amongst speckled poisons? there Serpents girdle the loines, and Cockatrices kill with their eyes, and Dragons spit fire from their mouths, and Wolves all devour mens souls, and Lions roar for the prey, and Vipers sting and strike with their Tails: O fearful *Jaylours*! what strange kinde of furies live in hell!

You see the *Jaylour*, now turne your eyes from so bad a spectacle, and let us view the den where this *Monster* lyes.

The Hebrews call it *Sheol*, a great Ditch or Dungeon; the Greeks *Zôë*, even darknesse it self; the Latines *Infernus*, a place under ground: all agree it is a Dungeon under earth, containing these two properties.

} Deepnesse.
} Darknesse.

Revel. 9. 1.

Kecker. Syst.
Theo. de inferno.

1. *It is deep*: as heaven is high, so (most probable it is) that hell is deep. *John* calls it a *bottomlesse pit*, Revel. 9. 1. as if Reprobates were alwayes falling, yet never could finde bottome where to rest; or howsoever this be a Metaphor, yet without question, heaven and hell are as opposite as may be: and whether the Centre be the place of torment, or (as others think) all the gulfs of the sea, and hollows of the earth, as being more capable to contain the damned, I leave it to the Schools; as for the Pulpit, I think this prayer more fit, *Lord, shew us what it is, but never where.*

Secondly, the *deepnesse* is yoked with *darknesse*; such a dungeon fits the *Tares*, they committed works of *darknesse*, and are cast into utter *darknesse*; a *darknesse* that may be felt, thick Clouds that may be handled, damps and mists that strike at their hearts with sensible griefs. This is that bottemlesse pit in the heart of the earth: there shines no Sun, no Moon, nor Stars; there is no light of Candle, Torch, or Taper; shine the Sunne never so fair, it is still night there; the Dungeon is dark, and this makes the place more sad, more uncomfortable. Let Poets feign of *Tantalus* tortures, *Promethæus* Vultures, *Ixions* Wheel, and *Charons* rowing, these come farre short to expresse the pains of those that rage in hell: there plagues have no ease, cries have

have not help, time has no end, place no redemption: it is the dark prison where the *Tares* are chained, and the wicked bound in fetters of fire and darknesse. Could men have a sight of hell whiles they live on earth, I doubt not their hearts would tremble in their bosomes: yet view it in a way of meditation, and see what you finde; are there not wonderful engines, sharpe and sore instruments of revenge, *fiery Brimstone, pitchy Sulphur, red hot chaines, flaming whips, scorching darknesse*? will you any more? *the worm is immortal, cold insolerable, stench indurable, fire unquenchable, darknesse palpable*: This is that prison of the damned, then whose eyes dare behold such amazing objects? but if not, see, yet listen with your eares, is there any charm in hell to conjure away Devils, or to ravish souls? what musick affords the place, but roaring, and crying, and howling? *cursing their Hymnes, wailing their tunes, blasphemies their ditties, lachrymx their notes, lamentations their songs, screeching their streines*, these are their evening and their morning songs; *Moab shall cry against Moab, one against another, all against God*. O fearful Prison! what torments have the *Tares* that lie here fettered? their feet are chained in the stocks, and the Iron pierceth their souls; it is a dungeon where the light never shined, but the walls are as black as pitch, the vaults are smoaked as Chimneys, the roof as dark as hell, nay the *Dungeon is hell*, where the *Tares* lye bound and fettered. Think of this *Payle*, ye offenders of Gods Law, and Majesty; the Angels see our doings, the Judge now expects our returning, the *Tares* grow till the harvest; and if still they offend, death apprehends them, God will judge them, the *Jaylour* take them, *Hell* imprison them; there are they bound: You heare the Evidence brought in, and the sentence gone out, *Take them, Binde them, Binde them in bundles to burn them*.

And if this be the *Jaylours Goal*, what then be the *Bonds or Chaines*?

The *Angels* which kept not their first estate (saith Jude) God hath reserved in everlasting chains; and God spared not the *Angels* that sinned (saith Peter) but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into Chains of darknesse. Thus Christ doomed him that had not on his wedding garment, *Binde him hand and foot*: and what may these *chaines and bonds* insinuate, but that the

Tares

Jude 6.

2 Pet. 2. 4.

Mat. 13. 22.

Tares are *tyed to their torments*? might they but remove from place to place, this would afford some ease; might they but stir a foot, or but turn about, or have any little motion to refresh their tormented parts, this would yield some comfort; but here is an universal binding, *hand and foot*, body and soul, all must be bound with *everlasting chains*. The Reprobates are pack't and crowded together, like bricks in a fiery furnace, having not so much as a chink where any winde may enter in to coole them. O ye that live in the sinful wealth of this world, consider but this one punishment of hell, and be afraid! if a man enjoying quiet of minde, and health of body, should lye chained on a soft down-bed for a month, or year, how would he abide it? but this is nothing: if a man should lye sick of a Fever, swolne in a Dropsie, pained with the Gout, and (though it were for the recovery of his health) without any turning, tossing, stirring, this were a great torture sure, and a question it were, whether the disease or the Physick were more intolerable? witnesse poor Patients, who change their sides, with other beds, seek other rooms, and all these shifts but to mitigate their pains: How wretched then are the *Tares* bound in *Chains*? they are not in health, nor bound for a moneth, nor sick of a Fever, nor lye for a year; their pain is grievous, their bonds heavy, their torments durable, their restlesse rest eternal. *The worme shall gnaw their spirit, the fire torture their flesh*; were these nothing, yet small sorrows grow great with continuance; the fire shall torture, yet never cease; worms gnaw the heart, yet never gnaw in sunder the strings: wretched souls are bound indeed, whose bonds are never out of date: A seven years prentiship would ere long expire, but what are seven years to a world of ages? the Reprobates must serve years, ages, even to a million of millions, and yet are never free: O bondage not to be uttered, yet must be endured! Is it not a Bedlam-fury, that must have such bonds? a little to expresse their torments by our sufferings, which yet are nothing, nothing in comparison: what mean these *chains, and whips, and links, and scourges*? *Iron chains, whips of steel, fiery links, knotty scourges*? Furies shake their bolts to affrighten souls, the irons strike through their eares, and the hooked Engines tear their Bowels, as if the torment of *tares* were the delight of devils. Here is a *prison* indeed, where

Vermis conscientiam, ignis comburens car-nem.

where is nothing heard but yells and grones, and sudden cries; the fire flakes not, the worme dies not, the chains loose not, the links wear not, revenge tires not, but for ever are the torments fresh, and the fetters on fire, as they came first from their Forge.

What a strange kinde of torture falls upon the wicked? they are bound to fiery pillars, and devils lash at them with their fiery whips: is there any part of man escapes free in such a fray? *The flesh shall fry, the blood boil, the veines be scorcht, the sinews rack't, Serpents shall eat the body, furies tear the soul*; this is that woful plight of Tares, which lie bound in Hell. The sick man at Sea may goe from his ship to his boat, and from his boat to his ship again: the sick man in his bed may tumble from his right side to his left, and from his left to his right again; only the *Tares* are tied hand and foot, bound limb and joynt: their feet walk not, their fingers move not, their eyes must no more wander as before: lo, all is bound. O these manacles that rot the flesh, and pierce the inward parts! O unmatchable torments, yet most fit for *Tares*! sin made them furious, hell must tame their phrensie; the Judge thus commands, and the Executioners must dispatch; fetter them, fire them, *Binde] them in bundles to burn them.*

I have led you through the dungeon, let this sight serve for a terrour that you never come nearer: To that purpose (for exhortation,) consider:

Alas! all hangs on life, there's but a twine-thread betwixt the soul of a sinner, and the scorching flames; who then would so live, as to run his soul into hazard? the Judge threatens us, devils hate us, the bonds expect us, it is only our conscience must clear us, or condemn us. Search then thy wayes, and stir up thy remembrance to her *Items*: hast thou dishonoured God, blasphemed his Name, decayed his image, subduing thy soul to sin, that was created for Heaven? repent these courses, ask God forgiveness, and he will turn away thy punishment. I know your sins are grievous, and my soul grieves at the knowledge: many evils have possessed too many; drunkenness, and oathes, and malice, and revenge, are not these guests entertained into all houses? banish them your hearts, that the King of glory may come in: *As I live (saith the Lord) I desire not the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live.* Would

1. Use

Ezek. 33. ii.

God bestow mercy? and should we refuse his bounry? as you love heaven, your soules, your selves, leave your sins.

Use 2.

Ephes. 5. 2.

And then (here is a word of consolation) the penitent needs not fear hell, Gods servant is freed from bonds; yea, *if we love him who hath first loved us*, all the chains and pains of hell can neither hold, nor hurt us.

Use 3.

O then ye sons of *Adam* (suffer a reproof) what do ye, that ye do not repent you of your sins? is it not a madnesse above admiration, that men (who are reasonable creatures) having eyes in their heads, hearts in their bodies, understanding like the Angels, and consciences capable of unspeakable horrour, never will be warned, until the fire of that infernal Lake flash and flame about their ears? Let the Angels blush, heaven and earth be amazed, and all the Creatures stand astonished at it. I am sure a time will come, when the *Tares* shall feel, what now they may justly fear; you hear enough, such weeds must be bound, thus strait is the Lords command; *Binde] them in bundles to burn them.*

But all is not done; *Chains have their links*, and we must bring all together. Sinners are coupled in hell as *Tares in Bundles*: But of these when we next meet; in the mean while let this we have heard, *Binde* us all to our duties, that we hear attentively, remember carefully, practise conscionably, that so God may reward accordingly, and at last crown us with his glory. *The Tares must be bound up in bundles*; but, Lord, make us free in Heaven, to sit with *Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob* in thy blessed Kingdome.

In bundles.

The command is out: what? *Binde] whom? them] how? in bundles.]* The tares must on heaps, which gives us a double observation.

General.

Special.

In the general it intimates these two points; *the gathering of the weed*, and *its severing from the wheat*: both are bound in bundles, but the *wheat* by it self, and the *tares* by themselves: as at that doom (when all the world must be gathered, and severed) some stand at the right hand, others at the left: so at this execution, some are for the fire, and others for the Barn; they are *bundled* together, yet according to the difference of the

the several parties, each from the other.

First, *The tares must together: Wo is me* (saith David) *that I am constrained to dwell with Mefech*: and if David think it woful to converse with his living enemies; then what punishment have the wicked, whom the Devil and damned, the black Angels and everlasting horrour must accompany for ever? The *tares must be gathered, and bundled*; and the more *bundles*, the more and more miseries: Company yields no comfort in hell-fire; nay, what greater discomfort than to see thy friends in flames, thy fellowes in torments, the fiends with flaming whips, revenging each others malice on thy self and enemy? It was the rich mans last petition, when he had so many repulses for his own ease, to make one suit for his living brethren; he knew their company would encrease his torment, to prevent which, he cries out, *I pray thee, father Abraham, that thou wouldest send Lazarus to my fathers house, for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.* Why, it may be God will hear him for them, especially making such a reasonable request as this was, that *Lazarus* might onely warn his brethren of future judgement: no, but to teach you, if you sell your souls to sin, to leave a rich posterity on earth, you shall not onely your selves (without all remorse and pity) be damned in hell; but your posterity shall be a torment to you whilest they live, and a greater torment if they come to you when they are dead. To converse with Devils is fearful, but altogether to accompany each other, is a plague fit for *tares*: In this life they flourished amongst the wheat, *Let them grow both together, corn and tares untill the harvest.* But the harvest come, God will now separate them both asunder, and as in Heaven there none are but Saints, so in hell there are none but reprobates: To encrease this torment, as they grow together, so all their conference is to curse each other: *Moab* shall cry against *Moab*, father against son, son against father: what comfort in this company? The Devil (that was authour of such mischiefs) appears in most grisly formes, his Angels, (the black guard of hell) torture poor souls in flames: there live swearers with their flaming tongues, usurers with talent hands, drunkards with scorched throats, all these tares like fiery faggots burning together in hell-flames; this is the first punishment,

1. Observ.
Psal. 120. 4.

Luk. 16. 27, 28

all the tares must meet, they are bundled together.

Observ. 2.

Secondly, *as the tares must together, so they must together by themselves*; thus are they bundled, and severed; bundled all together, but from the wheat all asunder.

*Quia damni
panem inferi,
Basil. Aser. in
c. 2. pag. 255.
Chrysost. in
Matth. Hom.
24.
Bern. de inter-
dono. cap. 38.*

Hell is called damnation, *Because it brings Heavens losse*, and this by consent of most Divines, is the more horrible part of hell: So Basil, *To be alienated or separated from the presence of God, his Saints, and Angels, is far more grievous than the pains of hell*. So Chrysostome, *the pain of hell is intolerable indeed; yet a thousand hells are nothing to the losse of that most glorious Kingdome*. So Bernard; *It is a pain far surpassing all the tortures in hell, not to see God, and those joys immortal, which are prepared for his children*. O then what hells are in hell, when besides the pains of sense, there is a pain of losse, the losse of God, losse of Saints, losse of Angels, losse of Heaven, losse of that beatifical vision of the most Sovereigne Good, our ever-blessed Maker? Consider with your selves, if at the parting of the soul and body there be such pangs, and gripes, and stings, and sorrowes: what grief then will it be, to be severed for ever from the Highest and supreamest Good? Suppose your bodies (as some Martyrs have been used) should be torn in sunder, and that wilde horses, driven contrary wayes, should rack and pull your arms and legs, and heart and bowels, one piece from another, what an horrible kind of death would this be, think you? and yet a thousand rentings of this member from that, or of the soul from the body, are infinitely lesse than this one separation of the soul from God. When Jacob got the blessing from his brother Esau, it is said in the Text, *that he roared with a great cry and bitter*, saying to his father, *Hast thou not reserved one blessing for me also*? Imagine then, when the wheat must have the blessing, how will the tares (figured in Esau) roar and cry, and yell, and howl again? and yet notwithstanding this unspeakable rage, all the tears of hell shall never be sufficient to bewail the losse of Heaven. Hence breeds that worm that is alwayes gnawing at the conscience, *A worm* (saith our Saviour) *that dies not*, Mark 9. 44. It shall lie day and night, biting, and gnawing and feeding upon the bowels of the damned persons: O the stings of this worm! no sooner shall the damned consider the cause of their misery, to wit, the mis-spending of their

time,

Gen. 27. 31.

Mark 9. 44.

time, the greatnesse of their sinne, the many opportunities lost, when they might have gotten Heaven for a tear, or a sigh, or groan from a penitent heart; but this worm (or remorse) shall at every consideration give them a deadly bite, and then shall they roare it out, *Miserable wretch, what have I done? I had a time to have wrought out the salvation of my soul, many a powerful searching Sermon have I heard, any one passage whereof (had I not wickedly and wilfully forsook mine own mercy) might have been unto me the beginning of the New-birth; but those golden dayes are gone, and for want of a little sorrow, a little repentance, a little faith, now am I burning in hell-fire: O precious time! O dayes, moneths, years, how are ye vanished, that you will never come again? And have I thus miserably undone my self? Come, Furies, tear me into as many pieces as there are moats in the Sun, rip up my brest, dig into my bowels, pull out my heart, leave me not an hair on my head, but let all burne in these flames, till I moulder into nothing. O madnesse of men, that never think on this all the dayes of your visitation! and then when the bottomlesse pit hath shut her self upon you, thus will this worm gnaw your hearts with unconceivable griefs. Be amazed, O ye Heavens! tremble thou Earth! let all creatures stand astonished; whilest the Tares are thus sentenced, *Bundle them, and burne them.**

Thus far of the Word in general: but if we look on it with a more narrow eye, it gives to our hands this special observation.

The Tares must have chains proportionable to their sins: Binde them in bundles,] saith my Text, not in one, but in many faggots, *an Adulterer with an Adulteresse, a Drunkard with a Drunkard, a Traytor with a Traytor.* As there be several sinnes, so several Bundles, all are punished in the same fire; but all are not punished in the same degree; some have heavier chains, and some have tighter, but all in just weight and measure. The Proud shall be trod under foot, the Glutton suffer inestimable hunger, the Drunkard feel a burning thirst, the Covetous pine in wants, the Adulterer lye with Serpents, Dragons, Scorpions. Give me leave to *binde these in bundles,* and so leave them for the fire; they are first *bundled, then burned.*

Where is Lady *Pride* and her followers? see them piled for the furnace: you that jet it with your *balls and bracelets, tyres and tablets, rings and jewels, and changeable suits,* think but what

1.
EJay 3.

Job 20.26.

a change will come, when all you (like birds of a feather) must together, to be *bound in bundles*. What then will your pride avail, or your riches profit, or your gold do good, or your treasures help, when you must be constrained to *vomit up again your riches, the increase of your house-departing away, and a fire not blown utterly consuming you and them!* The rich man in the Gospel could for a time go richly, fare sumptuously, and that not only on Sabbaths or Holy-dayes, but (as the Text) *every day*: yet no sooner had death seized on his body, but he was fain to alter both his suit and diet; hear him how he begs for water, that had plenty of wines; and see him that was *cloathed in purple*, now apparelled in another suit, (yet of the same colour too) even in *purple flames*: O that his delicate morsels must want a drop of water, and that his fine apparel must cost him so dear, as the high price of his soul! Why, rich man, is it come to this? the time was that *purple and fine linnen* was thy usual apparel, that banquets of *sumptuous* dishes were thy ordinary fare; but now not the poorest beggar (even *Lazarus* himself) that would change estate with thee: Change, said I? no: *Remember* (saith old *Abraham*) *that thou in thy life-time receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented*, Luk. 16.25.

Luke 16.25.

2.

But there are other *Bundles*; where is *Gluttony* and her sur-fetters? Do we not see how the earth is plowed, the sea furrowed, and all to furnish one *Epicures* table? *Sicily* sends fruit, *Canary* sugars, *Moluques* spices, *Egypt* balsamum, *Candy* oyles, *Spain* sweet meats, *France* wines; our own land cannot satisfie, but forreign Kingdomes and Countreys must needs be sacrificed to our belly-gods: but what dainties have such *Nabals* when they come to hell? there is a black banquet prepared for devils and reprobates; the first dish is *weeping*, the second *gnashing of teeth*, and what mirth is there where these two courses must last all the feast? The lazy Friar sweating at his long meats and meals, *Hec quantum patimur*, cries he, *alas, how much do we suffer which are Friars?* but alas, how much must you suffer at this supper, where the meat is poison; the attendants, furies; the musick, groanes; and time without end, the sauce of every dish? See here the provision for the damned, their chains loose not, their fire cools not, their worms dies not, their woes end not, such gall and vinegar

vineger bitters every morſel. God hath proportioned this puniſhment for theſe ſheaves, they are ſent from ſurfeits to an empty dungeon, that ſent away beggers empty from their doors.

But more *Bundles* yet, where is *Drunkenneſſe* with her rioters? *Lo, they are trodden under foot*, ſaith the Prophet, *they* 3.
Eſay 28. 3. *whoſe tables were full of vomit and filthineſſe*, are now driven to that ſcarcity and want, that not a cup of wine, nor a draught of beer, nor a drop of water can be got in all hell for them. *Sin muſt have its puniſhment in a juſt proportion*: the tongue of that rich man that had turned down ſo many tuns of wine, cannot procure in hell one por of water to cool it: in his tongue he ſinned, in his tongue he is tormented: fiery heats breed a ſcorching thirſt, yet becauſe he denied *Lazarus* a crumb of bread, *Lazarus* muſt not bring him a drop of water: how? *a drop of water*? alas, what are ten thouſand rivers, or the whole ſea of water unto that infinite world of fire? here is a poor ſuit indeed, what begs he but a cup of water, an handful of water, *a drop of water*; nay, were it but a wet finger, to cool the tip of his ſcorched tongue? Hearken ye drunkards, and fear theſe flames that one day muſt parch your tongues. Here you may recreate your ſelves by ſleep when you have too much, or by idle company when you would have more, but hereafter you ſhall finde no means to qualifye theſe pains: ſleep there is none, though it be nothing but an everlaſting night: friends there be none, though all could profeſſe their everlaſting loves; you may indeed commerce with ſome company, but who are they ſave devils and reprobates, (miſerable comforters!) in the ſame condemnation? Who is not ſober, that knows what portion muſt beſal theſe reprobates? their mouthes dry as duſt, their tongues red as fire, their throats parcht as coals, all their bowels clung together as the burning parchment. *He that ſows iniquity ſhall reap vanity*; the drunkard that abuſeth ſo much wine, muſt there want a little water, his tongue ſhall cleave to the roof of his mouth, and goblets of boyling lead run down his throat: as the pleaſure, ſo the pain; *he was comforted, and is tormented*.

And yet more *Bundles*, where is *Covetouſneſſe* and her gripers? O the iron age we live in! was there ever leſſe love? ever more diſſembling? the covetous hoardeth, holdeth, oppreſſeth, or it may be puts out to uſury, but never without ſureties, pledges,

Jam. 2. 13.

mortgages, bills, or bonds; Think of those bonds ye covetous, that must *binde you in bundles*; had you then ten thousand worlds, and were they all composed of purest gold, and brim-full with richest jewels, yet would you cast them all at the foot of some *Lazarus*, for one drop of water, or one puff of winde, to cool any part or piece of your tormented members. See the cruel effect of sin; he that hath no pitie, shall not be pitied; no, *He shall have judgement without mercy, that hath shewed no mercy*, James 2. 13. Thus to pay the covetous in his own coin, coffers and chests shall be brought before him, there shall devils ring him a peal of this damned coin, *of pounds, of shillings, of pence*, these accounts shall sound through his ears; and to satisfie his heart, melted gold shall be poured down his throat; yea, he shall be served too with his meat in plate, and plate and meat all boil together to his loathed supper; thus hath God satisfied him that could never satisfie himself; his gold now wants no weight, his silver is not scarce, mountains and loads are prepared for him to his greater torments.

5.

Yet again more *Bundles*; where is *Adultery* with her minions? Lo, ugly fiends do embrace them, and the furies of hell be as their bosome-concubines. I have read some-where (but I will not deliver it as a truth) that a voluptuous man dying, and going to this place of torment, he was there saluted in this fearful manner: *First, Lucifer commands to fetch him a chaire, and forthwith an iron chair red-hot with sparkling fire was brought, and he set thereon: this done, Lucifer commands again to fetch him drink, and a drink of melted lead was brought in a cup, which they straitway pouring into his open mouth, anon it came running out of all his members: this done, Lucifer commands again, that according to his use they should fetch him musicians to make him merry, and a sort of musicians came with hot glowing trumpets, and sounding them at his eares (whereto they laid them) anon there come sparks of fire leaping out of his mouth, his eyes, and nostrils, all about him; this done, Lucifer commands again, that according to his wonted manner he should have his Concubines, and upon this they bring him to a bed of fire, where Furies give him kisses, fiery serpents hug about his neck, and the gnawing worm sucks blood from his heart and breasts, for ever and ever.* Howsoever in this story, it may be altogether truth

truth was not brought to bed; yet imagine what a welcome shall be to the damned souls? their eyes shall startle, their ears glow, their nostrils suck up flames, their mouths taste bitterness, and for the sense of feeling, (according to the measure of their sinne) they are wrapped in the grisly embracements of stinging and stinking flames; where now are those dainty delights, sweet musick, merry company? are all left behinde? and is there no recreation in those smoaky vaults? Unhappy dungeon, where there is no order but horror, no singing but howling, no ditties but their woes, no consorts but shrieks, no beautie but blacknesse, and no perfumes or odour, but pitch and sulphur. Let the heat of this fire cool the heat of your lust; pleasure ends with pain. *In as much (saith God) as the harlot glorified her selfe, and lived in pleasure, so much give ye to her torment and sorrow.* Revel. 18. 7.

You see now (Beloved) what Tares are in *bundles*; the *Proud*, *Gluttons*, *Drunkards*, *Covetous*, *Adulterers*; these and such others are *bundled* by the *Reapers* at the general Harvest.

O then, having yet a little time, how should we labour to escape *Hells horror*? let the *Proud* be humbled, the *Epicure* fast, the *Drunkard* pray, the *Adulterer* chastise himself to pull down his body; and for the *Covetous wretch*, let him with all holy greedinesse lay out his bags for the eternal good of his soul: Alas, one foot in heaven is better than all your lands on earth. *I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, then to dwell in the Tents* (in the houses, in the Palaces) *of the wicked.* Psal. 84. 10.

Now then in the fear of God reform your lives, and your harvest, without question, shall be the joy of heaven; or if *Tares* will be *Tares*, what remains but *Binding*, and *Bundling*? *Binde them, Bundle them, Burne them.*

The Harvest is done, and the Angels sing and shout for their ended task: the *Tares* are reaped, the furrows cleansed, the sickles laid aside, the sheaves *Bundled*: and to shut up all, they must be *Burned*: But stay we them a while, and at our next meeting we will set them on fire. God make us better seed, that we may receive a better crop, even that Crown of glory in the highest heavens.

To burne them.]

WE have followed the Prisoners from the Bar, and brought them to the stake; what remains further, but to kindle the Faggots, and so to shut up all with the *Burning*?

Hell-fire (at the first raming) makes my soul to tremble; and would the boldest courage but enter into a serious meditation, what it were to lie everlastingly in a red-hot scorching fire, how could he chuse but stand astonished at the consideration? it is a *furious fire*: rouse up (beloved) for either this, or nothing will awake you from the sleep of sin wherein you snort too securely.

Some differences there are about this *fire*: many think it a *Metaphorical*, others a *material fire*; be it whether it will, it is every way fearful, and far above the reach either of humane or Angelical thoughts to conceive.

If it be *Metaphorical* (as *Gregory* and *Calvine* are of a minde) then is it either more, or nothing lesse terrible: when the Holy Ghost shadows unto us the joys of heaven by *gold*, and *pearles*, and *precious stones*, *Rev. 21.* there is no one thinks but those joyes do far surpass these shadows: and if the pains of hell are set out by fire, and flames, and brimstone, and burning, what pains are those, to which these are nothing but dumb shows or types?

Or if *hell-fire* be *material* (as *Austine* and *Bullenger* do conjecture) yet is it far beyond any fire on earth: mark but the difference: our *fire* is made for comfort: *hell-fire* is created for nothing else but torment: our *fire* is blown with some airy breath of man, but *hell-fire* is blown with the angry breath of God: our *fire* is fed with the fuel of Wood or Coale, but *hell-fire* is tempered with all the terrible torturing ingredients of sulphur, and brimstone; or (to cut the way nearer) I will reduce all the differences to some of these foure, and so proceed in their order: they differ; first, in *heat*; secondly, in *light*; thirdly, in *their object*; fourthly, in *duration*.

Esay 30. 33.

First, in *heat*: *The pile thereof is fire and much wood, and the breath of the Lord like a stream of brimstone doth kinde it*, *Esay 30. 33.* This *fire* is not made by the hand of man, nor blown from the bellows of some forge, nor fed with any fuel of combustible matter: no, it is the arme of God, and the breath of God, and the anger of God that kindles it sharply, and continues it everlastingly; and (I pray) if the breath that kindles it, be

be like a stream of brimstone, what is the *fire* it self? you know there is a great difference betwixt the heat of our breath, and the *fire* in our chimnies: Now then, if the breath of God that kindles hell-fire be dissolved into brimstone, what a fearful *fire* is that, which a great torrent of burning Brimstone doth ever mightily blow? A torrent of Brimstone said I? no, it is not Brimstone, but *like Brimstone*, like to our capacity, although for the nature this *like* is not *like*; nay, could we know exactly what this breath were, you would say (I warrant you) it were far more hotter than ten thousand Rivers of Brimstone, were they all put together: *Our God* (saith the Apostle) *is a consuming fire*, Heb. 12. 29. And if God be a *fire*, what then is *hell-fire*, kindled by the breath of God? *O my soul, how canst thou but tremble at the thought of this fire, at which the very Devils themselves do quake and shiver?* Pause a while and consider; wert thou arraigned at some earthly bar, thy doom past, the execution at hand, and thy body now ready to be cast, (as many a Martyrs was) into some burning fire, or boyling Caldron: O how wouldest thou shout, and roare, and cry through the extremity of torment? but what is a boyling Caldron to that boyling sea of fire and brimstone? pitch and sulphur boyld altogether, were not this enough? see there the perplexing properties of such heats; they burne as brimstone, darkly to grieve the sight, sharply to afflict the sense, loathsomely to perplex the smell: it is a fire that needs no bellows to kindle it, nor admits of the least aire to cool it; the fuel wastes not, the smoke vents not; the chimnies are as Reprobates cradles, where they lye scorching, burning, howling their lullabies, and their nurses furies. The flames of *Nebuchadnezzars fire* could ascend fourty nine Cubits; but if hell be a bottomless pit, sure these flames have an endlesse height; How hot then is that glowing Oven, where the *fire burnes lively, the blasts go strongly, the wheeles turn roundly, and the darkned fuel are those damned souls that burn in an heat surpassing ours, unspeakable of us!* here is one difference.

Heb. 12. 29.

Secondly, as hell-fire differs from ours in *heat*, so in *light*; Cast that *unprofitable servant* (saith our Saviour) *into utter darknesse*, Mat. 25. 30, *Utter,*] to perplex the minde; *Darknesse,*] to confound the eye. Consider but the terror of this circumstance; if a man alone in darknesse should suddenly hear a noise of ghosts and spirits coming towards him, how would his haire

Matth. 25. 30.

bristle,

bristle, his tongue falter, his blood run to the heart? yea, (I dare say) although he felt never a lash from them on his body, yet the only howling of devils would make his very inmost heart to shake and shudder? O then, what horroür is that, when darknesse must surround thee, and devils hollow to thee, and reprobates shriek at the lashing of their bodies, and all hell be filled with the cries and echoes of *Wo, wo, wo* for their torments, and the darknesse? May be you will object, if there be *fire*, there is assuredly light: nay, (without question) this *fire* hath *heat*, no *light*; it is a dark smoaky flame, that burnes dim to the eye, yet sharp to the sense; or it may be, (as some do imagine) this *fire* affords a little Sulphureous or obscure light, but how? not for comfort, but confusion. Conceive it thus, he that in the twilight sees deformed Images, or in the night beholds shapes of ghosts, and spirits, by a dimme dark light, why better he saw nothing, then such terrible visions; such fears, nay a thousand times worse are presented to the eyes of Reprobates; they may discern through darknesse, the ugly faces of fiends, the soul visages of Reprobates, the furious torments of their friends, or parents, while all lye together in the same condemnation. What comfort affords this light, where nothing is seen but the Judges wrath, and the prisoners punishment? O (will they cry) that our eyes were out, or the flames were quenched, or that some period were put to this endlesse night of darknesse! but all in vain; lo, pillars of smoak arise out of the infernal pir, which darken the light, as the fire lightens the darknesse: and this the second difference.

Thirdly, there is yet another difference, in the *fuel or object of this fire*; ours burne not without *materials*, this works also on *spirituals*. It is (I confesse) a question whether devils suffer by *fire*? and how may that be? some are of opinion, that they are not only spirits, but have bodies; not organical as ours, but aerial, or somewhat more subtile then the aire it self: this opinion howsoever most deny, yet *Austine* argues for it; for if men and devils (saith he) are punished in the same *fire*, and that *fire* be corporeal, how are Devils capable of the suffering, unlesse they have bodies (like men) fit for the impression? And yet if we deny them to have bodies, I see no impossibility, but that

that spirits themselves may suffer in hell-fire: is it not as easie with God to joyn spirits and fire, as souls and bodies? as therefore the soul may suffer through the body, so likewise may those spirits be tormented by fire. I will not argue the case either with, or against *Austine*; yet safely may we put this conclusion, *Not only men in their bodies, but devils and souls must together be tormented in hell-fire.* Thus our Saviour couples them in that last heavy doom, *Go, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his Angels.* What a fire is this? it tries the reins, it searcheth the bowels, it pierceth the very soul and inmost thoughts. O fire above measure! where spirits are the tormentors, damnation the punishment, men and devils the fuel, and the breath of an offended God the Bellows. Think not on your fires, that gives you heat for warmth, or light for comfort; neither fear you him that kills your bodies, but hath no further commission to hurt your souls: here is another fire, another Judge; a fire that kindles souls, a Judge that sends bodies and souls to everlasting fire: such heats, such darknesse, such objects accompany this fire; the heat is intolerable, darness palpable, body and soul both combustible, all burn together that have sinned together. This is the third difference.

August. de civ. vis. dei l. 21. c. 10.

Math. 25. 41.

Lastly, there is a difference in *Durance*; our fire dies quickly, but hell-fire lasts for ever. This is done (saith *Austine*) admirably, yet actually; the burning bodies never consume, the kindled fire never waxes with any length of time. We read of a certain salt in *Sicilia*, that if put into the fire, it swims as in water, and being put into water crackles as in fire; We read of a fountain in *Libya*, that in a cold night is so hot, that none can touch it, and in a hot day so cold that none could drink it: If God thus work miracles on earth, do'st thou seek a reason of Gods high and heavy judgement in hell? I see the pit, I cannot find the depth; there is a fire that now stands as it was created; it must be endured, yet never, never must be ended. The custome of some countreys, that burn Malefactors, use the least fires for greatest offenders, that so the heat being lessened, the pains might be prolonged; but if this be so terrible to them, whose fire is but little, and whose time cannot be long; what an exceeding horrible torment is this in hell, where the fire is extream great, and the time for ever and everlasting? Suppose you,

Miri, sed veris modu. Aug. ibid. Aug. de civis. Dei. l. 21.

you, or any one of you should lie one night grievously afflicted with a raging fit of the Stone, Collick, Strangury, Tooth-ach, pangs of Travel, and a thousand such miseries incident to man, how would you tossle and tumble? how would you turn your sides, tell the clock, count the hours, expect every moment for the gay-bright morn, and till then esteem every hour a year, and every pang a misery matchlesse, and intolerable? O then what will it be (think you) to lie in fire and brimstone, kept in highest flame by the unquenchable wrath of God, world without end? How tedious will be that endlesse night, where the clock never strikes, the time never passes, the morn never dawns, the Sun never rises; where thou canst not turn, nor tossle, nor tumble, nor yet take any rest; where thou shalt have nothing about thee but darknesse, and horror, and wailing, and yelling, wringing of hands, and gnashing of reeth for evermore? Good Lord, that for a smile of pleasant pleasure, men should run upon the rock of eternal vengeance! Come, ye that pursue vanity, and see here the fruit of sin at this harvest of Tares; *Pleasures are but momentary, but the pangs are eternal*: Eternal? how long is that? Nay, here we are silenced, no Limner can set it forth, no Oratour can expresse it; if all times that ever were, and ever shall be, should be put together, they would infinitely come short of this *fiery eternity*; the latitude thereof is not to be measured, neither by *houres, nor dayes, nor weeks, nor moneths, nor years, nor Lustra's, nor Olympiads, nor Indictions, nor Jubiles, nor ages, nor Plato's years, nor by the most slow motions of the eighth sphere, though all these were multiplied by thousands, or millions, or the greatest multiplier, or number numbering that can be imagined*. Plainly in a word, count if you please, ten hundred thousand millions of years, and adde a thousand myriads of ages to them, and when all is done, multiply all again by a thousand, thousand, thousand of thousands; and being yet too short, count all the thoughts, motions, mutations of men and Angels; adde to them all the sands of the Sea, piles on the Earth, Stars in the Heavens; and when all this is done, multiply all again by all the numbers, squares, cubicks of Arithmetick; and yet all these are so far short of eternity, that they neither touch end, nor middle, nor the least part or parcel of it: What then is this which

*Momentaneum
quod delectat,
eternum quod
cruciat.*

which the damned suffer? *eternal fire*? we had need to cry out, *Fire, fire, fire*: Alas, to what end? there is no help to extinguish *fire* that must burn for ever: Your Buckets may quench other *fires*, not this; No milk nor vinegar can extinguish that *wilde fire*: It is a *fire* which no means can moderate, no patience can endure, no time can for ever change, but in it whosoever wofully lies, their flesh shall fry, their blood shall boil, their hearts consume; yet they shall never die, but dying live, & living die; death in life, life in death, miserable ever. This is that consideration, which shall bring all the damned Reprobates to shriek and howl everlastingly: were they perswaded that after millions of years they should have one year of pleasure, or after thousands of millions they should have some end of torment, here would be a little hope; But this word *Ever*,] breaks their hearts asunder: this *ever, ever*, gives new life again to those insufferable sorrowes; and hence it is, that when all those millions of years are done and gone, then (God knows) must the wheels of their torment whirl about and about: Alas, the *fire* is durable, the heat continual, the fuel immortal, and such is the end of Tares, they must burn without end: *Bind them in bundles to burn them.*

Lo here the *fire of hell*, which compared to ours on earth, it differs in heat, in light, in fuel, in duranc: Let your souls work on these objects, that they never come nearer to those flames.

Who amongst us would dwell with devouring fire? who amongst us would dwell with everlasting burnings? Beloved, as you tender your souls, and would escape the flames, reform your lives whiles you have a little time. You hear it sounded in Synagogues, and preached in Pulpits: what sound? but *heaven or hell, joyes or torments*; the one befalling the good, and the other the just end of the wicked. Do we believe the truth? and dare we commit sin, whose reward is this fiery death? upon due consideration, how is it that we sleep, or rest, or take a minutes ease? lesser dangers have bestraght some out of their wits, nay bereaved many of their lives; how is it then that we run head-long into this *fire*, yet never weigh whither we are going, till we are dropping into the pit, whence there is no redemption! Look about you while it is called *to day*, or otherwise wo and alas that ever you were born; be sure a time will come, when miseries shall march,

Angels

i. Use.
Esay 33. 14.

Angels beat alarms, God sound destruction, and the tents of his enemies be all set on fire, *Binde them in bundles to burn them.*

Use 2.

Or yet, if comparisons can prevail; suppose one of you should be taken, and brought along to the mouth of an hot fiery furnace; then (comparing sin with its punishment) might I question you, how much pleasure would you ask to continue there burning but one year? *how much* (would you say?) *surely not for all the pleasures and treasures that all this world can afford you.* How is it then, that for a little sin, that endures but a moment, so many of you so little regard eternal punishment in hell-fire? If we should but see a little childe fall into the fire, and his very bowels burn out, how would it grieve us, and make our very hearts bleed within us? how much more then should it grieve you to see, not a childe, but your own bodies and soules cast away for a momentary sin into the lake of fire, that never shall be quenched? If a man should come amongst us, and cry, *Fire, Fire*, thy house is all on *Fire*, thy corn, thy cattel, thy wife, thy children, and all thou hast are burning altogether; how would this astonish us, making both the hair to stand upright on our heads, and the tears to gush out of our eyes? Behold then, and see the Spirit of God cries out, *Fire, fire*; even the dreadful *fire* of hell gapeth ready to devour; not thy house, thy corn, or thy cattel; but thy poor soul, and that for evermore: O then how should this break your flinty hearts asunder, and make your souls bleed again and again? if you have any spark of grace, this (me thinks) should move you to a strict course of life; if you have any care of your souls; this (me thinks) should make you to walk humbly, and purely, carefully and conscionably towards God, and towards man: if not, what remains but *fire, fire*? *Binde them in bundles to burn them.*

3.

Or yet, if example can perswade us more; meditate on the miserable condition of that namelesse rich man: Suppose you saw him in hell-torments, compassed about with furies, fires, and all that black guard below; his tongue flaming, his eyes staring, his conscience biting, his soul suffering, his body all over burning in that fire of hell. O lamentable sight! but to make it more lamentable; hearken how he roars and cries through the extremity of pains: *O torment, torment! how am I tormented in this fire? my head, my heart, my eyes, my ears, my tongue, my tongue is all on fire;*

fire; what shall I do? whither shall I fly for succour? Within me is the worme, without me is fire, about me are devils, above me is Abraham, and what glorious star is yonder I see, but Lazarus, poor Lazarus in his bosome? what, is a beggar exalted? and am I in torments? Why, Abraham, father Abraham, have mercy on me: See here a man burning, scorching, frying in hell-flames; one dram of mercy, one drop of water to a tormented soul; Oh I burn, I burn, I burn without ease or end, and is there none to pity me? Come, Lazarus (if Abraham will not hear) let me beg of thee a beggar, and howsoever I denied thee a crumb of bread, yet be so good, so charitable, as to dip the tip of thy finger in water, and cool my tongue. It is a poor suit I ask; not to drive, but dip; not thy hand, but finger; not all, but the tip of it; not in snow, but water; not to quench, but to cool; not my body, but my least member, be it my tongue onely: no ease so little, no grant so poor, no remedy so small, but happy were I if I could obtain it, though I begged it with tears and prayers of a thousand thousand years continuance: But see Abraham and Lazarus deny my suits; I burn, and neither God, nor Saint, nor Angel takes pity of me: and shall I cry for help on devils? alas! they are my tormentors that lash me, and cut me with their whips of burning steel and iron. O beloved! what shall we say to the roaring rage of this tormented wretch? Alas! alas! how little do men think on this? they can passe away time sporting and playing, as if they went to prison but for a few weeks, or dayes; just like men, who having the sentence of death past upon them, run fooling and laughing to the execution; but when once hell-mouth hath shut her self, then shall they find nothing but eternity of torments: in the fear of God take heed in time of this eternity, eternity, lest you also come into this place of eternity, eternity of torment: it is the doom of Tares, wo to them whosoever, that are of the number, for they, they] must be gathered, and bound, and bundled, and burned.

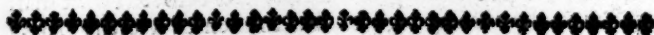
We have now done our task, and ended the harvest: if you please to cast back your eye upon the particulars delivered, they amount to this summe.

Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he reap, Gal. 6. 7. If the enemy sowe Tares, and we nourish the seed, what think you is the Harvest? Gather ye together first the Tares, saith our Saviour to the Angels: they are branded in their name, Tares] sped

Psal. 126. 5.

Luke 6. 38.

in the time, *first*] curst in their doom, *gathered*] but worst in the hands of their executioners, it is by *Angels,*] and yet what is all this to the latter work in hand? If the *Tares* weeded up might rot in the furrows, the punishment were lesse, but as they are gathered, so they must be *bound.*] Is that all? nay; as they are bound, so they must be *bundled.*] Is that all? nay, as they are bound and bundled, so they must be *burned.*] *Binde them in bundles to burne them.* I must end this Text, yet am loath to leave you where it ends: As there is an harvest of Tares, so there is a better harvest of Wheat; *They that sowe in teares, shall reap in joy;* If we repent us of our sins, we shall have a blessed harvest indeed: how? fourty grains for one? nay, (by the promise of our Saviour) *an hundredfold.* *A measure beaped, and shaken, and thrust together, and yet running over.* Every Saint shall have joy and glory, fountaines of pleasure, and rivers of delight, where they may swim, and bathe their souls for ever and ever: what though tares must to the fire? the Wheat is gathered into heaven. Pray you then with me, that we may be Wheat, not Tares; and God so blesse the seed, that every soul of us may have a joyfull harvest in the Kingdome of Heaven. *Amen.*



Right Purgatory.

HEB. I. 3.

When he had by himself purged our sins.



He point is not full, but to make it up, the Text stands compast with words of wonder, concerning the Word, our Saviour, he that is the *Sonne of God,* heir of all things, *Creator of the world,* the brightness of his glory, the image of his person, and upholder of all things by the Word of his Power, stands here as the subject of humility and glory. He purged our sins, and sits on the right hand of the Majesty on high. He purged our sins, by his suffering on the Crosse; He sits on Gods right hand, by obtaining the

the crown; He purged our sins, by dying for them; He sits on Gods right hand, by ruling with him: what need we more? here is his passion and session in the same order he performed them, for then He sate down on the right hand of his Father, when he had by himself purged our sins.

But to come nearer the words, they are as the drugs of an Apothecary, and we will examine the ingredients. *O I am sick of love*, saith the Church in Canticles, *Cant. 5.8.* Sick indeed, not of love onely, but of sin also; a disease that insatuates the mind, gripes the conscience, distempers the humours, disturbs the passions, corrupts the body, indangers the soul: Is not he blessed that can help this malady? Come then, ye that labour of sin, and to your endless comfort, see here the manner of the cure: there is a Physician, *He,*] the patient, *himself,*] the physick administered, *when he had purged,*] the ill humours evacuated, *when he had purged our sins.*]

Or to gather up the crumbs, left in this costly receipt or physick any thing be lost; see here the remedie girt and compass with each necessary circumstance, the time, *when;*] the person, *he;*] the matter, *purged;*] the manner, *by himself;*] the disease, *sin;*] the extent of it, *our.*] Observe all, and you find no time more dismal than this *when,*] no person more humbled than this *he,*] no physick more operative than this *purge,*] no disease more dangerous, no plague more spreading than *sin,*] our] sin, for which he suffered, *when he by himself had purged our sins.*]

We have opened the body of the Text, now look on the parts, and you may see the Anatomy of our Saviour in every member of it.

when.]

THe Text begins with the time, *when*] *he had purged:*] and this time (saith *Erasmus*) according to the Original denotes the time past, lest that we had thought, *He had purged our sinnes by his setting him down at the right hand of God.* First therefore (saith the Apostle) *he purged,*] and then *sate:*] he first purged by his death, and when that was done, *He sate at the right hand of the Majesty, in the highest places.* Whence observe:

The time that Christ purged, was in the dayes of his humiliation. Then was he born, *Matth. 1. 18.* then was he temptred, *Matth. 4. 1.* then was he circumcised, *Luke 2. 21.* then was he

Ne sedendo videtur purgare.
Annot. Erasmi.
in Text.

Doctrin.
Matth. 1. 18.
Matth. 4. 1.
Luke 2. 21.

Matth. 11. 19. traduced, *Matth. 11. 19.* then was he persecuted, *John 8. 59.*
 John 8. 59. then was he betrayed, *Matth. 26. 15.* then was he apprehend-
 Mat. 26. 16, 50. ed, *Matth. 26. 50.* then was he mocked, *Matth. 27. 29.* then
 Mat. 27. 29, 35. was he crucified, *Matth. 27. 35.* But as all his life was full of infirmity, so (according to the nature of all infirmities) he had those four times mentioned by Physicians in his life: *the beginning, the increase, the Akmen or state, and declination.* Give me leave but to prosecute these *times*, and by that *time* we have done the hour (I know) will summon us to a conclusion.

1.

First, then he had his *apxw*, his *beginning*, and that was the first time of his *purgings*, even at his birth; then took he our infirmities upon him, and in some measure evacuated the brightness of his glory, to become for us a poor, a weak, a silly babe on earth. Mark (I pray) how this *purge* works with him at his first entrance into the world, it brings him into so poor and low estate, that Heaven and earth stand amazed at so great a change: Where was he born, but at Bethlehem, a little city? Where did the shepherds finde him, but in a poor sorry cottage? and there if we look after Majesty, we find no guard but *Joseph*, no attendants but *Mary*, no heraulds but *Shepherds*, none of the bed-chamber but *beasts and oxen*; and howsoever he is styled *King of the Jewes*, yet the *Jewes* cry out, *They have no King but Cesar.* His mother indeed descended of *Kings*, and he himself gives crowns to others, *of victory, of life, of glory*; but for his own head no crown is prepared but *a crown of thrones*: anon you may see him clothed in *purple*, anointed with *spittle*; but for the *crown* we speak of, they can afford him no richer than of the hedge, no easier than of *thornes*.

Rev. 4. 10.

Thus for the *beginning*: what then is the *increase* of this?

2.

This *increase* (say Physicians) is, *when the Symptomes more manifestly appear either of life or death*; and no sooner was our Saviour born, but he had manifest tokens evidently shewing that for us he must die. If you run through his life, what was it but a *sicknesse and a purge*? Consider his parcity in abstinence, his constancy in watching, his fervency in prayer, his assiduity in labour. But how soon, an *Herod* makes him flee into *Egypt*, and live an exile in a strange land? At his return he dwells at *Nazareth*, and there is accounted *Jesus the Carpenter*. When he enters into his *Ministry*, he hath no house to repose him, no money

Mark 6. 3.

money to relieve him, no friends to comfort him. See him first set on by Satan, then by men; he is led into the wilderness by the Spirit, and there he *fasts forty dayes and forty nights*, without bit of bread, or drop of water. The Devil (seeing this opportunity) begins his temptation; who presently overcome, the Jews follow after him with hue and cry: mark but their words and works: In word they call him *a glutton, a drunkard, a deceiver, a sinner, a mad-man, a Samaritane, and one possessed with a devil*. Good words I pray! is not he the anointed of God? the Saviour of men? yes; but *They rendered me evil for good, and hatred for my good will*, said the Psalmist in his person. When therefore he did miracles, he was a forcerer; when he reproved sinners, he was a seducer; when he received sinners, he was their favourer; when he healed the sick, he was a breaker of the Sabbath; when he cast out devils, it was by the power of devils; what and how many unjust contumelies endured he of the Pharisees, who sometimes cast him out of the city, accused him of blasphemy, cried *Out upon him, he was a man not worthy to live*. And as they say, they do; observe but their works: First, they send officers to apprehend him, but they being overcome with the grace of his speeches, return only with this answer, *Never man spake like this man*. Then took they up stones to stone him, but by his miraculous passage (whiles they are a conspiring his death) *he escapes out of their hands*: then lead they him to an hill, thinking to throw him down headlong, and yet all would not do; for ere they are aware of it, he fairly *passeth through the midst of them all*. At last his last passion draws near, and then men and devils combine in one to make him at once wretched and miserable: *He is despised and rejected of men; yea, he is a man full of sorrows, (saith the Prophet) and hath experience of infirmities*, Esay 53. 3.

Or for a further inquiry, let us do what our Saviour bids, *Search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of him*. We have but two Testaments in the whole Bible, and both these give full evidence of Christs miserable life. In the Old Testament it was prefigured by *Adams* penalties, *Abels* death, *Abrahams* exile, *Isaacs* offering, *Jacobs* wrestling, *Josephs* bonds, *Jobs* suffering, *Dauids* mourning; yea, the Prophets themselves were both figures, and delivered prophecies of our Saviours afflictions. Thus Esay of him: *Surely he hath borne our griefs,*

Matth. 11. 19.
ch. 27. 63.]
John 9. 24.
c. 10. 20. c. 8. 48
Psalm. 35. 12.

Joha 7. 46.

John 10. 39.

Luke 4. 30.

Esay 53. 3.

John 5. 39.

Esa. 53. 4.

Lam. 3. 30.

Dan. 9. 26.

Zach. 13. 6.

Math. Chap.

1,

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and carried our sorrowes, yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted, Esa. 53. 4. Thus *Jeremy* of him: He gives his cheeks to him that smites him, he is filled full with reproach, Lam. 3. 30. Thus *Daniel* of him, After threescore and two weeks shalt *Messiah* be slain: and shalt have nothing, Dan. 9. 26. Thus *Zachary* of him, What are these wounds in the midst of thy hands? and he shall say, with these wounds was I wounded in the house of my friends, Zach. 13. 6. But come we to the New Testament; and in every Gospel, we may not only read, but see him suffer: *Matthew* who relates the history of his life; what writes he but a Tragedy, wherein every chapter is a Scene? Look through the whole book, and you read in the first Chapter, *Joseph* will not father him; in the second, *Herod* seeks to kill him; in the third, *John* the Baptist would needs out of his humility deny him baptism; in the fourth, he fasts forty dayes, and forty nights, and is tempted in the Wildernesse; in the fifth, he foretels persecutions, and all manner of evil against his Apostles; in the sixth, he teacheth his Church that strict course of life, in fasting, praying, giving of almes, and forgiving of enemies; in the seventh, he concludes his Sermon made on the top of a mountain; in the eighth, he comes down, and towards night hath no house to harbour in, nor pillow to rest his head on; in the ninth, he is rebuked of the Pharisees, for not fasting; in the tenth, all men hate his Disciples for his sake; in the eleventh, they call him that knew no excessse, a glutton and a drunkard; in the twelfth, they tell him how he casts out devils through *Beelzebub* prince of devils; in the thirteenth, they are offended at him, and derive his pedigree from a Carpenter; in the fourteenth, *Herod* thinks him to be *John Baptists* ghost; in the fifteenth, the Scribes reprehend him for the breach of their traditions; in the sixteenth, the Sadduces tempt him for a token; in the seventeenth, he payes tribute to *Cesar*, in all the rest he foretels and executes his passion: Now count not chapters, but hours, from that hour wherein he was sought for, untill the sixth hour of his crucifying; one betrayes him, another apprehends him, one bindes him, another leads him bound from *Pilate* to *Herod*, from *Herod* back again to *Pilate*; thus they never leave him, till his soul leave the world, and he be a dead man amongst them.

You have seen the *beginning* and *increase*, and we'll now draw the Curtains, that you may behold the *Bridegroom* where

he

be lyeth at Noon-day, to wit, in the state or vigour of his grievous sufferings.

This state, or *Akmen* (say Physicians) is when nature and the disease are in greatest contention, when all the symptoms are become most vehement; so that either nature or the infirmity must needs have the victory; and although (say Divines) all Christs life was full of miseries, yet principally and chiefly is that called his passion in Scripture, which he endured two dayes before death: and to this extreame passion (saith a Moderne) is the purging of sinnes chiefly attributed. Come then, ye that passe by, behold, and see, if there was ever any sorrow like unto this sorrow, which is done unto him in the day Gods anger. His infirmities are now at full, and the Symptoms which make it evident unto us, are some inward, some outward; inward in his soul, outward in his body: we'll take a view of them both.

First, his soul, *It began to be sorrowful*, saith Matthew: *To be amazed, and very heavy*, saith Mark: *To be in an agony*, saith Luke: *To be troubled*, saith John: Here is sorrow, and heaviness, and agony, and trouble, the estimate whereof we may take from his own words in the Garden; *My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death*: Now was the time he purged, not only in his body, but his soul too; *Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour, but for this cause came I unto this hour*. A fatal hour sure, of which it was said before often, *His hour was not yet come*; but being come, he could then tell his Disciples, *The hour is at hand*; and after tell the Jews, *This is your hour, and the power of darkness*: Now was it that Christ yielded his soul for our souls, to the susception of sorrow, perfection of pain, and dissolution of nature: and therefore even sick with sorrow; he never left sweating, weeping and crying, till he was heard in that which he feared.

Secondly; as his soul, so his body had her symptoms of approaching death: Our very eye will soon tell us, no place was left in his body where he might be smitten, and was not: his skin was torn, his flesh was rent, his bones unjoynted, his sinewes streined; should we summe up all? See that face of his, *fairer than the sonnes of men*, how it is defiled with spittle, swoln with buffets, masked with a cover of gore-blood; See that head, *white as white wool, and snow*; how it is crowned with thornes, beaten

Keker. 578.
l. 3. c. 4.

Lament. 1. 12.

Matth. 26. 37.
Mark. 14. 33.
Luke 22. 44.
John 12. 27.

Matth. 26. 38.
John 12. 27.

Matth. 26. 45.
Luke 22. 53.

Heb. 9. 7.

Psal. 45. 2.
Revel. 1. 14.

Revel. Ibid.
John 7. 46.

with a reed, and both head and hair died in a sanguine red that issued from it: See those *eyes*, that *were as a flame of fire*, how they swim with teares, are dim with blood, and darken at the sad approach of dreadful death: See that *mouth*, which *spake as never man spake*, how it is wan with stroakes, grim with death, and embittered with that tarrest portion of gall and vinegar: Should we any lower? See those *armes* that could embrace all the power of the world, how they are strained and stretched on the Crosse; those *shoulders* that could bear the frame of Heaven, how they are lastt with knotty cords, and whips; those *hands* that made the world, and all therein, how they are nailed and clenched to a piece of wood; that *heart* where never dwelt deceit nor sinne, how it is pierced and wounded with a souldiers spear: those *bowels* that yearned with compassion of others infirmities, how they are dry and pent with straining pulls; those *feet* that walked in the wayes of God, how they are boarded, and fastened to a Crosse with nailes: from hand to foot, there is no part free, but all over he is covered in a mantle of cold blood, whose garments were doft before, and took of them that were his hangmen: Poor Saviour, what a woful sight is this? *A bloody face, thorny head, watery eyes, wan mouth, strained armes, lashed shoulders, nailed hands, wounded heart, griping bowels, boarded feet*: Here is sorry pains, when no part is free: and these are the outward Symptomes of his state that appeare in his *Body*.

Mal. 4. 2.

We have thus far seen our Sun (*the Sun of righteousness*) in the day-break, and rising, and height of his suffering: what remains further, but that we come to the *Declination*, and so end our journey for this time?

Galen. lib. 3. de
Cris. cap. 5.

* Senert. Instit.
ution. medic.
nae, l. 2. par. 1. c.
12. de morb.
somp.

This *Declination* (say Physicians) is, *when Nature overcomes sickness*, so that all diseases attain not this time; but those, and those only that admit of a Recovery; yet howsoever (saith my * Authour) there is no true declination before death: there is at least a seeming declination, when sometimes the symptoms may become more remisse, because of weak nature yielding to the fury and tyranny of death overcoming it. I will not say directly, that our Saviour declined thus, either in deed, or in shew: for neither absolutely was the cup removed from him, nor died he by degrees; but in perfect sense, and perfect patience both of body and soul, he did voluntarily, and miraculously resigne his spirit (as he was pray-
ing)

ing) into the hands of his Father. Here then was the true *declination* of this Patient; not before death, but in death, and rightly too: for then was it that this Sun went down in a ruddy Cloud: then was it that this Patient received the last dregs of his *Purge*; then was it that Gods Justice was satisfied, the *consummation* est was effected, all was finished; as for his Burial, Resurrection, and Ascension, which follow after this time, they serve not to make any satisfaction for sin, but only to confirm it, or apply it, after it was made and accomplished.

But what use of all this? Give me leave (I pray) to shake the tree, and then do you gather the fruit. From the first part, his Birth, we may learn *Humility*, a grace most-prevailing with God for the obtaining of all graces; this was it that made *David* a King, *Moses* a Governour; nay, what say we to Christ himself, who from his first enterance, untill his departure to his Father, was the very mirrour of true *Humility* it self? Learn of me (saith he) to be humble and lowly in spirit, and you shall finde rest unto your souls. Hereunto accorded his Doctrine, when he pronounced them *Blessed* who were poor in spirit, hereunto accorded his reprehension, when he disliked their manner who were wont to choose out the chief roomes at feasts: hereunto accorded his practice, when he vouchsafed to wash his Disciples feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded. O *Humility*, how great are thy riches, that are thus commended to us! thou pleasest men, delightest Angels, confoundest devils, and bringest thy Creatour to a Manger, where he is lapped in rags, and cloathed in flesh! Had we Christian hearts to consider the *Humility* of our Redeemer, and how far he was from our haughty disposition, it would pull down our Pharisaical humours, and make us far better to remember our selves.

Secondly, as we learn *Humility* from his Birth, so we may learn *Patience* from his life. If any man will come after me (saith our Saviour) let him deny himself, and take up his crosse and follow me. Dear Christian, if thou wilt be saved, minde thy Christ: Art thou abused by lies, reproaches, evil sayings, or doings? we cannot more shew how we have profited in Christs School, then by enduring them all: If *patience* be in our calamities, they are no calamities, but comforts: This is that comfort that keeps the heart from envy, the hand from revenge,

Use 1.

Math. 11. 29.

Matth. 5. 3.

Luke 14. 7.

John 13. 5.

Use 2.

Matth. 16. 24.

the tongue from contumely, and often overcomes our very enemies themselves, without any weapons at all. Come then, and do you learn this lesson of our blessed Redeemer! are you stricken? so was Christ of the Jews: are you mocked? so was Christ of the Souldiers: are you betrayed of your friends? so was Christ of his Apostles: are you accused of your enemies? so was Christ of the Pharisees: Why complain you of being injured, and maligned, when you see the Master of the house himself called *Beelzebub*? *Hereunto ye are called, (saith Peter) for Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps, 2 Pet. 2. 21.*

1 Pet. 2. 21.

Use 3.
Lam. 1. 12.

Thirdly, as *Patience* from his Life, so we may learn *Remorse* from his Passion; *It is nothing to you, all ye that passe by? O look on him, and let this look breed in you a remorse and sorrow for your sins: Our Saviour labours in the extremities of pangs, his soul is sick, his body faints, and would you know the reason? Why, thus is the head wounded that he might renew health to all the body; we sin, and Christ Jesus is heavy, and sore, and sick, and dies for it: his soul was in our souls stead, his body endured a Purgatory for us, that we both in body and soul might escape hell-fire, which our sinnes had deserved: Who but considers what evils our sins have done, that will not grieve and mourn at the sin he hath committed? O that my head were a fountaine of tears, that I might weep day and night for the sins of the daughters of my people! We have sinned, and what shall we say to thee, O Saviour of men? Alas! our sins have whipped thee, scourged thee, crowned thee, crucified thee; and if I have no compassion to weep for thee, yet, O Lord, give me grace to weep for my self, who have done thus to thee: O my Saviour! O my sins! It is I that offend, it is thou must smart for it.*

Philip. 2. 8.

Fourthly, we may yet learn another lesson, *Christ (saith Paul) humbled himself, and became obedient to the death, even the death of the Crosse, Phil. 2. 8.* and is it not our parts to be obedient to him who became thus obedient for us? We may gather *Humility* from his Birth, and *Patience* from his life, and *Remorse* from his Passion, and to make up the Posie, here is one flower more, *Obedience*, which that Tree also yielded whereon he suffered. *If you love me (saith our Saviour) keep my commandments. How, blessed Saviour? If you love me? Who will not love thee, who hast so dearly loved us, as to give up thy dearest life for the ran-*
some

John 14. 15.

some of our souls? But to tell us that there is no better testimony of our love, than to obey his commands, he wooes us with these sugared words, (*whose lips like Lilies, are dropping down pure Myrrhe*) If you love me: if you love me, learn Obedience of me, keep my Commandments: and to move us the more, (if all this cannot) what love and obedience was there in him think you? Consider, and wonder! That the Son of God would banish himself thirty years from his glorious Majesty; and what more? would be born man; and what more? would be the meanest amongst men; and what more? would endure the miseries of life; and what more? would come to the bitter pangs of death; and what more? would be made obedient to the death, even the death of the Crosse; a degree beyond death. O Son of God, whither dost thy humility descend? but thus it must be, the Prophets had foretold it, and according to their prophecies the dayes were accomplished, When he himself must be purged: he was born, he lived, he suffered, he died, and thus run round the wheels of those miserable times; When] he had by himself purged our sins.

Quo descendis humilissas? Aug. medit. 7.

You see the Time's past, and a new Time must give you the remainder of the Text; the Time is When,] the Person He] and He it is that in order will next come after; onely have you the patience, till we have the leisure to draw out his picture, and then you shall see him in some mean proportion, Who had by himself purged our sins.

He]

WE have observed the time When he purged, and now time it is that you know the Physician who administers it: the Apostle tells you it is He,] that is, Christ our Saviour, who seeing us labour in the pains and pangs of sin, he bowes the heavens, and comes down; he takes upon him our frailty, that we through him might have the remedy to escape hell-fire. Come then, and behold the man, who undertakes this cure of souls; He cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills, saith Solomon in his Song: and would you know his leaps, saith Gregory? See then how he leaps from his Throne to his Cratch, from his Cratch to his Crosse, from his Crosse to his Crown; downwards and upwards, like a Roe or a young Hart upon the mountains of spices.

Cant. 2. 8.

Greg. hom. 39.

His first leap downwards was from Heaven, and this tells us how he was God from everlasting: so said the Centurion Surely this

1.

Mark 15. 39. *this man was the Sonne of God*, Mark 15. 39. How else? the sin of man could no otherwise be expiated, but by the Sonne of God; Man had sinned, and God was offended, therefore God became man, to reconcile man to God: Had he been man alone, not God, he might have suffered, but he could not have satisfied; therefore this man was God, that in his manhood he might suffer, and by his Godhead he might satisfy: O wonderful Redemption, that God must take upon him our frailty! had we thus far run upon the score of vengeance, that none could satisfy but God himself? could not he have made his Angels Ambassadors, but he himself must come in person? no; Angels, or Saints could neither supererogate; but if God will save us, God himself must come and die for us: it were sure no little benefit, if the King would pardon a Thief; but that the King himself should die for this Malefactor, this were most wonderful, and indeed beyond all expectation; and yet thus will the King of Heaven deal with us; he will not only pardon our faults, but satisfy the Law: We sin against God, and God against whom we sin, must die for it: This is a depth beyond sounding, an height above all humane reach; What is he? God.

2. But we must fall a note, the *Créateur* is become a *Creature*; if you ask what creature? I must tell you, though it were an *Angel*, yet this were a great leap, which no created understanding could measure; What are the *Angels* in respect of God? He is their Lord, they but his Servants, Ministers, Messengers; and howsoever it would daze us to behold their faces, yet cannot the brightest *Angels* stand before God, but they are fain to cover their own faces with a pair of wings: the difference may appear in *Revel. 5. 13, 14.* where the *Lamb* is said to sit upon the Throne, but the *four Beasts* and *four and twenty Elders* fall down and worship him. Is not here a great distance betwixt the *Lamb* in his Throne, and the *Beasts* at his feet? and yet thus farre will the *Lamb* descend, that for our sakes he will dethrone himself: reject his state, take the office of an *Angel*, to bring us the glad tidings of salvation in purging our sins.

Ezay 6. 2.
Rev. 5. 13, 24.

3. And was he an *Angel*? nay, that was too much; He was made (saith the Apostle) a little lower than the *Angels* for the suffering of death, Heb. 2. 9. What? the Son of God to be made lower than the *Angels*? here was a leap beyond the reach or compass

Heb. 2. 9.

of

of all humane thoughts; He that made the Angels, *is made lower by a little than the Angels*; The Creatour is not only become a creature, but inferiour to some creatures that he did create: O ye Angels, how stand you amazed at this humility? that God your Master should become meaner then his servants, that the Lord of heaven should deny the dignity of *powers, principalities, Cherubims, Seraphims, Arch-Angel, or Angel*: O Jelu! how contrary art thou to thy aspiring creatures? some *Angels* through pride would needs be as God, but God through humility is made *lower than the Angels*, not equal with them, but a note below them, as *David* that sweet Singer of *Israel* sung, *Thou madest him little lower than the Angels*, Psal. 8.9.

Psal. 8. 9. Cited also in the person of Christ.

Heb. 2. 7.

Heb. 2. 16.

But how much lower? by a little (saith *Paul*), and if you would know what that little was, he tells you again, that *He took not on him the nature of Angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham*, Heb. 2. 16. Here is that great abyſſe, which all the powers of heaven could no lesse but wonder at: *Abrahams* Lord is become *Abrahams* Sonne; the God of *Abraham*, the God of *Isaac*, and the God of *Jacob*, hath took upon him the seed of *Abraham*, the seed of *Isaac*, and the seed of *Jacob*; wonder above wonders! that God should take the shape of Angels, is more then we can think; but to take on him the nature of man, is more than the tongue of Angels can expresse; that the King of heaven should leave his glorious mansion, and from the bosome of his Father come into the womb of his mother, from that company of Angels, and Arch-Angels, to a rude rout of sinful men: *Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee*, saith the Prophet *Esay* in the 62. Chap. 11. ver. and the Prophet *Zachary* in the 9. Chap. 9. ver. what could be lesse? and what canst thou more? wonderful love that he would come, but more wonderful is the manner of his coming; he that before made man a soul after the image of God, now makes himself a body after the image of men; and he that was more excellent then all Angels, becomes lesse, lower then the Angels, even a mortal, miserable, wretched man.

Esay 62. 11. Zach. 9. 9.

But what man? as he is King of heaven, let him be King of all the world; if he be *Man*, let him be the Ruler of Mankind: no, thou art deceived (O Jew) that expectest in thy Saviour the glory of the world; fear not, *Herod*, the loss of thy Diadem;

for

for this childe is born; not to be thy successor, but if thou wilt believe, to be thy Saviour; was he a King on earth? alas! look through the Chronicles of his life, and you find him so far from a King, that he is the meanest subject of all men: where was he born, but at *Berblehem* a little City? where did the shepherds finde him, but in a forry cottage? who were his Disciples, but poor fishermen? who his companions, but Publicans and sinners? is he hungry? where stands his Table, but on plain ground? what are his dainties, but bread and a few fishes? who are his guests, but a rout of hungry starved creatures? and where is his lodging, but at the stern of a ship? here is a poor King, without either presence or bed-chamber, *The Foxes have holes, and the birds of the aire have nests, but the Son of man hath not whereon to lay his head,* Mat. 6. 20.

Matth. 8. 20.

6.

Mark 6. 3.

Descend we a little lower, and place him in our own rank; what was he but a Carpenter, say the Jews in scorn? *Is not this the Carpenter, Maries sonne?* Marke 6. 3. A poor trade sure; but to shew us that he was man, and how much he hated idlenesse, some time he will bestow in the labours of mans life: but, O wonder! if he will reject Majesty, let him use at least some of those liberal arts; or if he will be mechanical, let him choose to some noble trade, *Thy Merchants were the great men of the earth,* said the Angel to *Babylon*, Apoc. 18. 23. Ay, but our Saviour is no Adventurer, neither is he so stockt to follow any such profession; once indeed he travelled into Egypt with *Joseph* and *Mary*, but to shew us that it was no prize, you may see *Mary* his mother steal him away by night, without further preparation: what, gone on a sudden? it seems there was no treasure to hide, no hangings to take down, no lands to secure, his mother needs do no more but lock the dores and away: what portion then is for the Lord of heaven? O sweet Jesu! thou must be content for us to hew sticks and stocks; besides which (after his coming out of Egypt, about the seventh year of his age, untill his baptisme by *John*, which was the thirtieth) we finde little else recorded in any Writers, profane or Ecclesiastical.

Apoc. 18. 23.

7.

Phil. 2. 7.

And are we now at our just *Quantum*? alas, what quantity, what bounds hath the humility of our Saviour? is he a *Carpenter*? that were to be master of a trade; but *he took on him* (saith the Apostle) *the forme of a servant*, not a master, Phil. 2. 7. It is

is true, he could say to his Apostles, *Ye call me Master, and Lord,* John 13. 13. *and ye say well, for so I am,* John 13. 13. and yet at that very instant mark but his gestures, and you may see their *Lord and Master* become a *servant to his servants*: His many offices expresse his services; when *He rose from supper, and laid aside his upper garments,* and took a towel and girded himselfe, and after that he had poured water into a basin, begun to wash his Disciples feet, and to wipe them with the towell wherewith he was girded.

John 13. 4, 5.

O ye blessed spirits, look down from heaven, and you may see even the Almighty kneeling at the feet of men! O ye blessed Apostles, why tremble ye not at this so wonderful sight of your lovely, lowly Creatour? *Peter*, what do'st thou? Is not he the beauty of the heavens, the Paradise of Angels, the brightnesse of God, the Redeemer of men? and wilt thou (notwithstanding all this) let him wash thy feet? No, leave, O Lord, leave this base office for thy servants, lay down the towel, put on thy apparel: See *Peter* is resolute, *Lord, do'st thou wash my feet? no, Lord, thou shalt never do it.* Yes, *Peter*, thus it must be, to leave thee and us a memorial of his humility; *I have given you an example,* (saith Christ) *that ye should do as I have done unto you:* and what hath he done? but for our sakes is become a *servant*, yea his *servants servant*, washing and wiping, not their hands, or heads, but the very meanest, lowest parts, their feet.

Verse 15.

And yet there is a lower fall, *How many hired servants* (saith the Prodigal) *at my fathers house have bread enough, and I die for hunger?* And as if our Saviours case were like the Prodigals, you may see him little lower than a *servant*, yea little better than a *beggar*: *Ye know* (saith the Apostle) *the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor,* 2 Cor. 8. 9. *poor* indeed, and so *poor*, that he was not worth a penny to pay tribute, till he had borrowed it of a *fish*, Mat. 17. 27. See him in his birth, in his life, in his death, and what was he but a Pilgrim, that never had house to harbour in? a while he lodges in an oxen-stall, thence he flies into *Egypt*, back he comes into *Galilee*, anon he travels to *Jerusalem*; within a while (as if all his life were but a wandring) you may see him on mount *Calvary* hanging on the Crosse; Was ever any *beggars* life more miserable? he hath no house, no money, no friends, no lands, and howsoever he was God the disposer of all;

8.

Luke 15. 17.

2 Cor. 8. 9.

Matth. 17. 27.

all; yet for us he became man, a poor man, a mean man, yea the meanest of all men: and this another step downwards.

9.

Esay 53. 7.

But this not low enough, men are the image of God: ay but the Sonne of God is not used as a man, but rather as a poor dumb *beast* appointed to the slaughter: What was he but a *sheep*, said *Esay* of him? *Esay* 53. 7. a *sheep* indeed, and that more especially in these two qualities. First, *As a sheep before the shearer is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth*: and to this purpose was that silence of our Saviour: when all those evidences came against him, he would not so much as drop one syllable to defend his cause: If the high Priests question him, *What is the matter that these men witness against thee?* *Matthew* tells us, that

Matth. 26. 63.

Jesus held his peace, Mat. 26. 63. If *Pilate* say unto him, *Behold, how many things they witness against thee*; *Mark* tells us, that

Mark 15. 5.

Jesus answered him nothing, Mark. 15. 5. If *Herod* question with him in many words, because he had heard many things of him, *Luke*

Luke 23. 9.

tells us, that he answered him nothing, Luk. 23. 9. As a poor sheep in the hands of the shearer, he is dumb before his Judges and accusers; whence briefly we may observe, *Christ came not to defend, but to suffer condemnation*. Secondly, (as a sheep he is dumb, and) as a sheep he is slain; He was led (saith the Prophet) as a sheep to the slaughter. O Jesu! art thou come to this? to be a man, who art God; a sheep, who art man, & so for our sakes far inferiour to our selves; nay worse; a sheep? how? not free, as one that is leaping on the mountains, or skipping on the hills; no, but a sheep that is led: led whither? not thither as *David* was, who could say of his Shepherd, that *He fed him in green pastures, and led him forth besides the waters of comfort*: no, but led to the slaughter. He is a sheep, a sheep led, a sheep led to the slaughter; and such a slaughter, that were he a dumb creature, yet great ruth it were to see him so handled as he was by the Jews.

Psal. 13. 2.

10.

Acts 8. 32.

And yet will his humility descend a little lower; as he was the poorest of men, so the least of sheep; Like a Lamb, saith the Apostle, *Acts* 8. 32. and *Behold the Lamb*, (said *John the Baptist*) even the Lamb of God which takes away the sinne of the world, *Joh.* 1. 29. This was that Lamb which the *Pascall Lamb* prefigured, *Your Lamb* (saith God to the Israelites) shall be a Lamb without blemish, and the blood shall be a token for you, that I will passe over you, *Exod.* 12. 13. But was ever lamb like the

John 1. 29.
Exod. 12. 5,
and 13.

Lamb

Lamb of God? he is without blemish; saith Pilat, *I find no fault in him*, Luke 23. 4. and the sprinkling of his blood (saith Peter) is the right token of election, 1 Pet. 1. 2. Such a Lamb was this Lamb, without blemish in his life, and whose blood was sprinkled at his death, in life and death ever suffering for us, who (had he not done so) should for ever and ever have suffered our selves. Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest! saith the Church in Canticles. Tell me? yes: *If thou knowest not*, (saith our Saviour) *go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock*, Cant. 1. 8. Our Saviour is become a man, a sheep, a lamb, or if this be not humility enough, he will yet take a leap lower.

Luke 23. 4.
1 Pet. 1. 2.

Cant. 1. 8.

What is he but a worm, and no man, yea the very scorn of men, and the outcast of the people? Psal. 22. 6. Did you ever think we could have brought our Saviour to thus low a degree? what, beneath a lamb, and no better than a worm? Heaven and earth may well ring of this, as being the greatest wonder that ever was: there is not any bitter potion due to man, which the Son of God will not partake of the utmost dregs; and therefore if Job say to the worm, *Thou art my sister, and mother*; nay, if Beldad say, *Man is a worm, and the son of man is but a worm*, which is more than kindred: behold, our Saviour stooping thus low himself, what is he but a man? nay, as if that were too much, a worm, and not a man, as sung the Psalmist of him.

Psal. 22. 6.

Job 17. 14.
Job 25. 6.

I am so low, that unlesse we think him *no body*, we can down no lower; and yet here is one leap more, that if we take a view of it, we may suppose him to be nothing in esteem, a *No-body* indeed. Look we at every man in respect of God, and the Prophet tells us, *All Nations before him are as nothing*, Esay 40. 17. And if man be thus, why sure the Son of man will be no lesse: see then (to the wonderous astonishment of men and Angels) how greatnesse it self, to bring man from nothing, *exinanivit se, hath made himself nothing*, or of *no reputation*, Phil. 2. 7. How? nothing? yes, saith Beza, *He that was all in all, hath reduced himself to that which is nothing at all*: and Terrullian little lesse, *Exhaustit se, He hath emptied himself*, or as our Translation gives it, *He hath made himself* (not of little, but) *of no reputation*.

12.

Esay 40. 17.
Phil. 2. 7.
Ex omni seip-
sum ad nihil
redegis: Beza
in loc.
Terr. ad Mar.
1. 5.

Lo here those steps (the Scripture lighting us all the way) by which our Saviour descended; he that is God for us became an Angel, a man, a Serving-man, a poor man, a sheep,

a lamb, a worm, a nothing in esteem, a man of no reputation.

Use 1.

Let every soul learn his duty from hence; what should we do for him, who hath done all this for us? There is a crew of unbelievers that hear and heed not: all the sufferings of our Saviour cannot move them a jot, either towards God, or from sinne, and is not this a woful lamentable case? I remember a passage in *Cyprian*, how he brings in the Devil triumphing over Christ in this manner: *As for my followers, I never died for them, as Christ did for his; I never promised them so great a reward, as Christ hath done to his; and yet I have more followers than he, and they do more for me, than his do for him: hear, O heaven! and hearken, O earth!* Was ever the like phrensie? The Devil, like a roaring Lion seeks ever and anon to devour our souls, and how many thousands, and million of souls yield themselves to his service, though he never dyed for them, nor will ever do for them the poorest favour whatsoever, but pay them everlastingly with pains and pangs, death and damnation? On the other side, see our Saviour (God Almighty) take on him the nature of a man, a poor man, a sheep, a lamb, a worm, a nothing in esteem; and why all this? but only to save our souls, and to give them heaven and salvation: yet such is the condition of a stubborn heart, that (to choofe) it will spurn at heavens crown, and run upon hell, and be a slave to Satan, and scoffe at Christs suffering, yea and let out his blood, & pull out his heart, and bring them a degree lower than very *Beelzebub* himself, rather than it will submit to his will, and march under his banner to the Kingdome of heaven. Hence it is, that the Devil so triumphs over Christ, *As for my followers* (saith he) *I never died for them as Christ died for his: no Devil, thou never diedst for them, but thou wilt put them to a death without all ease or end. Think of this, ye unbelievers; methinks like a thunderbolt, it might shake all your hearts, and dash them into pieces.*

2. Use.

But a word more to you, of whom I hope better things; let me exhort the Saints, that you for your parts, will ever love, and serve, and honour, and obey, and praise the Lord of glory for this so wonderful a mercy; I pray, have you not cause? had your Saviour only sent his creatures to serve you, or some Prophets to advise you in the way of salvation; had he only sent his Angels to attend you, and to minister unto you; or had he come

come down in his glory, like a King that would not only send to the prison, but *come himself to the dungeon*, and ask, saying, *Is such a man here?* or had he only come and wept over you, saying, *Oh that you had never sinned!* all these had been great mercies: But that Christ himself should come, and strive with you in mercy and patience; that he should be so deare of a company of Rebels and Hell-hounds, (and yet we are not at the lowest) that he would for us become *a man, a mean man, a Lamb, a Worm, a nothing in esteem*. O all ye stubborn hearts, (too much stubborn are we all) if judgement and the hammer cannot break your hearts, yet let this mercy break you, and let every one say, *O Jesu! hast thou done all this for me? certainly I will love thee, and praise thee, and serve thee, and obey thee as long as I live*. Say so, and the Lord say Amen to the good desires of your hearts. To whet this on the more: remember still, it is *you* that should have suffered; but to prevent this, it is *he* that was humbled, it is *he* that was crucified, it is *he* that was purged; what needs more? *I am he*] said Christ to the *Jews* when they apprehended him; *He?* what *he?* I know not what: but be *he* what he will, *he* it is; our Saviour, Redeemer, Physician, Patient, *Who had by himself purged our sins*.

John 18. 5.

Thus far we have measured his steps downwards, and should we go up again the same stairs, we might bring him as high as we have placed him low: but his ascent belongs rather to the words following my Text; for after *he had purged*, then *he sate down on Gods right hand on high*. Come we then to the next words, and as you have seen the *Person*, so let us look for a *companion*; *This may in misery yield some comfort, if but any society bears a share in his misery*; But methinks I hear you say to me, as the *Athenians* said to *Paul*, *We will hear thee again of this matter another time*. Acts 17. 31.

By himself]

THe *Time* and *Physician* have prepared a *Purge*; but who is the *Patient* to receive it? it is man is sick, and it is man must purge, or otherwise he dies without all remedy or recovery: but alas! what *Purge* (what *Purgatory*) must that be which can evacuate sin? Should man take all the vertue of herbs and minerals, and distill them into one sublime and purest quintessence, yet impossible were it to wash away sinne, or the least

dregs of its corruption : not *Galen* nor *Hippocrates*, nor all the Artists, or Naturalists that ever lived on earth could finde out, or invent any remedy for sinne ; this must be a work of Grace, and not of Nature ; yea, and such a grace as neither man nor Angel could afford : Behold then, who it is that both administers and takes the receipt prepared ; it is man that sinned, and God is become man, that so being both, he might administer it as God, and receive it as man, the same person being Physician and Patient, Compounder and Purger.

Matth. 9. 12.

Luke 23. 14.

Matth. 27. 19.

But, what a wonder is this ? Are we a dying, and must he purge for it ? can Physick given to the sound, heal the party that is sick ? It was the saying of our Saviour, *The whole need not the Physician, but they that are sick* ; and Christ Jesus for his part is whole indeed ; *No fault in this man*, saith *Pilate* ; and he is a *just man*, said *Pilates* wife of him : to what end then should he purge that is whole, and we escape that are sick ? O this is to manifest the dearest love of our Soul-Physician, our endeared Saviour ; *the whole indeed need not the Physician* : he needs no Physick, no Purge, no Physician at all ; but for us he is become a Physician himself, for us he became Physician and Patient : for us he was sick ; for us he Purged, that we through him might escape that danger of eternal fire.

But how purged he ? *By himself* ? Was there none to associate him in this misery ? no, he *purged by himself* only, and that without a

Partner.
Comforter.

First, *without a partner*, there was none that laid a finger in the burthen of his Cross to ease him ; why, Blessed Saviour ! thou hast Myriads of *Angels* waiting on thee, and can they not a little lighten thy heavy yoke ? No, the *Angels* are blessed ; but they are finite and limited, and therefore unable to this expiation of sin.

Rhem. Coll. 1.
(ect. 4.)

But what say we of the *Saints* ? if you will believe the *Rhemists*, they can tell you that the sufferings of *Saints* (*sanctified in Christs blood*) have not onely a forcible satisfaction for the Church and its members ; but withal they are the accomplishments of the wants of *Christs* passion ; an horrible blasphemy : as if *Christs* death were not sufficient in it self, but his wants must be sup-

supplied by the satisfaction of others; my Text tells me, *Christ purged by himself*;] therefore not by any other, but sufficiently in his own person; and as for that Text they urge against us, *Coloss. 1. 24. Now rejoyce I in my sufferings for you, and fulfill the rest of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his bodies sake which is the Church*; whence they argue these two points; first, the want of Christs sufferings; and secondly, the abounding of Saints sufferings for the satisfaction of others. To the first we answer, that *the afflictions of Christ*, which the Apostle saith, *I fulfill*, are not meant of the afflictions which Christ suffered in his person, but in his members; thus *Augustine*, *The Apostle saith not, my afflictions, but Christs, because he was a member of Christ*, who is usually said to suffer both with, and in his members. To the second we answer, that *Pauls sufferings for his body which is the Church*, served not for satisfaction, but for confirmation of their faith; thus *Ambrose*, *Christs passion sufficeth to salvation, Peter and Pauls passion serve only for example*; so then if you will have the true sense of the words, they run thus: *Now rejoyce I in my sufferings for you; whereby I fulfill the measure of those tribulations which remain yet to be endured of Christ in his mystical body, which I do for the bodies sake, not to satisfy for it, but to confirm it, or strengthen it in the Gospel of Christ*: and good reason have we to admit of this comment; otherwise how is Christ a perfect Saviour, if any Act of our redemption be left to the performance of any Saint or Angel? no, it is Christ, and only Christ; Jesus, and only Jesus; Nor is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, *Act. 4. 12.*

But if not *Angels*, or *Saints*, what say we of *good works*? Cannot they expiate sinne? yea, say our adversaries, they are *meritorious*, and *applicatory*, and *expiatory*: so here is a three-fold use of them; what? hath Christ *purged by himself*? and is there any other means whatsoever to expiate sin? no, saith the Apostle; so incompatible are these two, his grace, and our works, that if it be of grace, it is no more of works, or else grace were no more grace; and if it be of works, it is no more grace, or else works were no more works. By grace then ye are saved, —not of works, least any man should boast himselfe, *Ephes. 2. 8, 9.*

Col. 1. 24.

Non dixit prefuratum meum, sed Christi, quia membrum erat Christi.
Aug. tract. in Joh. 108.

Christi passio nobis sufficit ad salutem, Petri & Pauli contulit ad exemplum. Ambros. serm. 66.

Acts 4. 12.

3.

Rom. 11. 6.

Ephes. 2. 8, 9.

4.

But if no purging by *Angels, Saints, nor good works*, what say we to *Purgatory* itself? we say it is a fable; or were it an Article of Faith (as the Pontificians affirm) let us have Scripture for it; yes saith *Ressensis*, *We went through fire and water*, Psal. 66. 12. and Sir *Thomas Moor* will have more Scripture, *I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit, wherein is no water*, Zach. 9. 11. here are two places for Purgatory, and one faith, there is *water*, the other faith, there is *no water*; but to say truth of both, *The Catholick faith, resting upon divine authoritie believes heaven and hell, but a third place (saith Augustine) we know none, neither finde we in holy Scripture, that there is any such place: neither speaks he only of places eternal that are to continue for ever, for he purposely disputes against Limbus Puerorum: and rejects all places temporary; yea, elsewhere he acknowledgeth, there is no middle place at all; but he must needs be with the Devil, that is not with Christ: away then with those paper-walls, and painted fires, a bug (could Harding once say) meet only to fray children; God will have no rival in finnes purge; no Angel in heaven, no Saints, no works on earth, no Purgatory under earth, it is he himself will purge it by himself; my text affirms it, (and who dares gain say it?) that he by himself (by no other) hath purged our sins.*

*Ressen. contra
Luther. art. 37.
Psal. 66. 12.*

Zach. 9. 11.

*Aug. hypog. l. 5.
tom. 7.*

*Aug. de pec. me-
rit. & remis.
l. 1. c. 28.
Fuch. def. Apol.
2. part.*

Isay 63. 3.

Thus farre you have seen Christ *purging* without a partner; he trod the wine-presse alone, and there was none to help him; but O the bitterness of this *purge* that admits of no help, no ease! as he had no partner to help him, so no Comforter to chear him in his so lamentable sufferings.

*Solamen miser-
is socior, &c.*

Some ease it is to have one or other touched with the sense of our miseries, and if they cannot help us, yet to do what they can (be it only to condole us) it were a comfortable refreshing; ay, but our Saviour findes no refreshing at all, he purged by himself, without a Partner, without a Comforter, not any one on earth or in heaven, that afforded his poor heart any cure or cordial. First, look on earth, for to them doth he address that speech in *Lamentations*, *Is it nothing to you all ye that passe by? the most grievous torments finde some mitigation in the supply of friends, and what friends hath our Saviour to comfort him in his torments?*

Lament. 1. 12.

1.

If you say the *Gentiles*; I must confesse he found faith in some,

some, and a seeming favour from others: the Centurion is witness of the one, of whom our Saviour himself confessed, *I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel;* Matth. 8. 10. and Pilate gives a token of the other, when he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, *I am innocent of the blood of this just man,* Matth. 27. 24. but alas! did Pilate so favour him as to free him? no, he fears to condemn him being innocent, and yet dares not absolve him, being so envied as he was by the *Jewes*; what then can a little water? what can *Jordan's* floods? what can *rivers of wine*, and *oyle* do, towards the washing of those hands, that had power to release him, and would not? he knew they had delivered him of envy, Matth. 27. 18. he confesses, *I finde no faults in this man,* Luk. 23. 14. he tells him that he had power to crucifie him, and he had power to loose him, John 19. 10. and yet fondly would he wash away the guilt of his unjust sentence, with a little water on his hands; no, Pilate; that ceremony cannot wash away thy sin, that sin I mean, which thou and the *Gentiles* in thee committed, in delivering of Jesus to the will of the *Jewes*.

Matth. 8. 10.

Matth. 27. 24.

Matth. 27. 18.

Luke 23. 14.

John 9. 10.

Luke 23. 25.

2.

But if delivered to the *Jewes*, sure it is well enough; he is their Countrey-man, Kinsman, of the stock of *Abraham*, of the Tribe of *Juda*, of the Family of *Joseph*; but this rather aggravates than allaias his misery, that his own people should degenerate into Traitors: not a *Gentile*, but a Jew to be his Executioner: what torment had not been a lenitive, and a recreation in comparison of this? *Daniels* Den, the three Childrens Furnace, *Esays* wooden Saw, *Israels* fiery Serpents, the *Spanish* Inquisition, the *Romish* Purgatory, are all as far short in torture, as the last of them in truth, to the malice of a Jew; witness our Saviours death, when they all conspired not only to scourge him, mock him, buffet him, slay him; but to slay him in such a manner, as to hang him on nailes, and to make the Crosse his Gibber.

But what? no comforter amongst them all? do the *Gentiles* condemn him? will the *Jews* crucifie him? and is there none to pity him? Yes, what say we of his *Disciples*, that heard him, followed him, and were sent of him by two and two into every City and place, whither he himself should come? Would you think that these seventy, (for they were so many in number) which for

1.

Luke 10. 1.

Luke 10. 17.

John 6. 66. a time did his Embassage with joy, would now have forsaken him? yes, if you mark it, *Many of them went back, and would walk no more with him*; some stumble at his Doctrine, others at his Passion, but all were offended, as it is written, *I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered*, Matth. 26. 31.

Matth. 23. 31. Yet if the *Gentiles* reject him, they do but like *Gentiles* who were ignorant of God; if the *Jewes* hate and maligne him, it is but their old wont of *killing the Prophets*; if the *Disciples* that are weaker, faint, and waver in faith, it was no more than was said of them, *O ye of little faith!* but what say we to the *twelve Apostles*, those Secretaries of his mysteries, Stewards of his mercies, almoners of his bounties? *will they also go away, and leave him comfortlesse alone?* no, can *Peter* say, *Master, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life*, John 6. 68. or if he will have deeper protestations, *I am ready to go with thee* (saith *Peter*) *into prison and to death*; Luke 22. 33. to death? yes, though *I die with thee*, *I will not deny thee*; and thus said all his *Disciples*, Mat. 26. 35. and yet like *Jonas* Gourd when the Sun beats hottest, how soon are they all gone, and vanished away? lo, one betrays him, another forswears him, all run from him, and leave him alone in the midst of all his enemies.

5. And yet if his *Apostles* leave him, what say we to *Mary* his mother, and other his friends? these indeed wait on him, seeing, sighing, wailing, weeping, but alas! what do these tears but increase his sorrows? might he not justly say with *Paul*, *What mean ye to weep and to break my heart?* Acts 21. 13. Pity, and

of all other feminine pity, it is the poorest, helpless salve of misery; but howsoever it was to others, this was so far from any salve to him, as 'tis one of his greatest, tenderest sores about him: *Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for your selves, and your children.* O see the wonder of compassion which he bears to others in his passion; he hath more care of the women that follow him weeping, than on his own mangled self; that reels along fainting and bleeding even unto death: the tears that drop from their eyes is more to him, than all the blood in his veins; and therefore careless (as it were) of his own

Luke 23. 28. sacred person, he turns about his blessed bleeding face to the weeping women, affording them looks and words too of compassion, of consolation, *Weep not for me, but weep for your selves*

selves, and your children: But O blessed Saviour! didst thou flow unto us in showers of blood, and may not we drop a tear for all those purple streams of thine? yes, Lord, thou dost not here forbid us weeping, only thou turnest the stream of our tears the right way; that is to say, homewards into our own bosoms, pointing us to our *sins*, the truest cause of thy sufferings.

But as for comfort to our Saviour, whence (trow ye) may it come? if we compass the earth, *the Gentiles, Jewes, his Disciples, Apostles, Mary his own Mother, and all other his friends*, they are but as *Jobs miserable comforters all*; but let us go up into heaven, and there (if anywhere) be his *comforters* indeed: John 16. 24. alas! what *comforters*? If you imagine the *Angels*, it is true they could attend him in the Desert, and comfort him in the Garden; but when he came to the main act of our Redemption, not an *Angel* must be seen: how, not seen? no, they must not so much as look through the windows of heaven to give him any ease at all; nor indeed were it to any purpose if they should; for who can lift up, where the Lord will cast down? O ye blessed *Angels*! how is it that your Hallelujahs cease? that your songs which you warbled at his birth, are finished at his death? that your glorious company, which are the delight of happy souls, is denied to him who is the Lord and Maker both of you and them? why, thus it must be for your sakes: *I am full of heaviness* (said our Saviour in his type) *and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none: and for comforters, but I found none*, Psal. 69. 20.

6.

Psal. 69. 20.

And yet if the *Angels* be no comforters, he hath a *Father* in Heaven that is nearer to him: *I and my Father are one* (saith our Saviour) and, *It is my Father that honoureth me*, John 8. 34. *It is my Father that loveth me*, John 10. 17. *It is my Father that dwelleth in me*, John 14. 10. and howsoever others forsake me, and leave me alone, (as himself proclaims it) yet *I am not alone, because the Father is with me*, John 16. 32. Is it so, (sweet Saviour) whence then was that sorrowful complaint of thine, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me*? Leo it is that first reconciled it, and all antiquity allow of it; *The union was not dissolved, but the beames, the influence was restrained: Affectione justitia* (saith *Scotus) he was ever united to his Father, because he ever loved, trusted, and glorified him; but *Affectio- ne commodi*, that delight ever emergent from that divine vision, was

7.

John 10. 30.

John 8. 34.

John 10. 17.

John 14. 10.

John 16. 32.

John 16. 32.

John 16. 32.

John 16. 32.

John 16. 32.

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John 16. 32.

John 16. 32.

John 16. 32.

was for a time suspended, and therefore was it that his body drooped, his soul fainted, he being even as a scorched Heath-grounded, without any drop of dew of the divine comfort on it.

8. Yet be it that his *Father* now forsakes him, will he forsake himself? O yes! he burns in the fiery furnace of affliction, without all manner of refreshing; and this was it that was figured in the Law by those two Goats offered for the sins of the people, wherefore the one was the *Scape-goat*, and the other was the *Offering*; the *Scape-goat* departed away, and was sent into the wilderness, but her companion was left alone in the torments, and made a *Sin-Offering* for the people: even so was this Sacrifice of God-man, man-God, blessed for ever, the *humanity* was offered, but the *divinity* escaped; the *humanity* suffered for the sins of the world, but the *divinity* departed away in the midst of sufferings, and left her sister and companion all alone in the torments: thus he purged himself, himself only in his *humanity*, no other with him, all other left him; the *Gentiles, Jewes, Disciples, Apostles, Mary his mother, and God his Father, may he himself is bereaved of himself, the humanity of his divinity, if not in respect of the union, yet as touching the consolation, When he had by himself*] (in his humane nature, without any comforter) *purged our sins.*

Lev. 26. 10.

Thus farre you have seen Christ drink the cup of his bitter pains, pure and without mixture of any manner of ease; what now remains, but that we make some use of it?

Use.

Psal. 116. 13.

I will take the cup of salvation (saith David) and call upon the Name of the Lord, Psal. 116. 13. And what can we lesse? If our Saviour hath begun to us in pains, shall not we afford him our thanks? the *Cup* of death could not passe from him, and must the *Cup* of *Salvation* be removed from us? O praise him, praise him, all his *Hosts*: howsoever he was alone in his sufferings, let us all bear the burden in a song of thanksgiving, and in this song let us singing weep, and weeping sing; our sinnes may draw the tears which were the cause of his sufferings; and our salvation may make us sing, which those his sufferings did effect: what needs more? he suffered *by himselfe*] the cause, our sins; the effect, our salvation; let us mourn for the one, and praise him for the other; praise him, and him alone, for he had no partner in his sufferings, nor will he have any in our thanks;

he

Psal. 148. 2.

he had no comforter in his miseries, nor must any share with him in the duty we owe him of praising his Name: Alas, have we not reason (think you) to give all the glory unto him? it was he that suffered that which we deserved, *he purged by himselfe*] when we our selves lay sick of sin, in peril of death and damnation; thus gracious is he to us, that when there was no other remedy for our recovery, than *he by himself* in our stead came, and *purged our sins*.

Thus far you have seen the Patient; and order now requires that we prepare the Receipt; the Patient was *himselfe*] the Receipt is *a Purge*;) but to confess this *Purge*, we must crave a further time; and in the mean while, and ever remember him in your thoughts, who hath done all this for you, and the Lord make you thankful.

Had purged]

YOU see who it is that hath freed us from sin, to wit, Christ our Saviour without a Compurgator; *he purged by himselfe*] but what did he by himself? do we say *he purged*? what need he to *purge*, who never committed any sinne in thought, word, or deed? it is without doubt he needs not, and yet do it he will, not to clear himself, but us.

But this *Purge* doth imply a medicine, and so we must apply it: a medicine it was, and many medicines he used for the curing of mans soul; The first by diet, when *he fasted forty days and forty nights*, Matth. 4. 2. The second by Electuary, when he gave his most precious *body and blood in his last Supper*, Matth. 25. 26. The third by sweat, when *great drops of blood issued from him falling down to the ground*, Luke 22. 44. The fourth by plaister, when he was *spit upon by the Jewes*, Mark 15. 19. The fifth by potion, when he tasted *vinegar mingled with gall*, Matth. 27. 34. The sixth by letting of blood, when his hands and feet were pierced, yea, when his *heart-vein* was stricken, and his *side goared with a spear*, John 19. 34. the last (which contains all the rest) was by *purge*, when by all his sufferings (and especially by his blood-shed) he *washed us from our sins*, Revel. 1. 5. Here was the cure of all cures, which all the *Galenists* in the world may admire with reverence, that our Lord and Saviour should become our Surety, that our soul-Physician should become our *Purger*: how? not by giving us Physick, but by.

by receiving it for us; we (miserable wretches) lay sick of sin, and he (our Physician) hath by himself purged and delivered us of it.

Observ.

But that we may the better see how this Purge wrought with him, we must know, that *purging* in general is taken for any evacuation whatsoever: and to say truth in a word, *the evacuation of Christs blood was the right purging of our sinnes*. Hence is it, (that as Scriptures affirm) *the blood of Christ doth redeem us, cleanse us, wash us, justify us, sanctifie us: Te were redeemed by his blood*, 1 Pet. 1. 19. and *his blood cleanseth us from all sinne*, 1 John 1. 7. and, *He washed us from our sins in his blood*, Revel. 1. 5. and, *Being now justified by his blood*, Rom. 5. 9. and, *Therefore Jesus suffered, that he might sanctifie the people with his own blood*, Heb. 13. 12. This blood was it that was be-

1 Pet. 1. 19.
1 John 1. 7.
Rev. 1. 5.
Rom. 5. 9.

Heb. 13. 12.

lieved by the Patriarchs, witnessed by the Sacrifices, shadowed in the figures of the Law, expected of all the faithful from the beginning of the world; and therefore the Apostle concludeth, *Almost all things are by the Law purged with blood*, and, *without shedding of blood is no remission*, Heb. 9. 22. It is true, Christ purged by his death, and other his sufferings, and yet are all these contained in the shedding of his blood: this blood is the foundation of true Religion, for *other foundation can no man lay*. Wherefore neither was the first Testament ordained without blood, Heb. 9. 18. Nor is the New Testament otherwise sealed than with blood, Matth. 26. 28. What needs more? *If the blood of Bulls and Goats (in the Old Testament) sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ (in the New Testament) purge your Consciences from dead works, to serve the living God?* Heb. 9. 13, 14. O sweet blood of our Saviour that purgeth our Consciences, evacuates our dead works, restores us to our God, will bring us unto Heaven!

Heb. 9. 13, 14.

Esay 63. 2.

But O my Saviour, *Wherefore art thou red in thy apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?* is it thy precious blood that hath given this hue? yes, an ew often dipped in the Wine-fat; and that we may the better see the colour, let us distinguish the times when his blood was shed for us.

* Adams crucifixe.

* Bern. de passione Domini. cap. 36.

Luke 2. 21.

Six times, saith a * Modern: seven times, saith * Bernard, did Christ shed his blood for us; and (to reduce them into order) the first was at his Circumcision, when his Name *Jesus* was given him, *Which was so named of the Angel, before he was*

conceived in the womb; and was this without Mystery? no (saith Bernard) for by the effusion of his blood he was to be our Jesus, Bern. *ibid.*
 our Saviour. Blessed Jesus how ready art thou for the Sacrifice? What? but eight dayes old, and then to shed thy blood for the salvation of our souls? *Maturum hoc Matyrium*, here is a mature Martyrdome indeed. It is a superstition took up with the Egyptians and Arabians, that Circumcision should fright away devils: and the Jewes have a conceit not much unlike: for when the Childe is Circumcised, one stands by with a vessel full of dust, into which they cast the Præpuce: the meaning of it is, that whereas it was the curse of the Serpent, *Dust shalt thou eat all the dayes of thy life*: they suppose therefore the Præpuce (or fore-skin) being cast into the dust, the Devil by that Covenant eates his own meat, and so departs from the childe. But howsoever they erre, of this we are sure, that Christ delivered his flesh as a bait to Satan, held him fast with the hook of his Divinity through the shedding of his blood; this blood was at first shed at his Circumcision; and we cannot imagine it a little pain, seeing the flesh was cut with a sharp stone, which made Zipporah to cry out against Moses, *Surely a bloody husband art thou to me*: what a love is this, that Christ newly born should so early shed his blood? but all was for our sakes, for the salvation of our souls.

Ambros. l. 2. de
patriarch.
Abraham.

Gen. 3. 14.
Pet. Mart. loc.
com. class. 4. c. 7.
Symb. l. Ruffini.
Tomo 3. c. 10.
n. 1. 4.

Exod. 4. 25.

You see one vein opened; but in his second effusion not one, but all the veins in his body fell a bleeding at once, and this was at his passion in the garden, when (as the Evangelist testifies) *he fell into an agony, and his sweat was like drops of blood, trickling down to the ground*: here is a Physick purgative indeed, when all his body evacuates sweat like drops of blood: but what? be the pleurisie never so great, how strange is the phlebotomy? it seems not to consult where the signe lyes, you see all his body falls at once to sweating and bleeding; nor is the cure lesse strange than the Physick; for we had surrerted, and it is he that purgesb; we had the fever, and it is he that sweats and bleeds for the recovery of our health; did you ever heare of such a remedy as this? oftentimes a bleeding in the head (say Physicians) is best stopt by striking a vein in the foot; but here the malady is in the foot, and the remedy in the head; we (silly wretches) lay sick of sin, and Christ our Saviour purgesb it out by a sweat like drops of blood trickling down.

2.

Luke 22. 44.

down to the ground: here is a wonder, no violence is offered, no labour is sustained, he is abroad too in the raw air, and laid down grovelling on the cooler earth; or if all this be not enough to keep him from sweating, the night is cold, (so cold, that harder souldiers were fain to have a fire within dores) and yet notwithstanding all this, *he sweats*, saith the Text; how sweats? it is not *sudor diaphoreticus*, a thin faint sweat, but *grumosus*, of great drops, and those so many, so violent, as they peirce not onely his skin, but *clothes too*, trickling down to the ground in great abundance; and yet may all this fall within the compasse of a natural possibility. But a sweat of blood puts all reason to silence, yea, saith Hilary, *It is against nature to sweat blood*, and yet (howsoever nature stands againt) the God of nature goes thus far, that in a cold night (which naturally drawes blood inwards) he sweats without heat, and bleeds without a wound. See all his body is sprinkled with a Crimson dew, the very veins and pores, not waiting the tormentors fury, pour out a shower of blood upon the sudden; foul sin that could not be cleansed save only by such a bath! what? must our surfets be thus sweat out by our Saviour? Yes (saith Bernard) we sin, and our Saviour weeps for it, not only with his eyes, but with all the parts of his body: and why so? but to this end, *That the whole body of his Church might be purged with the tears of his whole body*. Come then, ye sons of Adam, and see your Redeemer in this heavy case! if such as be kinde and loving are wont (when they come to visit their friends in death or danger) to observe their countenance, to consider their colour, and other accidents of their bodies; tell me, ye that in your Contemplations behold the face of your Saviour; What think you, when you see in him such wonderful, strange, and deadly signes? our sweat (howsoever caused) is most usual in the face or forehead; but our Saviour sweats in all his body; and how then was that face of his disfigured when it stood all on drops, and the drops not of a watry sweat, but of scarlet blood? O my heart! how canst thou but rend into a thousand pieces? O my beloved! *well may our eyes shed tears at this, when his veins thus shed their blood for us.*

But here is yet a third effusion of blood, and that (as Bernard tells us) was in the nippings and tearings of his sacred cheeks; To this bears the Prophet witnesse, *Esay 50. 6. I gave*

my

*Contra naturam
est sudare san-
guinem. Hilar.
l. 10. de trini-
tate.*

*Bern. in ramis
Palmarum.
serm. 3.*

*In vellicatione
genarum.
Bern. de Pass.
Dom. 6. 38.*

my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to the rippers; or as our latter Translation, *I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair*: whether his cheeks were torn, or his beard plucked off; some vary in opinion: Bernard thinks both might be true; or howsoever we believe, most probable it is that neither of them could be effected without effusion of blood. And now me thinks I see that face fairer than the *sonnes of men* spit on by the *Jewes*; nor is their scorn without some cruelty; for in the next Scene they exercise their fists, which that they may do with more sport to them, and spite to him, they first blindfold him, and then smiting him on the face, they bid him read who it is that strikes him; and yet (as if whitenesse of their spittle, and blewness of their strokes had not caused enough colours) they once more die his rosie countenance in a bloody red; to this end do they nip his cheeks with their nails, and (as others) pluck off his hair with their fingers, whereby streams and stroaks of blood run down his cheeks, and drop down at his chin to his lower garments: O sweet face of our Saviour! what mean these sufferings, but to tell us, if ever confusion cover our face: for him, that we consider then how blood and sweat thus covered his face for us?

Esay 50.6.

Bern. *ibid.*

Luke 22.64.

But yet here's a fourth effusion at his Coronation; the blows drew not blood enough from his face, and therefore the thorns must fetch more from his head: *If mine adversary* (sayes Job) *should write a book against me, surely I would take it upon my shoulder, and binde it as a crown unto me,* Job 31. 36. The *Jews* in stead of writing a book, they wreath a crown, and see how our Saviour bindes it to him; not only on his shoulder as a Cross to bear it, but on his head too, as a crown to triumph in it: but neither is it for triumph only, but for torture; it is a Crown woven of boughs, deck't with thornes, and drops of blood in lieu of precious stones. O *Jesu!* was that spittle thy ointment, that reed thy Scepter, those thornes thy crown, that purple died with blood, thy royal Robes? unthankful people, thus watered with his blood, that bring forth nothing but briars and thornes to crown him! but wherefore thornes, save onely to crush into his tender head? and to this purpose they do not onely stick his head full of them, but after the putting it on, to fasten the crown better, they strike him on the head with their reeds, or canes: See here thornes, not like ours, but (as the

Job 31.36.

Matth. 27.30.

Country

*Ne hic putari-
vos sanguinis
defuisse.
Bern. de Pasf.
Dom. c. 39.*

Countrey afforded) stronger and greater to pierce his scull with more ease; and see here *canes*, not as ours, but heavier and solidier (as *Jewry* had plenty of them) to beat and hammer that crown of thornes deeper and deeper into his head. O then Imagine, what streams of blood gushed out, when all those sharp prickles were shot in? no less then a *showre of blood* now rained on his neck, his face, his shoulders; & all this for us, to *make us members of that Head, his head thus bleeds down upon all his members.*

And his head-vein being opened, there is a fifth effusion of blood issuing out of his *body*; this was caused by the whips wherewith the mercileffe Tormentors fetch blood from his sacred sides: Is not here matter for our meditation to work on? Consider (I pray you) how rude are the Hangmen that strip our Saviour of his garments, and then go about to binde his holy body to a pillar? he (poor man!) stands at the post alone, without any friends to comfort, or eye to compassionate him, whilst they strike on their lashes, redouble their strokes, again and again fall upon him afresh, as if they would not leave a drop of blood in all his body: but stay, what justice in all this? the Law of *Moses* commanded that Malefactors should be beaten with whips, and *It shall be, if the wicked be worthy to be beaten, that the Judge shall cause him to lye down, and to be beaten before his face according to his fault by a certain number: what number? forty stripes he may give him, and not exceed, lest if he should exceed and beat him above these with many stripes, then thy brother should seem vile to thee, Deut. 25. 2, 3.* Thus indeed were the *Jewes* tied, but the *Gentiles* neither bound by law, nor moved with compassion, far exceed this number; I have read that *he received no lesse than 5400. stripes*; which if we consider these things, is not altogether improbable. First, the law of beating, that every guilty should be stricken by every one of the Souldiers, a free-man with staves, and a bond-man with whips. Secondly, the cause of this Law, that the body of him that was to be crucified, should be disfigured, that the nakednesse should not move the beholders to any dishonest thoughts, when they should see nothing pleasing or beautiful, but all things torn, and full of commiseration. Thirdly, the purpose of *Pilate*, who hoped to spare his life by this so great cruelty used against him. Fourthly, the great care and haste which

Deut. 25. 2, 3.

*S. Gert. l. 4.
divin. insinuat.
c. 35.*

which the Priests used in carrying of the Crosse, lest Christ should have died before he was crucified: every one of these reasons argue an unreasonable whipping, which our Saviour endured. *But (O joy of the Angels, and glory of Saints!) who hath thus disfigured thee? who hath thus defiled thee with so many bloody blows? certainly they were not thy sins, but mine, that have thus evil intreated thee: it was love and mercy that compass thee about, for I should have suffered, but to prevent this, thy mercy moves thee, and so thou takest upon thee all my miseries.*

But all this will not satisfy the Jews, Behold the man, said Pilate to them, when he thought to have pacified their wrath by that doleful sight; but this nothing moved them, though (presently after) it moved rocks and stones to shiver in pieces: Behold then a sixth effusion of blood, when his hands and feet were pierced thorow with nails: he bears indeed upon his shoulders, an heavy and weighty crosse of fifteen foot long; which must needs (say some) cause a great and grievous wound: but (to omit that which is questionable) here be those woful sufferings; now come the barbarous inhumane hang-men, and begin to loose his hands that were tied to the post, to tie them to (a worse pillory) the Crosse, then strip they off his gore-glued cloaths, which did so cleave to his mangled battered back, that they pull off cloathes and skin together; nay, yet more (and how can I say it without tears for sin?) the Crosse is ready, and nothing wanting but a measure for the holes; down therefore they lay him on it, and though the print of his blood gives them a true length, yet spitefully they take it longer, that so they may stretch and rack him on the Crosse, till you may tell his bones. And now all fitted, his hands and feet are bored, the greatnesse of whose wounds David fore-shewed by those words, *They digged my hands and my feet*, Psal. 22. 16. And well may we think so, for (as Ecclesiastical History reports) so big were the very nailes, that Constantine made of them an helmet, and a bridle. O then what pain is this, when all the weight of his body must hang on four nailes: and they to be driven (not into the least sensible parts, but) thorow his hands and his feet, the most finewie, and therefore more sensible parts of all other whatsoever; yet to hang thus for a time were (it may be) somewhat tolerable, but thus he hangs till he dies, and so the longer he

6.

John 19. 5.

Psal. 22. 17.

Psal. 22. 16.

Socras. l. 1.

c. 17.

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con-

Lam. 1. 12.

continues, the wider go his wounds, and the fresher is his torture. And now (my brethren) *bekold and see, if there were ever any sorrow like unto this sorrow: alas! what else appears in him, but bleeding veines, bruised shoulders, scorched sides, furrowed back, harrowed temples, digged hands and feet? digged, I say, not with small pins, but with rough boyttrous nailes; and how then shot the blood from those hands and feet thus digged, and digged thorow? O, I am the rose of Sharon, it is truly said of Christ; Look on one hand, and on the other, and you may finde roses in both; look on one foot, and on the other, and you may find roses in either: In a word, look all over his body, and it is all over rose, and ruddy in blood.*

Cant. 2. 1.

Bern. de Pass.

Don. c. 41.

7.

John 19. 34.
Longinus Bi-
shop of Cappa-
dokia.

Teste Herbe
Contemplati-
ons on Christs
Passion.

Can we any more? yes, after all these showers of blood, here is one more effusion; for after his death, *One of the souldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water, John 19. 34. The souldier that gave this wound (they say) was a blind man; but our Saviours blood springing out on his eyes, restored him to his sight, and so he became a Convert, a Bishop, and a Martyr: a strange cure, where the Physician must bleed; but so full of vertue was this blood, that by it we are all saved. And yet (O Saviour!) why didst thou flow to us in so many streams of blood? one drop had been enough for the world, but thy love is without measure. Physicians are usually liberal of other mens blood, but sparing of their own; here it is not so: for instead of the Patients arm, it is the Physicians own side that bleeds; instead of a lancet here is a spear, and that in the hand of a blinde Chirurgeon: yet as blinde as he was, how right doth he hit the very vein of his heart? that heart where never dwelt deceit, see how it runs blood and water for our sins; here is the fountain of his Sacraments, the beginning of our happinesse: O gate of Heaven! O window of Paradise! O place of Refuge! O tower of Strength! O sanctuary of the Just! O flourishing bed of the Spouse of Solomon! who is not ravished at the running of this stream? methinks I still see the blood gushing out of his sides, more freshly and fully than those sweet golden streams which run out of Eden to water the whole world. But is it his hearts blood? what? keeps he nothing whole without him, nor within him? his Apostles are scattered in the garden, his garments at the Crosse, his blood how manywheres? his skin they have*

have rent with their whips, his ear with their blasphemies, his back with their furrows, his hands and feet with their nails, and will they yet have his heart too cloven with a spear? what a wonderful thing is this, that after all those sufferings he must have one wound more? *Why (Lord) what means this open cleft and wound within thee? what means this stream and river of thy hearts-blood? O it is I that sinned, and to wash it away, his heart runs blood and water in abundance.*

Lo here those seven effusions of our Saviours blood; the first at his *circumcision*, the second in the garden, the rest when *his cheeks were nipped, his head crowned, his back scourged, his hands and feet nailed, his side opened with a spear*, whence came out an issue of blood and water.

Use.

And be our sins thus purged? Lord, in what miserable case lay we, that Christ our Saviour must endure all this for us! were our sinnes infinite, for which none could satisfie but our infinite God? were not our iniquities as the sands, for which no lesse than an Ocean of blood could serve to cover them? sure here is a motive, (if nothing else) to draw from us the confession of our manifold sinnes. *Lord, we have sinned, we have sinned grievously, heavily, and with a mighty hand; and what now remains, but that we never cease weeping, crying, praying, beseeching, till we get our pardon sealed in the blood of Christ? O beloved! let me intreat you for Christs sake, for his bloods sake, for his deaths sake, that you will repent you of your sinnes which have put him to these torments: and to this end I shall intreat you thus to order your repentance: First, (after confession of your manifold sinnes) look upon him whom you have pierced; and by your meditation supposing him to lie afore you, weep, and weep over him, whom you see by your sinnes thus clothed in his blood. Why thus shall it be with the house of David,* Zach. 12. 10,

1.

Zach. 12. 10,
11.

12. 10. I will pour upon the house of David (saith God) and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Spirit of grace, and of supplications, and they shall look upon him whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one that mourneth for his onely sonne; and be sorry for him, as one that is sorry for his first-born: in that day there shall be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon. What is the house of David? and what are the inhabitants of Jerusa-

Iem, but the elect people of God? and if you be of that number, then do you look on him whom you have pierced, and mourn for him; or mourn over him, as one that mourneth for his onely son; yea, be sorry for him, or be in bitternesse for him *as one that is in bitternesse for his first-born*. Is it not time, think you? do you not see how every part of our Saviour bleeds afore you? his head bleeds, his face bleeds, his armes bleed, his hands bleed, his heart bleeds, his back bleeds, his belly bleed, his thighs bleed, his legs bleed, his feet bleed: and what makes all this blood-shed but our finnes, our finnes? O that this day, for this cause we would make a *great mourning as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon*! O weep! or if you will not weep for him, yet *weep for your selves*, and your own finnes! alas, have you not cause? your sins were his murtherers, and your hands by your sins were imbrued in his blood.

2.

Secondly, stay not here, but when you have mourned and wept over your Saviour, then hate those finnes that wrought this evil on your Saviour. Which that you may do effectually, send your thoughts afar off, and see your Saviour in his *circumcision*, in the garden; and when you have done so, then follow him a little further; behold the tears in his eyes, and the clodded blood that came from him when his *cheeks were nipped, his head crowned, his back scourged, his hands and feet nailed, his side opened*: and then, O then see if you can love those sins that have done all this villainy! *love them, said I?* no (if you have any share in Christ) I hope you will rather be revenged on your sins; rather you will every one say, *O my pride, and my stubbornnesse, and my loosenesse, and my uncleannesse, and my drunkennesse: these were the nailes, and the whips, and the spear that drew blood from my Saviour; therefore let me be for ever revenged of this proud, stubborn, rebellious heart of mine own; let me for ever loath my sinne, because it brought all this sorrow on my Saviour*. Is not this ordinary with men? should any one murther your Father or friend, whom you highly regarded and honoured, would you brook his sight, or endure his company? nay, would not your hearts rise against him? would you not prosecute the Law to the uttermost? and if you might be the Executioner, would you not wound him, and mangle him, and at every stroak cry out, *Thou wast the death of my Father, thou wast*

wast the death of my Father: and is the heart of a man thus enraged against him that hath but murdered his friend, or his father? O then how should your hearts be transported with infinite indignation (not against the man, but) against sin that hath shed the precious blood of your Father, your Master, your God, your King, your Saviour? O follow, follow after these sins with an Hue and Cry, bring them to the Bar, set them before the Tribunal of that great Judge of heaven, and cry, *Justice, Lord: justice against these sins of mine; these slew my Saviour, Lord, slay them; these crucified my Saviour, Lord, crucifie them*: Why thus pursue and never leave them, untill (if it possibly may be) you see these sins bleed their last; never think you have done enough, but still give your corruptions one hack more; confess your sins once more, and say, *Lord, this pride, and this stubbornnesse, and this loosenesse of heart, these are they that killed my Saviour, and I will be revenged of them.*

Thirdly, stay not here neither; but when you have mourned for your sins, and sought revenge on them, then by Faith cast them all on the Lord Jesus Christ; ease your own souls of them, and hurle your care on him that careth for you all. Certainly, there is no way to wash you clean from your sin, but only by Christs blood, and how must you apply this but by Faith? now then, in the last place have *faith*, rease your soul (as it were) in the blood of this immaculate Lamb, and though you are polluted and defiled, yet (questionlesse) the blood of Jesus Christ will purge you from all sin: *If the blood of Bulls and Goats*, (saith the Apostle) *and the ashes of an Heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your consciences from dead works, to serve the living God*: You may talk of a Purgatory; why, here is the Purgatory, that true Purgatory, the fountain that is laid open for the house of Judah to wash in; and I pray you mark it, it is not only for justification, but being applied by faith, as effectual for sanctification; not only for the expiation of sin, that it be not laid to your charge, but withal to purge your consciences from dead works to *serve the living God*. O then (as you tender your souls) believe, and cast your selves upon Christ, for salvation, and for pardon of sins: Do you not see him bleeding on

the Crosse? Do you not hear him graciously offering to receive your sin-weari'd souls into his bleeding wounds? what should you do then but cast your selves, with all the spiritual strength that you can (at least with infinite longings, and most hearty desires) into the bosome of your Saviour? say with your selves, *The fountain is opened, and here will we bathe for ever: Come life, or come death, come heaven, or come hell, come what come can, here will we stick for ever: nay, if you must perish, tell God and man, Angels and devils, they shall pluck you out of the hands, and rent you from between the armes of your blessed bleeding Redeemer, your soul-purging Saviour. Thus if you believe, you need not to droop for your sins, but to go on with comfort to everlasting happinesse: the blood of Christ (no question) will make way for you into Heaven: Yea, (saith the Apostle) By the blood of Jesus we may boldly enter into the holy places, by the new and living way which he hath prepared for us, through the veil which is his flesh. Such is the blessed fruit of this blood; and the Lord make it effectual unto us, to bring us into heaven, even for his sake, who by himself thus purged our sins.*

Heb. 10. 19, 20.

You see the *Purge* given and taken, only a time it must have, and then followes the Evacuation: *He purged.*] What? the ill humour is *Sin*, [the extent of it, *Our*] sin: of both these together at our next meeting. Now the Lord so prepare us, that this *Purge* may work in us the everlasting welfare, & health of our souls.

Our sins.]

SIn is our sicknesse, and to cure us of it, the Law yeilds Corra-sives, the Gospel Lenitives: but especially Christ yeilds that Physick *Purgative*, which evacuates sin. To consider Christ as a man of sorrows, and not a Saviour of sinners, were but a melancholick contemplation; to behold his wounds, and not so to think on them as they were our salves, addes but more sorrows to our other miseries; but when we call to minde that his blood was our ransome, that his stripes were our cures, then with all our hearts we pray, *His blood be upon us and our children.* And why not? *His blood* (saith the Apostle) *speaks better things than the blood of Abel.* For *Abels* blood cried revenge, but *Christs* blood speaks mercy; and (to our comfort be it spoken) if God heard the servant, he will much rather hear the Son: yea, if he heard his servant for spilling, how much more will he hear his Sonne for

Heb. 12. 24.

for saving and regaining our souls? In the words are two parts :

1. The ill humour evacuated, *Sin*.]

2. The extent of this sinne, it is mine, yours, *Ours*,] every ones.

What is it but *Sin*] which our Saviour *purged*? this is that ill humour derived from our Parents, inherent in our selves, imputed to our Saviour, and therefore (saith the Prophet) *he bare the sins of many*, *Esay 53. 12.* to whom agrees the Apostle, that *he his own self bare our sins in his own body*, *1 Pet. 2. 24.* What a load then lay on his shoulders, when all our *sins*, the *sins* of all the world were fasten'd upon him? one mans *sin* is enough to sink him into hell; and had not our Saviour intervened, every one of us had known by a woful experience, how heavy *sin* would have been upon the soul of each man: but (O happy we!) *the snare is broken and we are delivered*. To prevent sins effect, Christ Jesus hath *purged* and washed it away.

And is this all the matter wherefore our Saviour suffered? was *sinne* all the disease of which he laboured, *when he had by himself purged*? yes, it was all, and if we consider it rightly, we may think it enough to cause sufferings in him, when meerly for its sake God was so wroth against us. O loathsome *sinne*, more ugly in the sight of God, than is the foulest Creature in the sight of man! he cannot away with it, nor (so righteous are his wayes) could he save his own Elect because of it, but by killing his own Sonne: Imagine then what a sicknesse is *sinne*, when nothing but the blood of the Sonne of God could cure it: imagine what a poyson is *sin*, when nothing but a spiritual Mithridate compounded and confected of the best blood that ever the world had, could heal it: we need not any further to consider its nature, but only to think of it how hateful it was to God, how hurtful to his Son, how damnable to men.

And was it *Sin* he *purged*? 1. This may teach us how hateful *sin* is, that put him thus to his *Purge*: Every *sin* is a nail, a thorn, a spear; and every sinner a *Jew*, a *Judas*, a *Pilate*: howsoever then we may seek to shift it on others, yet are we found the principal in this act our selves; you know it is not the Executioner that properly kills the man, *sin* only is the murderer, yea, *our finnes* onely are the crucifiers of the *Lord of glory*: yea, (if you will please to hear me) I will yet say more, *our sins* onely *did* not crucifie him, but *do crucifie him afresh*, *Heb. 6. 6.* *Heb. 6. 6.*

1 Cor. 2. 8.

and herein how far do we exceed the cruelty of the *Jews*? then his body was passible and mortal, but now it is glorified and immortal; they knew not what they did, *For had they known, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory*: but we know well enough what we do and say too: they buried Christ in the earth, and *the third day he rose again from the dead*; but we through sin so bury him in oblivion, that not once in three dayes, three weeks he ariseth, or shineth in our hearts; O shame of Christians to forget so great a mercy! O sin past shame to *crucifie afresh the Son of God*! Think of it (beloved) sin is the death of Christ, and would you not hate him that kills your Brother, your Father, your Master, your King, your God? beware then of sin, that does it all at a blow! and if you are tempted to it, suppose with your selves that you saw Christ Jesus coming towards you, wrapt in linnens, bound with a kercher, and crying after you in this gastly manner: *Beware, take heed what you do: once have your sins most vilely murdered me; but now seeing my wounds are who's again, do not (I beseech you) rub and revive them with your multiplied sins; pity, pity me your Jesus, save me your Saviour; once have I died, and had not that one death been sufficient, I would have died a thousand deaths more to have saved your souls; why then do you sin again to renew my sufferings?* O my Saviour, who will not leave to sin that but hears thy voyce in the gardens? lo, the companions hearken unto thy voyce; cause me to hear it: it is I that have sinned, and if this be the fruit of it, let me rather be torne of beasts, be devoured of Worms, be violently pulled or haled with racks, then wittingly, or wilfully commit a sin.

Cant. 8. 13.

Wise 2.

2. This may teach us what was the end, and meaning, and intent of Christ in his sufferings. It was to purge away sin, and therefore our faith must chiefly eye that; without this, the contemplation of Christs death, or the meditation of the story of his sufferings, and of the greatnesse of them, will be altogether unprofitable. Christians, learne this for ever; that faith which is true, saving, justifying faith, it chiefly mindes and it is most taken up with the main scope and drift of all Christs sufferings, which is to obtain forgiveness of sins in Christ crucified. This was the true end of Christs death, *To be a propitiation for sinne, to beare our sinnes on the tree; he was made sin for*

us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. This was the plot which God by an ancient designement aimed at in the sufferings of Christ; And thus our faith must take it up; O let our faith look mainly to this designe and plot of God and Christ in his sufferings, to *satisfie for our sins, and to justify us sinners*. Surely this intent of Christ in all that he did or suffered, is that *welcome news*, and the very *spirit of the Gospel*, which true faith preyes and seisseth on.

Secondly, he *purged sin*; whose? but *our sin*: and this tells us of the *universality* of this gracious benefit, together with its *limitation*.

First, of the *universality*; He *tasted of death for every man*, Heb. 2. 9. and, He *gave himself a ransom for all men*, 1 Tim. 2. 6. and, He *purged our sins*, saith my Text; what, *ours only*? no, saith the Apostle, He is the *propitiation, not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world*, 1 John 2. 2. You will say, all do not actually receive the fruit of his death; you say indeed truly; but I wonder through whose default: Our blessed Saviour, what is he but like a royal Prince, who having many of his subjects in captivity of thralldom under a forreign enemy, pays a full rancome for every one of them, and then sending forth his Ambassadors, he woos them to return to their home, and to enjoy their liberty? some there are that reject the offer, they will rather serve the enemy than return to the freedom of their Lord; and are these all the thanks they give their Redeemer? O sweet Saviour! he made upon the crosse a full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sinnes of the world; but not all receive the benefit, because many by their own demerit have made themselves unworthy; and yet howsoever some despise liberty, Is the arme of the Lord shortened? no, see his arms spread on the crosse to embrace all; and here is the *universality* of this gracious benefit.

The use hereof is full of comfort: if any man (any *sinner*) will now come in with a truly penitent soul, thirsting heartily for Christ Jesus, and resolve unfeignedly to take his yoke upon him, there is no number or notoriousness of sin that can possibly hinder his gracious entertainment at Gods mercy-sear. O then how heinously do they offend, who refuse to take Christ Jesus offered thus *universally*? if you ask who are they? I answer, they are offenders.

Heb. 2. 9.

1 Tim. 2. 6.

1 John 2. 2.

Numb. 11. 23.

Use

fenders on both hands : First, those that too much *despair* ; Secondly, those that too much *presume* : to begin with the latter.

Some there are, that howsoever Christ, and heaven, and salvation be offered unto them, yet so close do they stick and adhere to their *sins*, that they are loth to leave them, and they hope God is so merciful, that they can have Christ and their *sins* too. Alas ! deceive not your selves; though the dearnesse, and sweetnesse, and freenesse, and generality of Christs offers be a doctrine most true, and we propound it unto you as a motive and encouragement to bring you in; yet not so much as one drop of all that bottomlesse depth of Christs mercy and bounty doth as yet belong unto any that lie in the state of unregeneratenesse, or in any kinde of hypocrisie whatsoever. Away then with this *presumption*, and bethink you what a grievous and fearful *sin* you commit time after time, and day after day in *neglecting so great salvation*, by chusing (upon a free offer of his soul-saving blood) to cleave rather to a lust (O horrible indignity !) than to Christ Jesus blessed for ever : what height and perfection of madnesse is this, that whereas a man, but renouncing his base, rotten, transitory pleasures, might have Christ Jesus, and with him a full and free discharge of hell-pains, a sure and known right to heavens joyes ; yet should in cold blood most wickedly and willingly after so many intreaties, invitations, and offers refuse this mighty change ? Heaven and Earth may be astonished, Angels and all creatures may justly be amazed at this prodigious fortithnesse, and monstrous madnesse of such miserable men : they are the words of a late Divine, *The world* (saith he) *is wont to call Gods people precise fools, because they are willing to sell all they have for that one Pearl of great price ; to part with profits, pleasures, presentments, their right hand, their right eye, every thing, any thing, rather than to leave Jesus Christ : but who do you think now are the true and great fools of the world ? and who are likeliest one day to groan for anguish of spirit, and say within themselves, This was he whom we had sometimes in derision, and a proverb of reproach ; we fools accounted his life madnesse, and his end to be without honour ; now is he numbred amongst the Children of God, and his lot is among the Saints : Nay, if it once come to this, with what infinite horrore and restless anguish will this conceit rent a mans heart in pieces, and gnaw upon his conscience,*

conscience, when he considers in hell, that he hath lost heaven for a lust? and whereas he might at every Sermon have had even the Son of God his husband for the very taking, and have lived with him for ever in unspeakable blisse; yet *neglecting so great salvation*, must now lye in unquenchable flames, without all ease or end. Sure it is the highest honour that can be imagined, that the Sonne of God should make suit unto sinful souls to be their husband, and yet so it is; *He stands at the door and knocks*, if you will give him entrance, he will bring himself and heaven into your hearts: *We are Christs Ambassadors* (saith the Apostle) *as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christs stead, to be reconciled to God.* We are Christs spokes-men, that I may so speak, to wooe you and winne you unto him; now what can you say for your selves, that you stand out? why come you not in? if the devil would give you leave to speak out, and in plain terms, one would say, *I had rather be damned than leave my drunkenness*; another, *I love the world better than Jesus Christ*; a third, *I will not part with my ease and gainfull trade of Usury for the treasure hid in the field*; and so on; so that upon the matter, you must needs all confesse that you hereby judge your selves unworthy of everlasting life, that you are wilful bloody murderers of your own souls: nay, and if you go on without repentance, you may expect that the hellish gnawing of Conscience for this one sinne of refusing Christ may perhaps hold scale with the united horrors of all the rest whatsoever. O then make haste out of sinne, and come, come to Christ, so freely offered unto you! Heark how he calls, *Come unto me, all sinners; see my armes spread, my heart open: O how gladly would I entertain you, if you would come unto me!* here is a general invitation indeed; all men, all sinners, of all estates, of all kinds, of all conditions, whosoever you are, he keeps open house for you, *Come and welcome.*

Secondly, they offend on the other side, who after invitation come not, through a kinde of unmannerly modesty, or a bashful despair: Some there are, that may perhaps go so farre as to acknowledge their finnes, and to confesse that without Christ they are utterly undone, and everlastingly damned; that may be ravished with the thoughts and apprehensions of this invitation of Christ, and would ever think themselves happy if they had their

Rev. 3. 20.

2 Cor. 5. 20.

- their hungry souls filled with Christ Jesus; but yet so it is, that (considering their manifold grievous *sinnes*, sins of a scarlet die, of an horrid stain, against knowledge, against conscience, and that which troubles them most, for all these *sinnes*, their sorrow being so little, and poor, and scant, and in no proportion answerable to them) they cannot, dare not, will not meddle with any mercy, or believe that Christ Jesus in any wayes belongs unto them. To these I speak, or rather let them hear our Saviour himself speak to them: *Whosoever will*, (saith he) *let him come, and drink of this water of life freely*: yea, those that think themselves furthest off, he bids them come, *Come, all that are weary and heavy laden*: if they finde *sin* a burthen, then Christ invites them, they (whosoever they are) that stand at the staves end, he desires them to lay aside their weapons and come in, or if they will not do it, he layes his charge on them, for this is *his Commandment*, that we should believe on the Name of his Son Jesus Christ: nay, he counts it a *sin* worse than the sin of Sodom, a crying sin, not to come in when the Gospel is proclaimed; and therefore let them never pretend their *sins* are great and many, but rather, because of his offer, invitation, and command, it being without any restraint of person, or *sin*, (except that against the holy Ghost) if they will not come in, and cast themselves upon Christ, let them say, it is not the greatnesse of their sin, but a willingness to be still in their *sins*, which hinders them; or otherwise let them know, that *sins* when men are truly sensible of them, should be the greatest encouragement, (rather than discouragement) to bring them in to our Saviour: *Those that are whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick*: is it not for the honour of a Physician to cure great diseases? a mighty God and Saviour loves to do mighty things, therefore in any case let them come in, and the greater sinners they are, no question the greater glory shall Christ have by their coming: And indeed to take away all scruple; it is a Maxime most true, *That he which is truly weary of his sins, hath a sound, seasonable, and comfortable calling to lay hold upon Christ*. Do they feel the heavy load of their *sin*? just then is Christ ready to take off the burthen; do they thirst after righteousness? just then is the fountain of the water of life set wide open unto them: are they contrite and humble in spirit? just then are they become *thrones for the*
- Revel. 21.
 Matth. 11. 28.
 1 John 3. 23.
 Matth. 9. 12.
 Matth. 11. 28.
 Rev. 21. 6.
 Esay 57. 15.

the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity to dwell in for ever. O then come & welcome! Christ excepts none that will nor except themselves, He died for all, and he would have all men to be saved.

But yet let us be cautelous: secondly, *he purged our sins*, and *ours*] with a limitation; the use of Physick (we say) consists in application; and howsoever our Saviour *hath purged our sins*; yet this *purge* of his is nothing beneficial to us, unless there be some means to apply it. As then it is in all other Physick, so in this; we must first *take it*; secondly, *keep it*.

1. *Take it*; for as the best plaister, if not laid to, can cure no wound: so Christ himself, and all his precious merits are of no vertue to him that will not apply them by faith: when you hear the Gospel preached, believe it on your parts; believe Christ is yours; believe that he lived, and died, and sorrowed, and suffered, and all this for you, to *purge* your souls of your *sins*.

2. But having *taken it*, you must secondly *keep it*; as men take Physick, not only in belief that it will do them good, but in hope to keep it by the vertue and strength of the retentive parts: so we take Christ by faith, but we retain him by holinesse; these two, *faith and holinesse*, are those two bonds wherewith Christ is united unto us, and we unto Christ: so that if we be of this number, then truly may we say that *he purged our sins*: for he both dyed for us, and by vertue of our faith and holinesse through him, his death is applied to us; to us, I say, not in any general acception, but as we are of the number of his Saints; for *we* had sinned, and they were *our sins*] only that he *effectually purged*, and washed away.

And this lesson may afford us this use, that howsoever the *free grace*, and mercy, and goodnesse of Christ Jesus is revealed and offered to all men *universally*; yet our Saviour takes none but such as are willing to *take upon them his yoke*; he gives himself to none but such as are ready to *sel all and follow him*: he saves none, but such *as deny ungodlinesse and worldly lusts, and live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world*: in a word, he purgeth none, or cleanseth none *by his blood from all sin*, but such as walk in the light, as God is in the light; who make conscience of detesting and declining all sins, and sincerely set their hearts & hands with love and careful endeavour to every duty enjoined them; why, these are the men only to whom his death is effectual; and therefore, as we mean to partake of his merits, or to have good by his death,

Use.

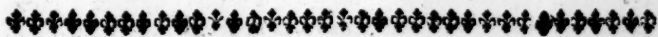
death, let us become new creatures. It is true indeed, and we cannot but maintain, that *to justification nothing but faith is required*; but this caution must be added, it must be a *faith that purifies the heart*, that works an universal change, that shewes it self in the fruits: if therefore any of us would come in, let us have ready our answer, as a late Divine speaks, the dialogue betwixt Christ and a true Christian on this manner: First, (saith he) when God hath enlightned the eyes of a man, that he can see where this treasure is, what then? *Why* (saith the Christian) *I am so enflamed with the love of it, that I will have it whatsoever it cost me*: Yea (saith Christ) *but there is a price upon it*, it must cost thee dear, a great deal of sorrow, and trouble, and crosses, and afflictions: *Tush*, tell me not of price, (saith the Christian) *whatsoever I have shall go for it, I will do any thing for it, that God will enable me*: Why, (saith Christ) wilt thou curb thine affections? wilt thou give up thy life? wilt thou be content to sell all thou hast? *I will do it* (saith the Christian) *with all my heart, I am content to sell all that I have, nothing is so dear unto me but I will part with it, my right hand, my right eye*: nay, if hell it self should stand between me and Christ, yet would I passe through it unto him. This (beloved) this is that violent affection which God puts into the hearts of his children, that they will have Christ whatsoever it cost them: yet understand me, I pray you: It is not to sell our houses, or lands, or children, but our *sins* that I mean: the Lord Jesus and one lust cannot lodge together in one soul: no, if we are but once truly incorporated into Christ, we must take him as our Husband and Lord; we must love, honour, and serve him; we must endeavour after sanctification, purity, new obedience, ability to do, or suffer any thing for Christ; we must consecrate all the powers and possibilities of our bodies and souls to do him the best service we can; we must grieve and walk more humbly, because we can do no better: and thus if we do, though I cannot say but still we shall *sin* so long as we live on this earth, yet here is our comfort, *We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sinnes*. I say for our sinnes] effectually, if we believe in his Name; for it was for us he died, and they were our sinnes he purged, and this is that great benefit we receive from our Saviour, in that *he by himself hath purged our sinnes*.]

1 John 2. 1, 2.

And now *our finnes being purged*, our souls recovered, I may well end this Text; onely I shall give it one visite more, and so Farewel.

You see the malady, *Sin,* the remedy, *a purge,* the Physician, *he,* the patient, *himselfe* *our selves*; } for our infirmities were laid on him, and our sores became our salves, by whose vertue we are healed. Blessie we then God for the recovery of our souls; and be we careful for the future of any relapse whatsoever: these relapses are they we had need to fear indeed, for in them the diseases are more dangerous, finnes are more pernicious, and men become *seven times more the children of Satan than ever they were before.* Now then we are healed, be we studious to preserve it all the dayes of our life, and we shall find at our death, that he that *purged our finnes* will save our souls; we need not any other *Purgatory* after death; no, when our souls shall take their flights from our bodies, then are the Angels ready to conduct them to his Kingdom: and thither may we come for his sake, and his onely, who by *himself* (in his own person) hath *purged our finnes.* Amen, Amen.

Matth. 12. 44.



Heavens Happinesse.

LUKE 23. 43.

To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.



HE that *purged our sins* is here disposing of *Paradise*; at the same time when he hung on the Crosse, even *giving up the ghost*, he is dealing Crowns and Kingdoms to a poor penitent soul: thus like a glorious Sun that breaks through the watry clouds ere it appear unto us, our Saviour (*the Sun of Righteousnesse*) shoots forth his rayes of Majesty through all his sufferings on a dejected sinner. Two malefactors suffer with him, the one *railes on him*, saying, *If thou be Christ, save thy*

thy self and us : but the other prayes to him, *Lord, remember me when thou comest to thy Kingdome* : in the midt of his thralldom he proclaims his Kingdom, and whom he sees a Captive, he believes a Lord: *Lord, remember me*; is it not strange, that through so many, such thick clouds of misery, this dying thief should behold his glory? but where grace aboundeth, what marvel is it? *The Natural*
 1 Cor. 2. 15. *man knoweth not the things of God, but he that is spiritual, discerneth all things.* No sooner was this penitent thief converted a Christian, but on a sudden, even on the very rack of torture he confesseth himself a sinner, and Christ his Saviour; and therefore desires to be remembered of him when he comes to heaven : Thus pouring out his soul in prayer, the *Bridegroom that became an harp*, saith Bernard, (*his ro's being the wood ; himself stretcht on it, the strings ; and his words, the sound*) heark how he warbles the most heavenly musick that was ever chanted to a departing soul, *To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*

The words are a Gospel, such as the Angels brought to the
 Luke 2. 10. *Shepherds, Luke 2. 10. Behold, I bring you good tydings of great joy*, here is *tydings, good tydings ; joy, and great joy* ; the greatest happiness that ever could befall a mortal, now waits on a malefactor; at that time when the execution was a doing, death approaching, and the horrors of hell laying hold upon him ; when a word of comfort would have been most seasonable, *like apples of gold in pictures of silver* ; then comes our Saviour (as a messenger with a pardon) and he bids him *be of good chear*, there was happiness towards him : when ? *to day*] what ? *thou shalt be with me*] where ? *in Paradise.*] Not a word but speaks comfort to the afflicted soul; be he howsoever afflicted for the present, yet there shall be a change ; and the more to sweeten it,

Here is the { Celerity, *to day*]
 { Certainty, *thou shalt be*]
 { Society, *with me*]
 { Ubi, or place, where all joy is enjoyed, *in Paradise.*]

These are those four heads that issue out of *Eden*, may God give a blessing to the watering, that you may bear good fruit till you are planted in that garden, whereof it is spoken, *To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*] We begin with the certainty of this promise, *Thou shalt be*] &c.

Thou

Thou shalt be]

TO this purpose was that asseveration, *Verily, verily I say unto thee* Nor is it enough that he affirms it, but he assures it, *say, thou shalt be.* Will and shall is for the King, and what is he lesse that bestows Kingdomes on his servants? here was a poore man desires only to be remembered of him; and in stead of remembering him, he tells him he shall be with him: how? but as a coheir of his Kingdome. Blessed thief, that had such a gift, and that made unto him with such assurance as this was! It is the promise of our Saviour, who to put him out of all doubt, he tells him it shall be so, *Thou shalt be] with me in Paradise.* Whence observe,

Observe.

That *Salvation may be made sure to a man.* If you would needs know the means (howsoever it was true in this Thief) it is not by any immediate suggestion, or revelation; Christ is now in heaven, and the holy Ghost works not by enthusiasmes or dreames; *The assurance of our salvation depends not upon revelation, but on the promises of the Gospel:* there then must we search and see, and if our hearts be rightly qualified, thence may we draw that fulnesse of perswasion with *Abraham, who staggered not at Gods promises, being fully perswaded, that what he had promised he was able to perform,* Rom. 4. 21. This doctrine we have confirmed by *David,* Psal. 35. 3. *Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.* By *Peter,* in the 2 Pet. 1. 10. *Make your election sure.* By *Paul,* in the 1 Cor. 9. 26. *I therefore so run, not as uncertainly.* From all which we may argue, *David* would never pray for that which could not be; nor would *Peter* charge us with a duty which stood not in possibility to be performed; nor would *Paul* serve God at randome, uncertain whether he should obtain any good, or prevent any mischief; no, but as one that was *sure,* that by so doing he should attain everlasting life, and without so doing he could not avoid eternal death. We may then be *sure,* if conditions rightly concur, and seeing this is a point we would be all glad to know, that we are *sure to be saved,* I shall beg others help, Gods assistance, and your patience, till we have opened the windows, and given you a light of the lodging where securely our souls may rest at noon-day.

Fidclium Evangelium non nititur revelatione, sed promissionibus Evangelii.
Rom 4. 20, 21.
Psal. 35. 3.
2 Pet. 1. 10.
1 Cor 9. 26.

Cant. 1. 7.

Some lay the order thus, that to assure us of heaven, we must be assured of Christ; and to assure us of Christ, we must be assured,

red of faith; and to assure us of faith, we must be assured of repentance; and to assure us of repentance, we must be assured of amendment of life.

Others tell us of more evidences, and we shall reduce them to these heads; *The testimony of our spirits, and the testimony of Gods Spirit*: It is not our spirit alone, nor Gods Spirit alone makes this Certificate, but both concurring; and thus Paul tells us, Rom. 8. 16. *The Spirit it self beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.*

1. Our first assurance then is the *testimony of our spirit*, and this witnesseth two ways:

By { Inward tokens,
Outward fruits.

Inward tokens are certain special graces of God imprinted in the spirit of a man, as *godly sorrow, desire of pardon, love of righteousness, faith in Christ*, for he that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself, saith the Apostle.

Outward fruits are all good deeds, holy duties, new obedience, and hereby we are sure that we know him, if we keep his Commandments, 1 Joh. 2. 3. To say then we are sure of heaven, and to live a life fitter for devils, what a fond saying is this? no, if we have a true testimony, we must be of good lives; it is our holiness, and justice, and mercy, and truth, that will be our best assurance: and so the Apostle assures us; *If ye do these things ye shall never fall*. See more of this in *Media*, Self-trial. Sect. 8.

2. Our second and best assurance is the *testimony of Gods Spirit*, which sometimes may suggest and testify to the sanctified conscience thus, or in the like manner, *Thou shalt be saved, Thou shalt be with me in Paradise*.

But here I must satisfy two doubts: First, by what means the Spirit of God gives this particular assurance? Secondly, how a man may discern betwixt the assurance of this Spirit, and the illusion of Satan, who is the spirit of lies?

To the first we say, the means is either by an immediate revelation, or by a particular application of the promises in the Gospel, in form of an experimental syllogisme: as, *Whoever believes on the Son shall be saved*. But I believe on the Son; Therefore I shall be saved. The major is Scripture, the minor is confirmed by our faith, which if I have, I may say I believe: True, *fleſh*.

ſeſh and blood cannot ſay this, it is the operation of the holy Ghoſt; but if the work be wrought, and I feel this faith within my ſoul, what need I doubt but this aſſumption is true, *I believe on the Son*? Yet I hear ſome complain, they have neither ſight nor ſenſe of faith: and thus it is often with Gods deareſt children: the Sun that in a clear ſky diſcovers and manifeſts it ſelfe, may ſometimes with clouds be overcaſt and darkened; and faith, that in the calmneſs of a Chriſtian courſe ſhines, and ſhews it ſelf clearly to the ſanctified heart, may ſometimes in the damp of ſpiritual deſertion, or darkneſſe of temptation, lie hid and obſcured: there is therefore in the Saints, *the aſſurance of evidence, and the aſſurance of adherence*; The aſſurance of evidence, is that which is without ſcruple, and brings an admirable joy with it, and this more eſpecially appears either in our more fervent prayers, or in our heavenly meditations, or in time of martyrdom, or in ſome quickening exerciſes of extraordinary humiliation, or in beginning of our ſpiritual, or end of our natural life, as moſt needful times; then doth Gods Spirit ſpeak comfortably to us, whispering to our ſouls the aſſurance of our happineſſe, that we ſhall be inheritors of his Kingdom. The aſſurance of adherence is that, which I doubt not the Saints have in their greateſt extremity: for inſtance, many a faithful ſoul, that makes conſcience of ſin, lies and languiſhes upon the rack of fears and terrors, he feels nothing but a dead heart, and a ſpiritual deſertion, yet in the mean time his ſoul cleaves unto Chriſt, as to the ſureſt rock, and cries and longs after him, and for all his fears and ſorrows he will ſtill reſt upon him, *Job-like, Though he ſlay me, yet will I truſt in him*, Job 13. 15. Now this adherence unto Chriſt may aſſure him of ſalvation, for (if we ſpeak punctually and properly) faith juſtifying is not to be aſſured of pardon, but to truſt wholly upon Chriſt for pardon; and thus if he do, then may he with freedom of ſpirit ſay, *I believe on the Son*; whence ariſeth this concluſion, which is the teſtimony of Gods Spirit, *therefore I ſhall be ſaved*.

To our ſecond doubt, *how we may diſcern betwixt the teſtimony of Gods Spirit, and the illuſion of Satan*? I anſwer.

Fiſt, *the teſtimony of Gods Spirit* is ever agreeable to the Word, and thus to try us, the Scripture tells us, that *Whoſoever is born of God, doth not commit ſin*, 1 John 3. 9. which is not to be

Certitudo evidencie, & adherencie.

Job 13. 15.

be understood simply of the act of sinning, for *Who can say, my heart is clean?* but in this sense, *he doth not commit sinne*, that is, he makes not a trade of sin, it doth not reign in him; if then thou allowest any lust in thine heart, or goest on in the willing practice of any one known sin, and yet halt a conceit that thou art sure of salvation, alas, thou art deceived; *Thou hast made a lie thy refuge, and hid thy self under falsehood.*

Secondly, *Gods Spirit* breeds in the soul a Reverend love, and insatiable longing after all good means appointed and sanctified for our spiritual good: and therefore that heart which sweetly is affected and inflamed with the Word, and prayer, and meditation, and conference, and vows, and singing of Psalms, and use of good books, we doubt not but it is breathed on by the Spirit of God; whilst others that use all these Ordinances out of custom or formality, or some other sinister end, alas, their conceit of being right, is built on the sands, and therefore down it falls at deaths flood, and is overwhelmed in destruction.

Rom. 8. 26.

Thirdly, *Gods Spirit* is ever attended with the *Spirit of Prayer*; and therefore saith the Apostle, *We know not how to pray, but the Spirit it self maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered*, Ro. 8. 26. O the blessed operation of this Spirit! it even warms the spirit of a man with quickning life, to pour out it self in the presence of the Lord his God, sometimes in more hearty prayers, and sometimes in more faint and cold, yet always edged with infinite desires that they were far more fervent than they are: but on the other side, every deluded Pharisee is a meer stranger to the power of Prayer, if he prayes often, (as I make it a question) yet never prayes he from a broken heart, and this argues that all his confidence is no better than a weed which grows of its own accord, and therefore like *Jonah's gourd*, when affliction comes, it withers on a sudden.

Fourthly, *the testimony of Gods Spirit*, is often exercised and accompanied with fears, and jealousies, and doubts, and distrusts, and varieties of temptations, which many times will drive the soul thus distressed to cry mightily to God, to re-examine her grounds, to confirm her watch, to resort her counsel where it may be had; whilst on the contrary the Pharisees groundlesse conceit lies in his bosome without fears, or jealousies, or doubts, or distrusts, or any such a do; why so? alas, Satan is too subtle

to trouble him in that case; he knows his foundation is falshood, his hope of heaven no better than a golden dream, and therefore in policy he holds his peace, that he may hold him the faster.

Fifthly, *the testimony of Gods Spirit* is ever most refreshing at those times when we retire our selves to converse with God in a more solemn manner, when we feel that we have conquered, or well curbed some corruption of nature; when we are well exercised in the Ordinances of God, or in our sufferings by man for a good cause, and conscience sake; then (or at such times) shall we feel that sweetnesse of the Spirit cherishing our hearts with a lightsome comfort that cannot be uttered; whilest on the contrary the deluded man is alwayes alike peremptory in his confidence; you shall not take him at any time without a bold perswasion, that he hopes to be saved as well as the best; thus like a man who lying fast asleep on the edge of a Rock, he dreams merrily of Crowns and Kingdomes, and will not off it, but on a sudden starting for joy, he tumbles into the bottome of the Sea, and there lies drowned in the deep; that assurance which is ever secure is but a dream, whereas *the testimony of Gods Spirit* is sometimes mixed with doubts, and sometimes (to our unspeakable comfort) with a secret, still, heart-ravishing voice thus speaks to our consciences, *Thou shalt be* *Thou shalt be* *with me in Paradise*.

You see *the testimony of Gods Spirit*, how it *works in us*, and how it is *discerned by us*; it *works in us* by a particular application of the promises in the Gospel, & is *discerned by us by the Word, by our love, our prayers, our fears, our joyes* at some times while we are a doing our duties. But for this, see our best evidences in *Media*. Self-trial. ch. 4. sect. 8. third Edition.

O blessed man that feels in his soul this blessed testimony! what is here comparable to it? riches are deceitful, pleasure is a toy, the world is but a bubble, only our *assurance* of Heaven is the only real comfort that we have on earth; who then would not study to make this certain? if we purchase an inheritance on earth, we make it as sure, and our tenure as strong, as the brawn of the Law, or the brain of Lawyers can devise; we have conveyance, and bonds, and fines, no strength too much; and shall we not be more curious in the settling our eternal inheritance in *Paradise*? a man can never be too *sure* of going to Heaven; and therefore in Gods fear let us examine the *testimo-*

Luke 23. 37, 39

nie of our spirits by the inward tokens, and by the outward fruits : let us examine the testimony of Gods Spirit by the means and the difference ; and if we find both these testimonies to accord within us, how blessed are we in this vale of tears ! it is an heaven upon earth, a Paradise in a wilderness ; in a word, a comfort in all miseries, be they never so embittered. See a Thief hanging on the Crosse, an Engine of most grievous torture ; but who can tell the joy that entred into him before he entered into Heaven ? you may guesse it by his desire to be remembered of Christ when he came into his Kingdome ; he begs not for life, nor pleasure, nor riches, nor honour ; no, *There is one thing necessary* ; give him Heaven and he cares for nothing ; to this purpose doth he address himself to our blessed Saviour, and he asks, — What ? *If thou be Christ, save thy self*, said the Jewes in derision ; and, *If thou be Christ, save thy self and us*, said the other Thief to him ; but this was only for the bodies safety ; and here is a man quite of another mind, let the Jewes rack him, tear him, break all his bones, and pull him into atones, if our Saviour will but do so much as remember him in his Kingdom, he desires nothing more : O blessed Christ, speak comfortably to his soul that begs it thus vehemently at thy hands ! but why do I prevent ? the bowels of our Saviour yearn to hear him ; remember him ? yes, he will remember him, and he shall be with him ; comfortable news ! how leaps his heart at these so blessed words ? his desire is granted, and Heaven is assured, and the Spirit of God, yea, the God of Spirits thus testifies it to him, *To day [shalt thou be] with me in Paradise.*

Thus far of the certainty of his salvation, *Thou shalt be :* but as the grant is sweet that is certain, so is it yet more acceptable if done with expedition : and here is both the certainty and expedition, *Thou shalt be, when ? to day] with me in Paradise.*

To day.]

Our Saviour defers not that he promises, but as he quickly hears, and quickly grants : so he quickly gives him *Paradise*, and a Kingdome. This sudden unexpected joy makes all more grateful ; to tell us of Crownes and Kingdomes that we must inherit, and then to put us off with delays, abates the sweetness of the promise : men that go to suits for lands and livings,

livings, though Lawyers feed them with hopes, yet one order after another, ſpinning our time to a multitude of *Termes*, makes them weary of the buſineſſe: it is the happineſſe of this ſuitor that he comes to an hearing, but the higheſt degree of his happineſſe was the expedition of his ſuit: no ſooner he motions, *Lord, remember me when thou com'eſt into thy Kingdom*; but the Lord gives him that he aſks upon his firſt motion, *To day*, ere the Sun be down, the *Kingdom* ſhall be thine, *thou ſhalt be with me in Paradise*.

But you may object, Was there no *Limbus Patrum*, no *Purgatory* to run through? but the very ſame day he died, he muſt then go to *Paradiſe*? no unleſs *Limbus* or *Purgatory* be *Paradiſe* it ſelf, there is no ſuch thing at all. Some there are, that rather than ſay nothing, ſpeak thus: *Chriſt giving up the gholt, his ſoul deſcended into hell, and the very ſame day was this Malefactor partaker of Chriſts beatifical viſion, with the other Patriarchs in Limbus*. But of how great difference is *Paradiſe* and *Limbus*, we ſhall hear another time: ſure it is, Chriſt promiſed not a *Duncheon* in ſtead of a *Kingdome*, nor is *Paradiſe* a place of pleaſure, of any ſuch imaginary melancholy nature: we conclude then, *To day ſhalt thou be with me in Paradiſe*,] it is all one, as to ſay, *To day*, (*thy day of death*) *thou ſhalt be with me in Heaven*, and there enjoy me in my *Kingdom*.

*Mox ut deum
expiravit ipſe
ſecundum ani-
mam ad infer-
nos deſcendit,
Guliel Paril.
cap. 11. ſecun-
dum verbum.*

But again, you may object, That Chriſt rather that day *deſcended into hell*, than *aſcended into heaven*: The Creed teacheth, that after he was *cruciſied, dead, and buried*, he *deſcended into hell*.

To answer the objection, ſome go about thus; by *hell* (ſay they) is meant *Paradiſe*, where the ſoul of Chriſt was all the time that his body lay in the grave: If this be not a miſconſtruction, I am ſure it is no literal Expoſition; and methinks a very ſtrange kinde of figure it is, to expreſs Chriſts *aſcent into Paradiſe* by his *deſcent into hell*. Others more probably underſtand Chriſts abode in the grave for the ſpace of three dayes; *Anſwer* after ſome turns and wrenches concludeth thus: *Eſt autem ſenſus multo expeditior, &c.* It is a farre eaſier ſenſe, and freer from all ambiguity, if we take Chriſt to ſpeak theſe words, *This day ſhalt thou be with me in Paradiſe*] not of his *Manhood*, but of his *Godhead*; for the man Chriſt was that day in the grave according to the fleſh, and in hell as touching his ſoul, but the

Aug. Epiſt. 57.

*Parkins on the
Creed.*

same Christ as God is alwayes every where. Thus he: But this will not satisfie all, and therefore they argue thus against it; These words (say they) must be understood of his Manhood, not his Godhead: and why so? For they are an answer unto a demand, and unto it they must be suitable: Now the Thief (seeing that Christ was first of all crucified, and therefore in all likelihood should first of all die) makes his request to this effect; Lord, thou shalt shortly enter into thy Kingdome, remember me then: to which Christs answer (as the very words import) is thus much; I shall enter into Paradise this day, and there shalt thou be with me: but the Godhead, which is at all times in all places, cannot be said properly to enter into a place, and therefore not into Paradise. Again, when Christ saith, Thou shalt be with me in Paradise he doth intimate a resemblance between the first and second Adam: the first Adam sinned against God, and was presently cast out of Paradise: the second having made a satisfaction for sinne, must presently enter into Paradise. Now there is no entrance but in regard of the soul, or manhood, and therefore to apply it to the Godhead, were to abolish this analagy bewixt the first and second Adam.

*R. Clerk D. in
D. Sermon.*

These reasons are weighty; but should we say with Austin, That Christ in his soul went down into hell, one of our Worthies can tell us, that Christs soul, united to his Godhead, might do all that, and yet be that day in Paradise: God works not lazily like man. Satan could see Christ all the Kingdomes of the world in the twinkling of an eye, and Gods expedition exceeds his. To this agrees another, that we have no warrant in Gods Word, so to fasten Christs soul into hell for all the time of his death, but that it might be in Paradise before it descended into hell. That he was in Paradise must be received, because himself doth affirm it; and that he descended into the deep must be received also; for the Apostles doth avouch it; but how he descended, or what time he descended, as also what manner of triumph he brought thence, cannot be limited by any mortal man. To conclude, I will not deny, but that according to the Creed, he descended into Hell, yet howsoever we expound it, Metaphorically or literally, it hinders not this truth, but that immediately after death his soul went into Paradise.

*B. Billson, l.
of the power of
Hell destroyed,
fol. 219.
Rom. 10. 7.*

The Objections thus solved, now come we to the Thief thus comforted by Christ, *To day] thou shalt be with me in Paradise.*

What?

What? *To day*? without all doubts or delays? here is a blessed dispatch if we either consider the *miserie* indured, or the *joy* to be received.

First, in regard of his *miserie*s, he was a Thief condemned and crucified: we read of four kindes of deaths in use amongst the *Jewes*: strangling, stoning, fire and the sword: the Crosse was a death whether for the pain, the shame, the curse, farre above all other: we may it see in that gradation of the Apostle, *He became obedient to death, even to the death of the Crosse*, Phil. 2. 8.

2. 8. What Engine of torture was that? it spins out pain, it slowes his death, yet a little and a little, till it be more than any man can think: see his hands bored, his feet nailed, *his legs broken*, every part full of pain from top to toe; and thus hangs this Thief, the poyz of his body every moment increasing his pain, and his own weight becoming his own affliction: in this case were not a quick riddance his best remedy? were not the news of death better than a lingring life? Lo then, to this eternal comfort, Christ our Saviour (*in the same condemnation*) grants him his desire: What would he have? a dispatch of pain? he shall have it *this day*] as Samuels appearance said to Saul, *To morrow* 1 Sam. 28. 19. (*yea, to day*) *thou shalt be with me*.

But secondly, here is a greater comfort, his *miserie*s have an end, and his *joyes* are at hand: while he is even gasping in deaths pangs, he is carried on a sudden from earth to heaven, from his Crosse to Paradise, from a world of wo to a Kingdome of happinesse and eternal blisse. O how blessed is the change, when in the very moment of misery *joy* enters! Suppose you a poor man in the night-time out of his way, wandering alone upon the mountains, far from company, destitute of money, beaten with rain, terrified with thunder, stiffe with cold, wearied with labour, famished with hunger, and near brought to despair with the multitude of *miserie*s; if this man upon a sudden, in the twinkling of an eye, should be placed in a goodly, large, and rich palace furnished with all kinde of clear lights, warm fire, sweet smells, dainty meats, soft beds, pleasant musick, fine apparel, honourable company, and all these prepared for him, to serve him, honour him, and to anoint and crown him a King for ever; what would this poor man do? what could he say? surely nothing, but rather in silence weep for joy: Such, nay, far

far happier was the case of this poor malefactor: he was like the man wandring on the mountains, full of as much pain as the Crosse could make him; but on a sudden he and our Saviour crucified with him, both meet in his Kingdome: and now, Lord what a joy enters into him, when he entred into Heaven! on *Calvary* he had nothing about him, but the *Jewes* at his feet, and the nails in his hands, and the Crosse at his back; in stead whereof, no sooner comes he to *Paradise*, but the *Angels*, *Archangels*, *Cherubims*, *Seraphims*, all hug him, and embrace him; imagine how was he astonished, and as it were besides himself at this sudden mutation, and excessive honour done unto him! Imagine what joy was that, when he met our Saviour in his glory, whom that very day he had seen buffeted, scourged, crowned; crucified; *blessed day that could ever bring forth such a change!* Beloved, I know not how to expres it, but let your souls in some meditation flie up from *Calvary* to Heaven; in the morning you might have seen Christ and this Thief hanging on two Cresses, their bodies stretched, their veins opened, their hands and feet bleeding in abundance; the one desiring to be *remembered* of the other, and the other complaining that he was *forgotten* of his Father: in this doleful case both leaving the world, ere night they meet again, and now what hugs, what kisses are betwixt them? When *Joseph* met with *Jacob*, he fell on his neck, (*saith Moses*) and wept on his neck a good while; but never was any meeting on earth like this in Heaven: here we have a *Joseph* lift out of the dungeon to the Throne, where no sooner set, but our Saviour performs his promise of meeting him in *Paradise*, at which meeting the *Angels* sing, the *Saints* rejoyce, all *Harps* warble, all *Hands* clap for joy, and the poor soul of this penitent Thief ravished with delight, what does it, or what can it do, but even weep for joy (if any weeping were in Heaven) to see on a sudden so great a change as this?

Use.

Numb. 23.10.

And if this be his case, who will not say with *Balaam*, *Let me die the death* (yea, let me live the life) *of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?* O let us (I beseech you) present unto our souls the blessed condition to come, and this will be effectual to stir us up to every good duty, and to comfort us in all conditions whatsoever: what will a man care for crosses, and losses, and disgraces in the world, that thinks of an heavenly Kingdome? What will a man care for ill usage in his Pilgrimage,

mage, when he knowes he is a King at home? we are all (in this time of our absence from God) but even strangers upon earth; here then must we suffer indignities; yet here is the comfort, we have a better estate to come, and all this in the mean time is nothing but a fitting of us to that heavenly Kingdom: as *Dauids* time between his anointing and investing was a very preparing of him, that he might know himself, and that he might learn fitnessse for to govern aright: so we are anointed Kings; as soon as we believe, we have the same blessed anointing that is poured on our head, and runnes down about us; but we must be humbled and fitted, before we are invested: a little time (and but a little) we have here to spend; and let this be our comfort (howsoever we fare here) it is not long ere we inherit. *The afflictions of this life are not worthy of the glory that shall be shewed us, Rom. 8. 18.* and therefore *Ignatius* in a burning zeal durst say it, *Fire, gallows, beasts, breaking of my bones, quartering of my members, crushing of my body, all the torments of devils, let them come upon me, so I may enjoy this treasure of Heaven;* and well might he say it, that knew what a change would be one day; for never was cold shadow so pleasant in hot Summer, never was easie bed so delightful after labour, as shall be this rest of heaven to an afflicted soul coming thither out of this valley of tears. O then what service should we do? what pain should we suffer to attain this rest? were it to run through fire and water, were it (as *Augustine* said) *to suffer every day torments, yea, the very torments of Hell, yet should we be content to abide it;* and how much more when we may buy it without money, or money-worth; we need not to part with any thing for it, but sin: This Thief (now a blessed Saint in glory) * *for a dayes suffering, an half dayes repenting,* was thus welcomed to Heaven; imitate we him in his repentance, not in his delay, he indeed had mercy at the last cast, but this priviledge of one inferres not a common law for all: one findes mercy at the last, that none should despair; and but one, that none should presume. Be then your sins as red as scarlet, you need not despair, if you will but repent; and lest your repentance be too late, let this be the day of your conversion; now abhorre sins past, sue out a pardon, call upon Christ with this Thief on the Crosse, Lord, remember me, remember

Rom. 8. 18.

Hieron. in cata-
logo.

Aug. serm. 13.
de sanctis.

* I speak of
suffering and
repenting as
means, not as
the cause.

remember me now thou art in thy Kingdome : thus would we do, how blessedly should we die ? our consciences comforting us in deaths pangs, and Christ Jesus saying to us at our last day here, our day of death, our day of dissolution, To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

Use 2.

2. Let us admire at this free gift of Christ ; it is true, I may presse upon you *doing, suffering, faith, repentance*, yet understand a right, Gospel-conditions make not the gift lesse free ; if life be offered to a condemned man upon condition that he should beg, and wait, before he have his pardon, & take him for his Lord who hath thus redeemed him ; all this is no satisfying of the iustice of the law, especially when the condition is also given, as it is by Christ to all his chosen : Christians ! admire at this : surely we shall admire at this when we come to enjoyment ; methinks I hear this blessed Thief thus speak in Heaven ; *O Jesu, what didst thou see in me, that thou shouldst judge me meet for such a state as this ? that I who was a robber, a thief, should be clad in the brightness of this glory ? that I who was but lately groaning, weeping, dying, should now be as full of joy as heart can hold ? Alas ! what was my prayer, my tears, my repentance, to such a reward as this ? O when a self-denying, self-accusing, humble soul, who thought himself unworthy the ground he trod on, and the air he breathed in, unworthy to eat, drink, or live, shall be taken up into this glory ; he who durst scarce come amongst, or speak to the imperfect Saints on earth, because he was unworthy ; for his soul to find it self rapt up into Heaven, and clofed in the armes of Christ, even in a moment ; do but think with your selves what the transporting, astonishing admiration of such a soul will be ? now if such admirings be in Heaven, admire now, begin we now to admire at this free grace, free gift of Christ, who will one day freely say to us, *To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.**

We have dispatch with expedition this dispatch, this expedition, *to day*] the next day you shall hear the happinesse of this grant, which is the society of our Saviour, *thou shalt be : with whom ? with me*] in Paradise.

With me :]

ANd is he of the Society of Jesus ? yes, (though no Jesuite neither, for they were not then hatcht) but what noble order is this, where the Saints sing, Angels minister, Archangels rule,
Prin-

Principalities triumph, Powers rejoyce, Dominations govern, Virtues shine, Thrones glitter, Cherubims give light, Seraphims burn in love, and all that heavenly company ascribe and ever give all laud and praises unto God their Maker ? here is a Society indeed, (I mean not of Babylon, but Jerusalem) whither Jesus our Saviour admits all his servants, and whereto this Thief on the Crosse was invited, and welcomed, Thou shalt be with me in Paradise.

For if *with me* then *with all* that is *with me*, and thus comes in that blessed company of Heaven ; we will onely take a view of them, and in some scantling or other you may guesse at *Heavens happinesse*.

With me and therefore with my *Saints* ; blessed man that from a crew of thieves (by one hours repentance) became a companion of *Saints* ; and now he is a *Saint* amongst them : what joy is that he enjoyes with them ? O my soul, couldest thou so steal Heaven by remorse for sinne, then mightest thou see — what ? all those millions of *Saints* that ever lived on earth, and are in Heaven ; there are those holy Patriarchs, *Adam, Noah, Abraham*, and the rest ; not now in their pilgrimage tossed to and fro on earth, but abiding for ever on *Mount Sion, the City of the living God* : there are those goodly Prophets, *Esay, Jeremy, Ezekiel*, and the rest ; not now subject to the torments of their cruel adversaries, but wearing Palms and Crowns, and all other glorious Ensignes of their victorious triumphs ; there live those glorious Apostles, *Peter, Andrew, James, John*, and the rest ; not now in danger of persecution or death, but arrayed in *long robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb* : there live those women *Saints, Mary, Martha*, and that Virgin-mother ; not now weeping at our Saviour deaths, but singing unto him those heavenly songs of praise and glory world without end : there are those tender infants (*an hundred forty four thousand, Revel. 14. 1.*) not now under *Herods* knife bleeding unto death, but *harping on their harps, and following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth* : there lives that noble army of Martyrs, (*they that were slain upon the earth, Revel. 18. 24.*) not now under the mercilesse hands of cruel tyrants, but singing and saying their *Hallelujahs, salvation, and glory, and honour, and power be unto the Lord our God* : there dwell all the *Saints* and servants of God (*both small and great, Revel. 19. 5.*) not now fighting in this

Heb. 12. 22.

Rev. 7. 14.

Rev. 14. 1, 3, 4.

Rev. 18. 24.

Rev. 19. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Rev. 19. 5.

Rev. 19. 6. this vale of tears, but singing sweet songs that echo through the Heavens; *As the voice of many waters, as the voice of mighty thunders,* so is their voice, saying, *Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.* And is not here a goodly troop, a sweet company, a blessed society and fellowship of Saints? O my soul; how happy wer't thou to be with them! yea, how happy will that day be to thee, when thou shalt meet all the *Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Disciples, Innocents, Martyrs, the Saints,* and servants of the King of Heaven? why thus happy and blessed is this penitent Thief: no sooner entred he into the gates of Heaven, but there meets him *with musick and dancing,* all the quire of Heaven, and (Lord) what a joy entred into his soul when his soul entred into his Masters joy? Tell me (could I speak with thee that dwellest in the Heavens) what a day was that, when stepping from the Crosse, and conducted to Paradise, thou wast there received with all honourable companies and troops above? there did the Patriarchs meet thee, and the Prophets hug thee, and the Martyrs struck up their Harps to bid thee welcome to the Tabernacle of Heaven. Such honour have all his Saints that attain the fellowship of the Saints in glory.

Luk. 15. 25. But more than so, *thou shalt be with me* and therefore with my Angels: Lo here a blessed company indeed; these are the heavenly Choristers eternally singing Jehovahs praise: The Seraphims cry aloud, *Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts;* an Army answer to the antheme, *Glory to God on high:* The whole Quire of heaven adde the burthen, *Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive honour, and glory, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy sake they are and were created.* O heavenly harmony consisting of ten thousand times ten thousand various sorts of Musick! I heard (saith John the Divine) *the voice of many Angels round about the throne, and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, thousands of thousands;* these are the shining and singing Stars, of which God told his servant Job, *The morning Stars sing together, and the sons of God shout for joy.* These are the winged Choristers of heaven, whom John the Divine heard singing their songs of *Hallelujah and Hosanna;* I heard (saith he) *the voice of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters, the voice of many Angels, singing, and saying, Hallelujah; and again, Hallelujah: these are the nimble*

Posts

Posts of heaven, whom *Jacob* saw flying up and down the *Ladder*: these are the *Protectors of the godly*, whose aid God promised the *Israelites*; *Behold, I send an Angel before thee to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee to the place which I have prepared.* These are the *Guardians of Gods children* of whom our Saviour told his *Disciples*, that in *Heaven their Angels alwayes behold the face of his Father*: these are the *armies of God*, who meeting *Jacob* in his journey, he said, *This is Gods host*: these are the *spirits and Ministers of God*, whom *David* describing by the purity of their substance, and readinesse of their obedience, he calls the *Angels spirits*, and his *Ministers a flame of fire. They are shining and singing stars, winged choristers, nimble Posts of heaven, Protectors of the godly, guardians of children, the armies of the Almighty, the spirits and Ministers of the great Jehovah.*

Gen. 28.12.

Exod. 23.20.

Math. 18.10.

Gen. 32. 2.

Psal. 104. 4.

What blessed company is this we shall enjoy in heaven? there is nothing in them but is amiable, nothing in them but is admirable: O that this clay of ours should come to dwell with those incorporeal spirits! and yet see here a man, a thief, (the worst of men:) by his confession, and contrition, and faith in Christ, is now become a companion with Angels.

Nor is that all, *Thou shalt be with me*] not onely with my *Saints and Angels*, but *with me*] (with my soul) in *Paradise*. His soul indeed was there, through his body at that time was in the grave; and if the *soul* be it that makes us men, what a passing great joy is that, when men standing amongst the *Angels*, shall see their Lord, the Lord of heaven, not to be an Angel, but a man? Here is the solace of *Saints*, when they shall see & say, who is yonder that rules on the Throne of heaven? who is yonder that sits on the right hand of God the Father? and they shall answer themselves again, It is he that for us became man; it is he that for the salvation of our *souls* hath took upon him a *body and soul*. And think now with thy self, whosoever thou art that readest (if thou wilt but spend thy *few evil dayes* in his fear, and so die in his favour) what a comfort will it be unto thee to see that Lamb sitting on his seat of state? If the wise men of the East came so far, and so rejoiced to see him in the Manger, what will it be to thee to see him sitting and glittering in his glory? If *John Baptist* did leap at his presence in his mothers belly, what shall his presence do in his royal and eternal Kingdome? *It passeth all other glories,*

August. ries (saith *Austin*) to be admitted to the inestimable sight of Christ his face, and to receive the beams of glory from the brightnesse of his Majesty: nay, should we suffer torments every day, or for a time the very pains of hell it self, thereby to gain the sight of Christ, and of his Saints, it were nothing in comparison. No wonder then, if *Paul* desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ. Alas, who would not be so? O most sweet Saviour (saith one devoutly) when shall this joyfull day come? when shall I appear before thy face? when shall I be filled with thy excellent beauty? when shall I see that countenance of thine, which the very Angels themselves are so desirous to behold? an happy time sure will it be to each faithfull soul: and thus happy was this man, he parted sorrowfully with our Saviour on the Crosse, but he met him joyfully in his Kindome: those sweet souls that both left the world at one time, no sooner had heaven-gates opened unto them, but with mutual kisses they embraced each other in unspeakable manner.

Phil. 1. 23.

Nor was this all; *thou shalt be with me,*] not onely with my soul, but with my *Godhead*: this indeed was the height of blisse, the very soul of heavens joy it self; set aside this, and crown a man with the Empire of all the earth, the splendour of Heaven, the royal endowments of a glorified soul, the sweetest company of Saints and Angels, yet still would his soul be full of emptinesse, and utterly to seek for the surest Sanctuary whereon to rest: only once admit him to the face of God, and then presently, and never before, his infinite desire expires in the bosome of his Maker: I deny not but the other joyes in Heaven are transcendent and ravishing, but they are all no better than accessories to this principal, drops to this Ocean, glimfes to this Sun. If you ask, how can our souls enjoy this *Godhead*? I answer, two wayes; first, by the *understanding*; secondly, by the *will*. The *understanding* is filled by a clear glorious sight of God, called *Beatificall vision*; *We shall see him face to face*, saith *Paul*, 1 Cor. 13. 12. *We shall see him as he is*, saith *John*, 1 John 3. 2. For as the Sun by his beams and brightnesse enlightens the eye, and the air, that may see not onely all other things, but also his own glorious face: so God, blessed for ever (in whose presence ten thousand of our Suns would vanish away as a darksome mote) doth by the light of his Majesty, so irradiate the mindes

1 Cor. 13. 12

1 John 3. 2.

minde of all the blessed, that they behold in him, not only the beauty of all his creatures, but of himself; and thus shall we see and know that glorious mystery of the Trinity, the goodnesse of the Father, the wisdom of the Son, the love and comfortable fellowship of the holy Spirit: nothing that can be known, but in him we shall know it, in most ample manner.

But seeing vision is taken from sense, it may be demanded, what our bodily eyes shall see in heaven? I answer, — 1. The glorious manifestations of the presence of God in some such sort as was on the Mount, where we finde mentioned *a bright cloud, and his cloaths were white as the light, and his face did shine*, Matth. 17. 2, 5. Or as when God appeared in *Solomons Temple*, where *the glory of the Lord filled the house, that the Priests could not enter*, 1 King. 8. 11. Now this was a visible glory, and surely some such, but a far more excellent manifestation is in heaven obvious to the very eyes of Saints. 2. The glorified bodies of the blessed Saints full of beauty and brightness; it is said that at the day of judgement at the right hand of Christ, shall stand a company of glorious creatures, but on the left hand shall be an ugly company, and many of them deformed; for if we credit *Durandus*, their sins not being taken away, the fruits of sin will still remain upon them, as lameness, blindness, maimedness, &c. but in heaven all comeliness & excellency will appear in the Saints, for they shall be as Jewels made up; now a Jewel must be cut and polished, it must have a lustre set upon it, & be set in gold before it be made up; and thus must the Saints be, and so they shall appear one to another. 3. The glorified body of our blessed Saviour; we shall see him that is dearer than all our friends, that died for our sins, not in his humility, but in the brightness of his glory.

Secondly, the *will* is for ever satisfied with a perfect, inward, and eternal communion with God himself; Christ that is God and man, by his Manhood assumed uniteth us unto God, and by his Godhead assuming uniteth God unto us; so that by this secret and sacred communion, we are made partakers (and as it were possessors) of God himself: O bottomlesse depth, and dearest confluence of joys and pleasures everlasting! here is the perfection of all good things, the Crown of glory, the very life of *Life everlasting*. And well may it be so, for what can the soul desire, God will not be unto her? it is he that is eminently in him-

ſelf beauty to our eyes, muſick to our ears, honey to our mouths, perfume to our noſtrils, light to our underſtanding, delight to our will, continuation of eternity to our memory; in him ſhall we enjoy all the varieties of times, all the beauty of creatures, all the pleaſures of *Paradiſe*. Bleſſed Thief, what a glory was this to be admitted to the ſociety of Chriſt in his Deity! *Thou ſhalt be with me?*] how then ſhould he be but happy? *Where could he be ill with him? where could he be well without him?* In thy preſence there is fulneſs of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleaſures for evermore; joy, and fulneſs of joy; pleaſures, and everlaſting pleaſures: Bleſſed are all they that live in thy houſe, O Lord, for they ſhall praife thee eternally world without end, *Plal. 84. 4.*

But a little to enlarge on this. *To be with the Godhead,*] implies theſe things. 1. The preſence of God. 2. The bleſſed viſion of God. 3. The happy union with God. 4. The glorious communion with God. 5. The fruition of God. 6. The enjoyment of the Saints themſelves in God.

Fiſt, *To be with God,* implies the preſence of God: heaven it ſelf were not heaven without the preſence of God: it is the preſence of God that makes Heaven whereſoever it is; *David would not be afraid though he walked in the valley of the ſhadow of death,* ſo that God were with him, *Plal. 23. 4.* Luther would rather be in hell with Gods preſence, than in Heaven God being abſent. And if the preſence of God takes away dread of the ſhadow of the valley of death, & makes hell to be more deſired than heaven, what will the preſence of God make Heaven to be? The three children in the fiery furnace with Gods preſence were happy; how happy then are the Saints with Gods preſence in Heaven? God made rich promiſes to *Moses*, yet he could not be ſatisfied without the preſence of God; *If thy preſence be not with us, bring us not hence:* And the Apoſtle when he would ſet out the miſery of thoſe that are damned, he ſaith, *They ſhall be puniſhed with everlaſting deſtruction from the preſence of the Lord.* Now the preſence of God muſt needs be the happineſſe of the Saints.

1. Becauſe this muſt needs draw out all their graces in all the ſweet favour of them, *While the King ſitteth at his table, my ſpike-nard ſendeth forth the ſmell thereof.*

2. The preſence of God quickens all the comforts of the Saints, and keeps them alwayes in vigour and activity; as the

Sun

Ubi male poterat eſſe cum illo? ubi bene poterat eſſe ſine illo? Aug. *Plal. 16. 11. Plal. 84. 4.*

Plal. 23. 4. Luth. in Ger. cap. 30.

Exod. 33. 15. 2 Theſ. 1. 9.

Cant. 1. 12.

Sun quickens things that lay dead, so Gods presence hath a quickning power, it keeps the comforts of Gods people green, and lively: when they shall be *presented faultlesse before the presence of his glory, it shall cause exceeding joy.*

Jude 24.

3. The presence of God fills the souls and bodyes of the Saints with glory; for it fills the heavens with glory, much more must it fill an immortal soul with glory, because that is more capable of glory than heaven: if the Sun can put a glory upon these dark creatures here below, much more can the presence of God put glory upon the glorified bodies and souls of the Saints.

Secondly, *To be with God*, implies the beatifical vision of God: the Saints shall be where he is, and they *shall see his face.* Behold, now are we the *sonnes of God*, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. The glory of this may appear in these particulars.

Revel. 22. 4.
1 John 3. 2.

1. To see God as the first being of all, or the principal of all good; this is a most blessed thing: to see *Adam* the first father, or *Eve* the first mother of mankind, or for a childe to see his father, and mother, out of whose loins and bowels he came, whom he hath not seen in many years, this is a joy and comfort: but to see the Creator, the first principle of all things, that must be a great, an infinite contentment, and to see him that hath done all the good in the world, hath much satisfaction in it *Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth.*

John 14. 8.

2. To see God in his unity; whereas now we understand God only according to his several attributes, as the manifestation of the infinite simple; his being in one way we call power, in another way we call mercy and bounty, in another way justice, and so we apprehend God according unto the several attributes that God hath manifested himself in: whereas there are not many things in God, but all those several attributes that we apprehend diversly, are but one excellency in God; as one beam of the Sun shining through a red glasse causes a red reflection, and the same Sun shining through a blue glasse, causes a blue reflection; and so the same excellency of God shining one way we call by one name, and the same excellency of God working another way we call by another name, and yet it is all one in God; and though we cannot apprehend it now, yet we shall see God in his unity afterward.

3. To see God in the Trinity; though there be but one God, yet there are divers persons; to see how the Father begot the Sonne, and how the Spirit did proceed from the Father and the Sonne, and the difference between the procession of the Spirit, and the generation of the Sonne; the sight of God in the mystery of the Trinity is a most glorious thing.

Eſay. 33. 17.

4. To see God in his glory: there is a promise that *they shall see the King in his beauty, or in his glory*: there is a great deal of difference between seeing the King at an ordinary time, and seeing him when he is in his robes, with his crown upon his head, and his scepter in his hand, and set upon his throne, with all his nobles about him in all his glory. So God doth manifest himself a little now, but this is not all that he doth intend, he will manifest himself in his glory: and oh what a happineſſe is that!

5. To see God in his eminency: the Saints shall see how all excellencies that are in the creatures, are eminently contained in the absolute perfection of the Divine nature: all the good that is in the effect, is in the causes; and the good of those causes in their causes, and so at length they come to the first principle: so all the good that we can see in all objects that give content, we may see all eminently in God, and see God in all.

1 John 3. 2.

6. To see God *as he is*: Now there is a great deal in that to see God *as he is*; and for explication of that, there are these three branches.

1. Not to see him only negatively, for that is not to see him *as he is*: the most that we see of God now is by way of negation, rather than any positive sight: when we say of God, he is incomprehensible, that is, he is such a God as cannot be comprehended, that is but negation; when we say of God, he is infinite, that is, he is such a God as hath no bounds of his being; this is still a negation, to say what God is not: but now in heaven, we shall not see God only by way of negation, but we shall see that positive excellency of God, *We shall see him as he is*.

2. Not to see him only in his effects in the creature: the greatest part that we see of God now is in his effects, and not as he is in himself; we do not see the face of God, but his back-parts; we look upon the Sun, and there we see somewhat of the power of God, but it is but the effect of Gods power, and not Gods power it self; but then *we shall see him as he is*.

3. Nor

3. Nor to see him undistinguished from the creatures. - Here now we see almost nothing of God distinguished from created things: Say what you will of God, *that he is a Spirit*, that is, a created thing; *that he is wise, or holy, or just, or merciful*, there is somewhat of all these in the creature; onely he is infinitely above all, and this is by way of negation: but we do not see him in that positive excellency which does difference him from all created things; onely in Heaven we shall thus see him, *We shall see him as he is.*

7. To see God by a transforming sight. The sight that shall come from God upon the mind, it shall perfect the mind, and transform the mind into the same likeness with God. It shall not be a meer notional sight, as men may speak much of God, and have a notional vision of God; but there is a great deal of difference between the notional vision of God, and Deifical vision of God: *is not only beatifical, but Deifical*; for it doth transform a man into the likeness of God. A deformed man may see a beautiful object, and that sight shall not make him like that beautiful object; but the sight of God shall make the soul glorious as God is glorious: *We shall be like him.*

1 John 3. 2.

8. To see God so as never to lose him: This adds much to the happiness of the Saints. To have but one glimpse of the face of God, though it were gone presently, it were a great happiness beyond all that the world affords; but God shall not onely passe by, but stand still, so as the soul shall never lose the sight of God, but it shall have it to all eternity, and the eyes of the soul shall be eternally opened to see God. If a man looks upon a delightful object, he is loth to have the eye drawn from it: you shall never have your eye drawn from God.

9. To see God in our selves. It is an happiness to see God in the creature, but much more to see God in our selves. The chiefest of the glory of God, next to that which appears in Jesus Christ as God-man, shall appear in the Saints; and the chief excellency of God that the Saints shall see, shall be within themselves; they shall see more of the glory of God within themselves, than in all the Heavens besides.

Thirdly, *To be with God*, implies the happy union with God. Sight is higher than presence, and union is higher than sight. And thus Christ prays to his Father, *That they may be one in*

John 17. 22.

us, as thou art in me, and I in thee. Now that there shall be such a wonderful glorious union between God and the soul in Heaven, appears upon these grounds.

1. There is not such distance between God and the soul, but that it is capable of union with God: One would think, how is it possible that God should be so united to the soul, being there is such an infinite distance betwixt God and the soul? But there is no such distance, as that there should not be a glorious union betwixt them. There is a great deal of likeness betwixt God and the soul: First, in the spirituality, God is a Spirit, and the soul is a spirit. Secondly, in the immortality, God is immortal, and the soul is immortal. Thirdly, in the high excellency of God, the understanding, and will, the soul is endued with understanding and will.

2. God shall see nothing but himself in the souls of his Saints. Now things that are of a like nature, do unite: bring an hot fire-brand to the fire, and it doth unite presently, because the fire doth find something of it self there: if there were some moisture in the brand, it would not so fully unite. So here we cannot have full union with God, because though God see somewhat of his own in us; yet there is a great deal in us that is not Gods: But when we shall be wholly free from sin, and God shall see nothing but his own in us, that must needs be a ground of a most glorious union.

3. There shall be an infinite inflamed love betwixt God and his Saints: indeed here is an union of love, but in heaven there will be a further degree of love; and love being enflamed, there must needs be a glorious union.

4. The bond of connexion of God and the soul together, requires it; namely, the mediation of Christ. O this union with God is enough to cause the souls of Gods people to be satisfied, as to say; *Though all things be taken from me, it is enough, I have somewhat of Gods presence here, but I shall have the glorious presence, and vision of God, and union with God hereafter: and though mine eyes should never see good day after, or never see comfortable object in this world, this is enough, I shall see God; and have full union with God: though God should rend this creature, or that creature, the dearest husband, the dearest wife, or the dearest comfort in the world from me; yet it is enough that God and my soul*

are somewhat united, and that God and my soul shall have a glorious union hereafter!

Fourthly, To be with God, implies the glorious Communion with God: Union is the ground of Communion: in this life there is a Communion that the Scripture speaks of; *Our fellowship is with the Father, and his Sonne Jesus Christ*: and *The Communion of the holy Ghost be with you*, saith the Apostle. But certainly it shall be another manner of Communion that the Saints shall have with God in the world to come. Now this Communion, it stands either in regard of the work of God upon and towards his Saints, or the work of the Saints upon and towards God: for Communion is on both sides; and that in these four things.

1 John 1. 3.
2 Cor. 13. 14.

1. Communion consists in the delight they have in one another: there is full, actual, mutual, everlasting delight between God and the Saints in heaven.

2. In Communion there is a mutual wishing and willing of good to one another. Now God shall wish all good to the Saints, and they wish all good to God: but what good can they wish or will to God? It is true, there can be no addition to the essential goodness of God, but they can will that this his goodness be honoured and praised.

3. In Communion, there is the communion of what one hath unto another. And thus God communicates himself to his Saints immediately, fully, freely, everlastingly. And so the Saints communicate to God in the same way that God communicates to them: They are alwayes worshipping God immediately, not through Ordinances; they are alwayes communicating themselves, and all that they are or have, to God fully and freely.

4. In Communion with God there is a familiar converse between God and the Saints. And herein are these particulars:

1. God manifests himself in a suitable way to the conditions of his people, so condescending to their condition, that though his Majesty be infinite, yet it shall no way be a terrour unto them. The Scripture speaks of the familiar converse that God hath with his people here, that they are called friends, Abraham was called the friend of God; and the Disciples were called friends; but hereafter the friendship shall be much more full and sweet.

Pfal. 25. 14.
Prov. 3. 32.
1 Cor. 2. 16.
Cant. 1. 4.

2. God opens himself to his Saints. Much is said of Gods opening of himself to his people here, *Pfal. 25. 14. Prov. 3. 32. 1 Cor. 2. 16. Cant. 1. 4.* They are brought into his Chamber, that is, he discovers his secrets to them. The mysteries of the Kingdom are revealed to the Saints here, much more in Heaven: God will there reveal all his secrets; they shall not only see his face, but they shall see Gods heart.

Fifthly, *To be with God*, implies the fruition of God: Now this fruition of God consists in these things:

1. There is in fruition a reflect act of the soul, whereby it comes to know what it hath. It hath a God, and it knows it by a reflect act; and upon this it is, that there is no creature can be said to enjoy a thing properly, but the rational creature. And this will adde much to the happinesse of Gods people, in that as they shall be filled with happinesse, and glory, filled with God; so they shall know all their happinesse.

2. There is in fruition the having use of all. If a man be never so rich, and have never so great possessions, if he have not the actual use of what he hath, he cannot be said to enjoy them. A man may have right to a thing, and yet for the present not enjoy the use of it: But now the people of God, as they shall have God to be their portion, so they shall enjoy God fully, to have what use they will of all the attributes of God, and all that is in God: and this is an infinite good and happinesse to the people of God, that they shall have as much use of Gods infinite wisdom, infinite power, infinite mercy, as they will; and they cannot will it so soon, but they shall have it, nor so easily, as they may enjoy it. Then we enjoy the benefit of friendship, when one friend sayes to another, *Make use of all I have as your own, as you will*: so shall God come to his people, and bid them make use of all his riches, and glory, and excellency as they will.

3. There is in fruition the sweet and comfort of all that we do use, or else we do not enjoy that we have: If a man should have the use of his estate, and meat, and drink, if he have not the sweet and comfort of it, he cannot be said to enjoy it; but when the comfort is let out, that the soul is sensible of it, then he may be said to enjoy it; and hence it is that God is said to *give all things*

things to us richly to enjoy ; he gives the thing, and he gives the 1 Tim. 6. 17.
comfort with it, and so a man is said to enjoy it.

Sixthly, *To be with God*, implies the enjoyment of the Saints in God. As they shall enjoy God, and God in themselves ; so they shall enjoy themselves in God, living in God continually. *Your life is hid with Christ in God* : the life of Colof. 3. 3.
Saints here is an hidden life, and it is hidden in God, but then it shall be a revealed life, and revealed in God, and enjoyed in God. Hence is that phrase, *Enter into your Masters joy* ; that enters not into you, but you must enter into it : it is *your Masters joy*, not onely that joy that your Master gives, but the same joy your Master hath, that joy you shall enter into, and live in. And it was said of John, that *he was on the Lords day in the spirit* ; it is not said, that *the spirit was in him*, but it is said, *he was in the spirit* ; that was a beginning of the glorious condition of the Saints of God, that they shall be in the Spirit of God ; not only God in them, but they in God ; as a drop of water in the Sea swallowed up in it. There are three degrees of love to God : loving of God for our selves, and loving God for himself, and loving our selves for God ; the one is but a natural love, the second is a gracious love, the third is a love of the glorified Saints ; and in this kind of love of God, and enjoyment of our selves in him, the soul shall be ravished with God, and be in a kind of extasie eternally.

Revel. 1. 10.

Here you may see that most people in the world mistake Heaven ; they look at Heaven and God in a sensual manner : where are they that look at Heaven in these spiritual excellencies, about enjoying God, or *being with God* in this manner ? As the Jewes looked for a carnal Messiah, whose kingdom should be in the earth, and whose glory should be external, not considering the spiritual Kingdom of Christ ; so most in the world look but for a carnal heaven. It is a good evidence of the truth of grace, if you can look to heaven with a right eye, in a right manner, to look at the spiritual part, and spiritual excellency in Heaven. I conclude,

You see now Heavens society, they are *Saints, and Angels, and Christ, and God blessed for ever and ever.*

Who then would not forsake Father and Mother, the dearest fellowship of this world to be with Christ in his Kingdome ?

Use 1.

You

You that love one another in the deepest bonds, who cannot part out of this life but with the survivors grief, and hearts break: tell me what a merry day will that be, when (you shall not onely meet again, never more to part asunder, but when) Christ our Saviour shall gladly welcome you (every one of you) into his society, *Thou shalt be with me.* And let me speak to the joy of us all, I mean all broken-hearted Christians, (as for you that are profane ones, you have your portion here, therefore stand you by, and let the Children come to their share) a day will come, I trust in the Lord, when I shall meet you, and you me, in the Kingdome of Heaven: a day will come, I trust in the Lord, when you and I shall be all admitted into the society of God, and of Christ, and of his Saints, and of the Angels: a day will come, I trust in the Lord, when with these eyes we shall behold our Redeemer, together with that Thief that was crucified with him: a day will come, I trust in the Lord, when we shall meet again with all the Saints that are gone afore us: and is not this a comfort? What shall we say, when we see our Saviour in his Throne, waited on with Mary his Mother, and Magdalen, and Martha, and Lazarus, and Paul, and Peter, and all the Apostles and Disciples of our Lord and Saviour? yea, when this Thief shall be presented to our view, the wounds in his hands and his feet shining like Starres, and Pearls, and Rubies, all his body glittering in glory, and his soul magnifying the Lord for his conversion and salvation world without end.

Use 2.

But stay, lest we be led too forward, there is no such thing for us, if we are not in the Covenant of grace: Heaven is both happy and holy, and if we would enjoy Heaven, then we must fit our selves to that estate to which God hath preserved us: to this purpose saith the Apostle, *Our conversation is in heaven, from whence we look for the Saviour*, Phil. 3. 20. He was assured of Heaven, and therefore he conversed as a Citizen of Heaven before he came there, every way he carried himself (as much as earth would suffer him) like them that live in heaven: and thus must we (if ever we go to Heaven) become like to those that are in that place. *Decieve not your selves, neither Whoremongers, nor Adulterers, nor Extortioners, nor the like, shall enter into the Kingdome of God*, 1 Cor. 6. 9. Do men who live in these sinnes without all remorse or repentance ever think

Phil. 3. 20.

1 Cor. 6. 9.

to go to Heaven? is it possible that ever any flesh should go out of the puddle into the Paradise? no, no, *Away ye workers of iniquity, I know you not*, saith our Saviour: let no man cherish presumptions of an heavenly Kingdome, except he abstain from all sinnes against Conscience. What then? but so live we here as become his servants; and thus when we part, it is but for better company: we loose a few friends, but we shall find him that welcomes all his with this heavenly Harmony, *Thou shalt be— with whom? with me* in Paradise.

Math. 25. 41.

Hitherto of the Society. The last thing considerable is the place or *Ubi*, where his soul arrived; but of that hereafter, as the Lord shall enable me. God give us all grace so to live here, that howsoever we go hence one after another, yet at last we may all meet together with our Lord and Saviour in his heavenly Paradise.

In Paradise.

AND where was that? our Adversaries say in *Limbus*, and yet (to give them their due) *Bellarmino* so means not as that *Limbus* was Paradise, but that in *Limbus* this Thief had his Paradise, to wit, the vision of God: *The vision of God* (saith *Bellarmino*) is a true Paradise indeed, not local, but spiritual. But, with *Bellarmino* leave, we have no such sense of Paradise in any part of holy Writ. In the Old Testament we read of an earthly Paradise, wherein *Adam* lived; in the New Testament we read of an Heavenly Paradise, whither *Paul* was caught; yet both these were local: for the one (saith *Moses*) was a garden Eastward in *Eden*, Gen. 2. 8. and the other (saith *Paul*) was in Heaven, which he calls *the third heaven*, 2 Cor. 12. 2. and that Paradise in my Text must be understood of Heaven, this resemblance confirms; the first *Adam* sinned against God, and was presently cast out of that Paradise on earth; the second *Adam* made satisfaction for sinne, and so must presently enter into this Paradise of Heaven: because of the sin of the first *Adam*, both he and all his posterity were thrust out of *Eden*; because of the sufferings of the second *Adam*, both he and we, this Thief, and all Believers are to go into Heaven: So then this Paradise whither Christ is gone, and this Thief went with him, what is it? but as *Paul* calls it, *the third heaven*? or as the Thief himself styled it in his prayer to our Saviour, *Remember me, where? in thy Kingdome.*

Ille enim verus Paradisus desiderium est, non corporalis, aut localis, sed spiritualis et celestis.

Bellar. de 7. verbis Domini. l. 1. c. 4. Gen. 2. 8.

1 Cor. 12. 24.

And

Bern. *super*
Cant. *serm.* 38.

And if this be it we call *Paradise*, what can we say of it? *It is not for us* (saith Bernard) *in these earthly bodies to mount into the Clouds, to pierce this fulnesse of light, to break into this bottomlesse depth of glory; this is reserved to the last day, when Christ Iesus shall present us glorious and pure to his Father, without spot or wrinkle.* And yet because God in his Word doth here give us as a taste of Heaven, by comparing it with the most precious things that are on earth, let us follow him so far as he hath revealed it, and no further.

Rev. 2. 7.
Rev. 22. 2.
*Rev. 21. from
the 10 verse
to 24.
Some under-
stand this of
a glorious
Church on
earth, which
must be after
the destruction
of the whore,
beast, dragon,
and all covert
and open ene-
mies, which
new state will
abide till glory
come; their
chief argument
is drawn from
ver. 24. I shall
not much con-
tradict the
comment of
others, though
as yet I am not
fully convin-
ced of it.
John 14. 2.

In the midst of Paradise is a Tree of Life, Rev. 2. 7. and this Tree bears twelve manner of fruits, yielding her fruit every moneth, Rev. 22. 2. What more pleasant than *Life*? and what *life* better than where is variety of pleasure? here is a *tree of life*, and the *life of the tree*; a *Tree of life* that renews life to the eaters, and the *life of the tree* bearing *fruit every moneth*; and as many moneths, so many fruits; such are the varieties of Heavens joyes, where youth flourisheth that never waxeth old, change of delights and choice too entereth that never knoweth end. But look we a little further: *John* that calls this place *Paradise*, Rev. 2. calls this *Paradise a City*, *Rev. 21. and hereof he gives us the quantity and quality, the bignesse and beauty: First, for the greatnesse of it; *An Angel with a golden Reed measures it*, and he finds the length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal. Secondly, for the beauty of it, *The Walls* (saith he) *are of Jasper*, and the foundation of the Walls garnished with all manner of precious stones; the twelve gates are of pearls, and the streets paved with pure gold: there is no need of Sun or Moon: for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb (*Christ Iesus*) is the light thereof. See here the excellency of this City: on which words to give you a short Comment,

- Wee'l begin first with the Greatnesse of it: The Angel sets it down twelve thousand Furlongs, ver. 16. Yet that we may know this certain number is but figuratively taken, you may guesse at the immesurable magnitude of this City, by those many *Mansions*, spoken of by Christ, *John 14. 2.* *In my Fathers house are many Mansions*: How many? so many (saith one) as would suffice *in finitis mundis*, a thousand worlds of men; and though all the men in this one world attain not to it, it is not for want of room, but of will; *They believe not in him who hath*

pre-

Reloc. in Job,
cap. 14.

prepared these seats for them. And guesse it you may by that incredible distance betwixt Heaven and Earth. Some Astronomers compute, that betwixt us only and the starry Firmament, there is no lesse than seventy four Millions, seven hundred three thousand, one hundred, eighty miles; and if the Empyrean Heaven (as many say) be two or three Orbs above the Starry firmament, how many more miles is it then beyond? and the further it is distant (we all know well enough) the heavens being Orbwise, and one comprehending another, that which is furthest or highest, must needs be the greatest; hence is it that Scriptures compare the height of heaven (and consequently the magnitude) to the perfection of God past finding out; *Canst thou by searching find out God?—it is as high as heaven, what canst thou do?* Job 11. 8. Job 11. 8.

Secondly, If such be the immentity, what think you is the *beauty*? It is a most glorious City, whose walls are of *Jasper*, whose building is of *gold*, whose gates are of *pearls*, whose foundation of *precious stones*: and if such be the gates and streets, what then are the inner rooms? what are the dining Chambers? what are the lodging rooms? O how unspeakable is the glory of this City! Kings shall throw down their Crowns before it, and count all their pomp and glory but as dust in comparison; and well they may: for what is an earthly *Kingdome to this heavenly Paradise*? where is mirth without sadness, health without sorrow, life without labour, light without darkness, where every Saint is a King, *adorned with light as with a garment*, and clad in the richest robes that God bestowes upon a creature.

But that which more especially commends the *beauty* of this City, is the lustre of it, *There is* (saith *John*) *no need of Sun or Moon*; it is *verus luxum*, wholly light in itself, not like the starry firmament, bespangled here and there with glittering spots; *It is all as it were one great, one glorious Sun*, from every point it pours out abundantly whole rivers of purest light, and then what a light is this? Zanch. de Cae-
lo beatorum.
cap. 4.

Nor is this all; for *the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof*; besides the native lustre, there is the glory of God, the glory of all glories; this is it for which *Moses* prayed, *O Lord, I beseech thee shew me thy glory*; to whom God answered, *Thou canst not see my face and live, — but I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while my glory passeth* Exod. 33. 18,
20, 21, 22, 23.

Ex. 34. 30. 33.

Zanch. de Cælo
beat. l. 1. c. 4.

by; then will I take away my hand, and thou shalt see my back-parts: but my face shall not be seen. And if Moses face shone so bright with seeing Gods back-parts, that the Israelites were afraid to come nigh him, and that he was faine to cover his face with a veil while he spake unto them, how bright then is Paradise, not only lightened with the back-parts of God, but with his own divine glory? From the Majesty of God (saith a Modern) there goes out a created light, that makes the whole City glitter, and this being communicated to the Saints, God thereby causeth that they see him fully face to face.

Revel. 1. 16.

Ibid. v. 14. 15.

Again, The glory of God, and the Lamb of God both give their lights; that Lamb that was slain from the beginning of the world, that body of his once crucified, now brighter than ten thousand Suns, O how infinitely glorious doth it make this Paradise, this City of God? His countenance is as the Sun that shineth in his strength, saith John, Revel. 1. 16. But what stars are those in his hands and his feet? Where the nails pierced, now it sparkleth; where the spear entred, now it glittereth gloriously: if we look all over him, his head and his hairs are as white as snow, his eyes are as a flame of fire, his feet like unto fine bras, as if they burned in a furnace: no wonder then if such beams come from this Sun (the Sun of righteousness) that all heaven shines with it from the one end to the other.

1 John 3. 2.

Phil. 3. 21.

Dan. 12. 3.

Matth. 13. 43.

Chrylost. in

Matth. Hom 6.

And yet again the Lamb and the Saints all give their lights; for, We know that when he shall appear, We shall be like him, 1 Joh. 3. 2. how like? why, He shall change our vile bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, Phil. 3. 21. In what like? even in this very quality; for, They that be wise shall shine, Dan. 12. 3. How shine? as the brightness of the firmament: nay more, as the starres, saith Daniel: nay more, as the Sun, saith our Saviour; nay, yet more, saith Chrysostome: howsoever the righteous in heaven are compared to the Sunne, Matth. 13. 43. It is not, because they shall not surpass the brightness of it; but the Sunne being the most glittering hing in this world, he takes a resemblance thence only towards the expressing of their glory. Now then what a masse of light will arise in Paradise, where so many millions of Sunnes appear all at once? If one Sun make the morning sky so glorious, what a bright shining and glorious day is there, where's not a body but 'tis a Sun?

Sure

Sure it is, *There shall be no night there, no need of candle, no need of Sunne, or Moon, or Starre.* O that this clay of ours should be partakers of such glory! what am I O Lord, that being a worm on earth, thou wilt make me a Saint in heaven? this body of earth and dust shall shine in heaven like those glorious spangles in the firmament; this body that shall rot in dust, and fall more vile than a Carrion, shall arise in glory, and shine like the glorious body of our Saviour in the mount of *Tabor*. To come neer my Text: See here a Saint-Thief shining gloriously; he that was crucified with our Saviour, at whose death the Sun hid her face with a veil, now he reigns in glory *without* need of Sunne; for he is a Sunne himself, shining more clearly than the Sun at noon: he that one day was fastened to a Crosse, now walks at liberty through the streets of *Paradise*, and all the joyes, all the riches, all the glory that can be is poured upon him. What else? He is in *Paradise*, and what is *Paradise* but a place of pleasure? where sorrow is never felt, complaint is never heard, matter of sadnesse is never seen, evil successe is never feared; but instead thereof there is all good without any evil; life that never endeth, beauty that never fadeth, love that never cooleth, health that never impairth, joy that never ceaseth; what more could this penitent wish, than to hear him speak that promised *Paradise*, and performed his promise, *To day thou shalt be? thou art with me in Paradise.*]

Revel. 21. 13.

And thus in a Map have I given you *Paradise* for quantity great, for quality glorious; hereafter you may know it better, when you shall walk through the streets, observe the towers, fully contemplate the glory: which that you may, one word of application before I end.

* *Meditate* then with what sweet delight every true servant of God may bathe himself before-hand, even in this valley of tears! * For *meditation*. Did we but think on this glorious place, wherein are those heavenly mansions prepared for us, did we spend many thoughts upon it, and ever and anon sigh and seek after it, untill we came to the fingering and possession of it; O how would these heavenly *meditations* ravish our souls, as if Heaven entred into us, before

Use 1.

* For *meditation*. on hereof, see it fully and

largely in *Media*: in *Meditation of heavens happiness*. Chap. 8. Sect. 7, 8, 9, &c. Third Edition.

venly mansions prepared for us, did we spend many thoughts upon it, and ever and anon sigh and seek after it, untill we came to the fingering and possession of it; O how would these heavenly *meditations* ravish our souls, as if Heaven entred into us, before

before we entred into heaven ! Consider of this in what case soever we are, whether we are vexed, or injured, or oppressed, or persecuted *for the Name of Christ*, there is nothing so imbittered, that a thought of heaven will not sweeten : yet I say not that we are only to think of it ; with all let us strive and strain to get into this golden City, where *streets, walls, gates, and all is gold and pearl*; nay, where pearl is puddle, & nothing worth in comparison of those things which shall be revealed unto each faithful soul.

Use 2.

On the other side, Consider with your selves what fools are they who deprive themselves willingly of this endlesse glory; who bereave themselves of a room in this City of Pearl, for a few carnal pleasures ? what Bedlams and humane beasts are they, who shut themselves out of *Paradise*, for a little transitory pelf ? What fots and senselesse wretches are they, who wittingly and wilfully bar themselves out of this Palace, for the short fruition of worldly trash and trifles ? As for you, *of whom I hope better things*, let me advise you for the love of God, for the love of Christ, for the love that you bear to your own souls, that *you will settle your affections on things above, and not on things beneath*, and then you shall finde one day the comfort of it, when leaving this world, the *Spirit of Christ* shall whisper to your souls this happy tidings, *To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*]

Here is an end : Shall I now cast up the accounts of what I have delivered you ? the total is this :

Every sinner that repents and believes, shall be saved : you need no other instance than this Thief on the Crosse, at one hearty tear, one penitent prayer, *Lord, remember me in thy Kingdom*, the Lord gives him his desire ; see here the *fiat, thou shalt be*] the expedition, *to day*] his admission, *with me*] the place whither he is inducted, it is *into Paradise* :] and there now he officiates, doing service to God without ceasing, world without end. O Lord give me grace so to repent and believe, that whensoever I go hence, *that day I may be with thee in Paradise.* AMEN.

FINIS.

Soli Deo Gloria.